CORONET

AUGUST 35c

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BUTTER

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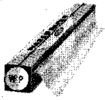

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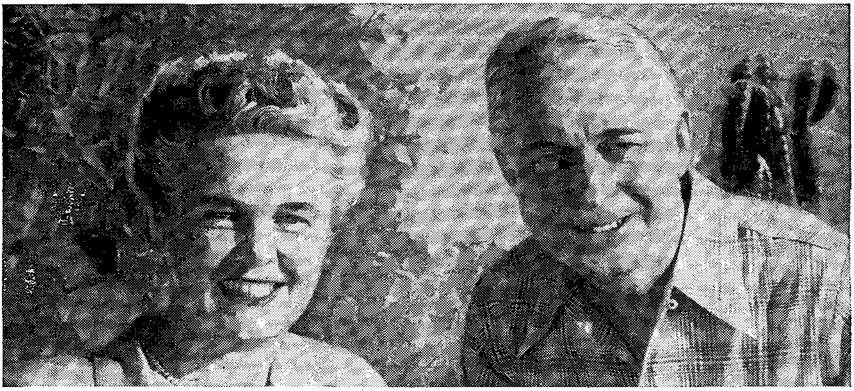

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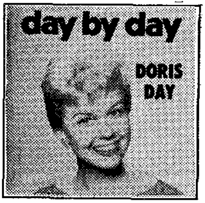
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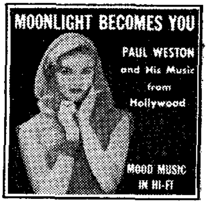
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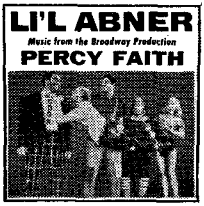
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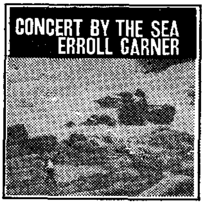
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3. **King of Swing; Vol. I** Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio, Quartet. *Ridin' High, Moonglow*—9 more.
4. **Li'l Abner** Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this gay hit show.
5. **Bernstein: Fancy Free — Ballet Suite; Copland: El Salón México; Milhaud: La Création du Monde** Leonard Bernstein conducting the Columbia Symphony in brilliant performances of three modern works.
6. **Moonlight Becomes You** Here's mood music in Hi-Fi — Paul Weston and his Music from Hollywood. 12 songs.
7. **Ellington Uptown** Duke Ellington and Orchestra perform *Skin Deep, The Mooche, Perdido* — 2 more.
8. **Levant Plays Gershwin** 3 works—*Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.*
9. **Day By Day** Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *The Song Is You, Autumn Leaves*, etc.
10. **Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.
11. **Music of Jerome Kern** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
12. **Concert by the Sea** Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. *Teach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April* — 8 more.

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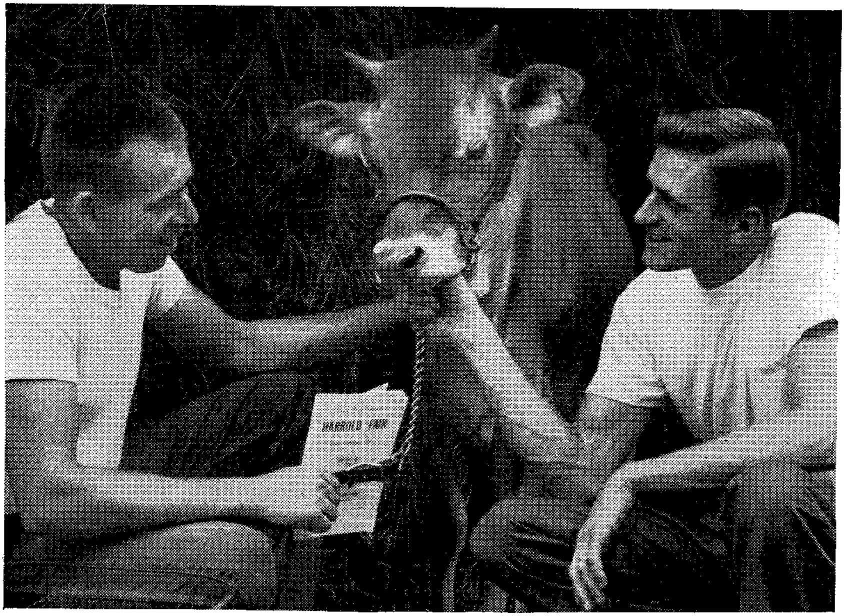

Telephone man Bob Croushore, right, stops at farm of John Rathgeb to discuss entry of Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, at Harrold Community Fair near Greensburg, Pa.

Telephone Ambassador-at-Large

He serves his community on and off the job

Tall, rangy Bob Croushore is a mighty familiar figure in Greensburg, Pa. As a telephone man, he gets to meet and talk with people all around town. And that suits Bob right down to the ground because his big interest in life happens to be people.

Bob says, "I like to think that the folks around here count on me for good dependable telephone service." He takes professional pride in putting in new telephones and in providing additional telephones wherever they are needed.

Bob Croushore's job and his spare-time activities both revolve around Greensburg's community life. He is a charter member and president of the fire department, a deacon in his church, and a member of the Greensburg Lions Club. And his friends in the farm areas made him a director of the fair.

It seems that the telephone business was partly responsible for bringing Bob and his wife Elizabeth together. Mrs. Croushore, before her marriage, was a telephone operator. All over the country, people like the Croushores are helping to make your telephone service even better and more convenient.

Working together to bring people together . . . **Bell Telephone System**

Dear Reader:

Publication of two food articles in this issue ("How to Trick Teen-agers into Eating," page 120; and " 'Sowbelly' Gone High-Hat," page 155) set our memory to simmering. The result was the realization that, more often than we had been aware of, CORONET's editors have served up articles providing thought about food as well as those providing food for thought.

Everyone, of course, remembers last year's spectacularly successful cottage cheese "Blitz Diet." But long before that were diets of special variety: diets for tired people, skinny people who needed building up, drowsy businessmen, people over 40. Moreover, we have digested some fascinating and little-known facts about a host of foods in the past—including liver, honey, the frankfurter, oysters, Brazil nuts, rice, fried chicken, spaghetti, chop suey and even whale steaks. We've had stories about places where they bake bread, grow lettuce, and can and freeze just about everything that grows. We've told you about many distinctive and intriguing eating places, too. All this adds up to over 100 food articles in 20 years of publishing. Not enough to conclude that a magazine travels on its readers' stomachs, but ample to titillate the tastes of almost everybody.

This month's "eating" articles are both labors of love. Josie McCarthy, who tells you how to decoy that teener into eating like a human being, has been fascinated with food all her life; and today is premiere pot stirrer on NBC-TV in New York. Hart Stilwell is a Texas baconphile of long standing, as well as author of six books and countless magazine articles. This month he prepares a dish which, like the other articles in this fat issue, is crisp and sizzling. No pushing, please. There's enough for everyone—and "seconds" too. Good reading—and good eating.

Stilwell: He touts bacon. McCarthy: She tempts teens.

The Editors

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CORONET

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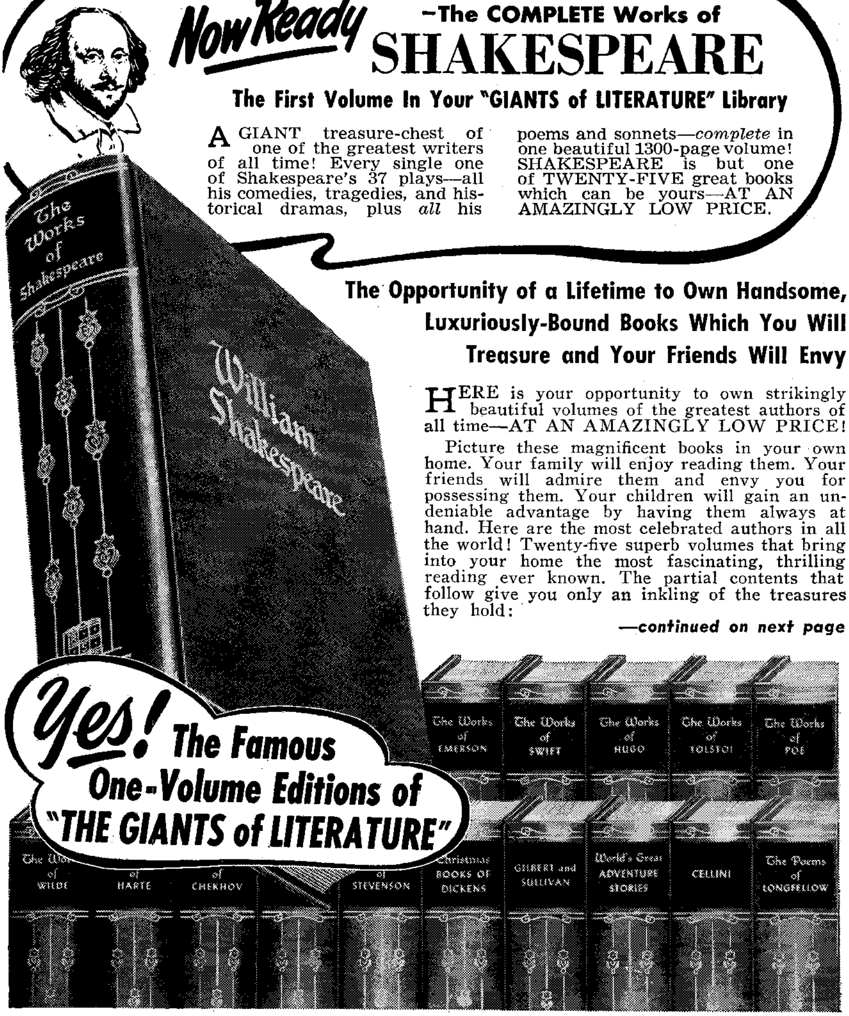
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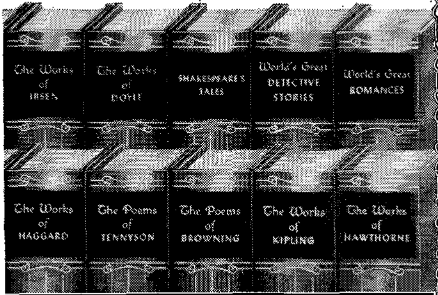

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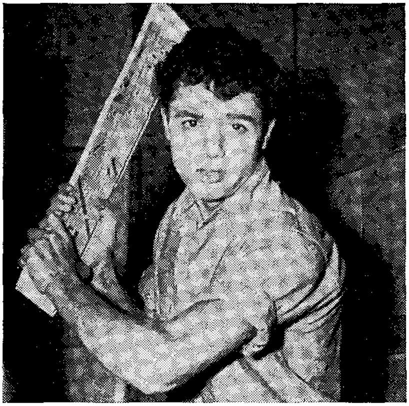


FROM NOVICE DANCER to movie delinquent sums up the chain-of-luck story of Sal Mineo, an expert at portraying disturbed teen-agers on the screen.

The links began multiplying when Bronx-born Sal was ten. He decided to study tap dancing. Dancing lessons led to a broken nose (in a neighborhood fist-fight to end razzing about his hoofing) and to an acting job on Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo.* Its producer spotted Sal at the dance studio and signed him up because his banged-in proboscis made him look like a tough neighborhood kid.

Other Broadway parts followed. Then one day Sal accompanied his older brother Mike—also an actor—to an audition for the movie *Six Bridges to Cross.* Sal got the assignment.

"My scenes were shot in Boston," he recalls, "and one day the sound track became garbled. The studio called me to Hollywood to dub in the lines. And while out there I talked my way into *The Private War of Major Benson.*"

That led to *Rebel Without a Cause,* starring the late James Dean. Mineo's fine supporting performance won him an Academy Award nomination and a following of teen-age fans who bombard him with 2,500 letters weekly.

Now he works steadily in TV and movies, and this month portrays an orphan on the brink of maturity in *The Young Don't Cry.* Sal tried to buy this story for two years for a movie of his own, but Columbia got it—and hired him. The picture was filmed in Savannah, Georgia, where this Yankee son of an Italian casket-maker spent off-duty hours dodging juleps and Southern belles.

At 18, Sal faces military service soon. But he hopes to start college this fall and major in English because "it will help me in my work."

Reputedly earning $3,000 weekly plus percentages, this 5′8″, 132-pound teen-ager is Big Business. He spends $1,000 monthly on photograph requests and other fan mail.

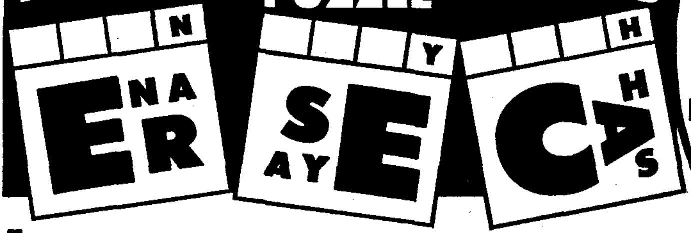
Mineo also doubles as a singer and has made a number of recordings. But Sal's success hasn't changed his family's life much. "Taxes take a big chunk of my salary," he says, "and 15 per cent goes into a trust."

Mineo enjoys a close family relationship. He often triple-dates with his two brothers, and the boys and their younger sister hold home "jam sessions." Sal plays the drums. "Our music is pretty terrible," he grins, "but you can hear us for half a mile."

(Continued on page 14)

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS

SCRAMBLED LETTERS PUZZLE



WIN THIS BEAUTIFUL ROSE BALL PEN DESK SET WITH PERFUMED INK

There are three boxes in the puzzle. In each box are four letters that form a word. We'll start you off by writing the last letter of each word in the squares above the boxes. Can you put the other letters in the correct squares? Try it and see. When you have unscrambled the words correctly, write the 3-word sentence in coupon and mail for FREE GIFT!

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE $50 — $100 AND MORE!

We're running this Test to find people with active minds who want to make money. We show YOU how easy and simple it is to get spare time orders for our All-Occasion and Christmas Greeting Cards, Stationery and Gift Items from friends, neighbors and co-workers. They are so beautiful, so different, so amazingly low in cost they sell themselves on sight.

Pink plastic rose pen holder. Jet black base. Sleek pink-and-gold ball pen leaves an air of delicate fragrance on correspondence. This exquisite set is yours FREE when you mail your answer. *Solve* and mail it NOW!

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HURRY! SEND YOUR PUZZLE SOLUTION TODAY!

We'll send you a Rose Ball Pen Desk Set ABSOLUTELY FREE when you answer our Puzzle. You don't pay a single cent for it—now or ever. But you must hurry! We reserve the right to reject entries dated 60 days after the month printed on the cover of this publication. Mail answer today for your FREE Desk Set gift, FREE Imprint Samples and Christmas Card Assortments *On Approval.* Only one entry accepted from each household. Write to: **ARTISTIC CARD CO., Inc.,** 104 Way Street, Elmira, N. Y. (In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.)

PASTE ON POSTCARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE!

HERE IS MY THREE-WORD SENTENCE:

1st WORD

2nd WORD

3rd WORD

Puzzle Editor, **ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**
104 Way Street, Elmira, New York

Here's my solution. Rush my FREE Rose Ball Pen Desk Set—also spare time Money-Making Plan, Free Imprint Samples and Christmas Card Assortments On Approval.

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *Zone*____ *State*____

ORGANIZATIONS! Check here for special Fund Raising Plan. ☐

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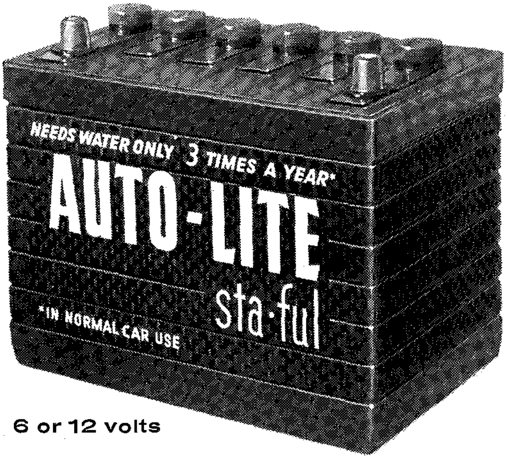
*IN NORMAL CAR USE



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AND AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS . . . SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION. This is an exciting, lavishly filmed story of the Spanish War of Independence and a proud people's all-out effort to throw off Napoleon's yoke.

Its sweaty action takes the viewer on a cross-country tour of Spain's harshly beautiful terrain. Hauled over this landscape is a clumsy, 6,000-pound cannon of unequalled firing power. It becomes a symbol of Spanish resistance to the Little Corsican's invasion troops.

Fighting alongside the gun are a spit-and-polished Englishman (Cary Grant), a hotheaded Spanish guerrilla (Frank Sinatra) and a beautiful girl (Sophia Loren) thirsting for vengeance. Their lives become intertwined in the plan to reach—and storm—the walled city of Avila.

NIGHT PASSAGE. Two classic horse-opera heroes, James Stewart and Audie Murphy, head up the doings in this old-fashioned western with all the trimmings: a train robbery, a band of mean outlaws (led by Dan Duryea), a young hero-worshipper (Brandon de Wilde), the unfaithful wife (Elaine Stewart) and the ever-lovin' waitress (Diane Foster, *below* with Stewart). Everything, in short, but Indians and cavalry.

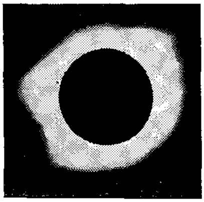
But in a western, it's the action that counts, and *Night Passage* has plenty of gunsmoke and hard ridin'. Stewart drawls his way through the proceedings in persuasive cowboy style. And Audie Murphy is effective as a baby-faced gunman.

—Mark Nichols

New Coronet Films
For August, 1957

The six CORONET films described below are the newest and among the finest teaching films available. Educators may select—from more than 700 CORONET films—those which best serve their specific teaching needs.

Understanding Our Universe (11 min.)



The great mysteries of outer space are excitingly shown in this film. In a context of striking motion picture photography of the sun and the stars, we see how we have gained knowledge of the vast universe and of the possibilities of putting it to work for us. *High School . . . Science.*

How Trees Help Us (11 min.)

In the best CORONET tradition, *How Trees Help Us* lends new life and interest to a familiar subject. Children will enjoy watching this colorful film which builds an appreciation of the *value* of trees and at the same time develops a rudimentary *knowledge* of them. *Primary . . . Science.*

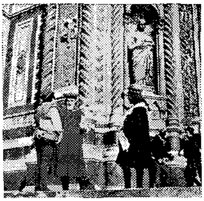
The Mayas (11 min.)

Centuries ago a great civilization of highly creative people—the Mayas—flourished in the jungles of Mexico and Yucatan. This film is their story. It depicts their life in great cities, and their important influence on modern Latin-American culture. *Intermediate, Junior and Senior High . . . Social Studies.*

Mark Twain: Background for His Works (13½ min.)

The sights and sounds of America in the 1800's set the stage for increased enjoyment and understanding of Mark Twain and his classic tales and novels. The film captures the flavor of a colorful period, while highlighting the events in Twain's life. *High School, Adult Groups . . . American Literature.*

Boy of Renaissance Italy (13½ min.)



Filmed entirely in Italy, this beautiful motion picture creates a breathtaking picture of Renaissance society. Only through a screen presentation can young people visualize the artistic and cultural way of life of the Renaissance, which vanished long ago. *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

Kindness to Others (11 min.)

This film helps children develop the positive social attitudes of kindness to and consideration for others. The film shows how youngsters can convert their feelings of selfishness to concern for other people, with specific ways in which these feelings may be realistically expressed. *Primary . . . Guidance.*

Write for full information . . .

about these and more than 700 other fine CORONET films available for classroom use, in either color or black-and-white. Simply use the coupon to request your copy of a 100-page catalog containing descriptions of all CORONET films and complete information on purchase or rental of these fine motion pictures.

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...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in the October issue of Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests *...at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax - A - cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

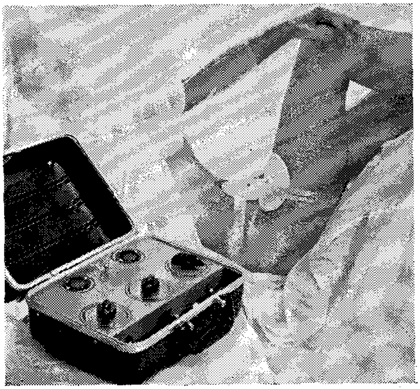
Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

FREE MAIL TODAY

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. CT-18

980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. OR
711 Fifth Ave., New York City, OR
Suite 800, 17 No. State St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen.

No cost. No salesmen will call.

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Use margin for more writing space CT-18

ALL ABOUT YOU

The executive view—junior vs. senior; raising your child's IQ; your inescapable past

YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

Many lower-echelon executives have no higher ambitions, according to a survey of members of the brass-hat brigade in 30 large Southern organizations. Even if given the chance, they'd prefer not to rub elbows with the top command. Fear of height? Not necessarily. They just want more time for themselves and fewer responsibilities. These junior executives concede that their superiors are better suited for their top-level jobs because they have more drive, tact and foresight. On the other hand, the senior executives admit to the tortures of trying to maintain their standing. They say they have to devote so much time and energy to business that it has an adverse effect on their health as well as their social and family lives.

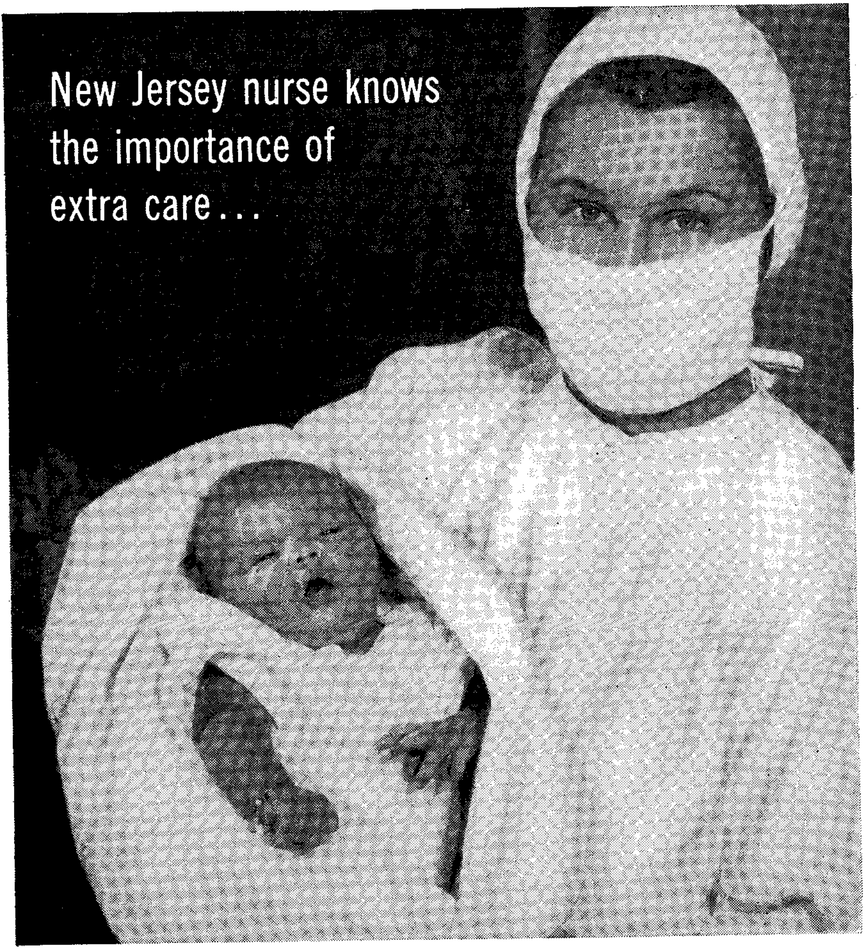
SPUR THE CHILD

Children who are set lofty goals by Mom and Pop score highest on intelligence tests. Anxious to please their parents, they strain to succeed—and often do. That's the conclusion of British psychologists Norma Kent and D. Russell Davis, based on their study of 118 eight-year-olds. They found the offspring of worrisome parents mirrored their family's lack of confidence in them by rating lower in reading and practical ability tests; and, also, that the children who gave up too easily on the tests were those whose parents were unconcerned about their achievements.

TICKLISH SUBJECT

Whether you have the desire to scratch or not, you still have the itch, declares Dr. Marion B. Sulzberger, of New York University-Bellevue Medical Center. He says the fact is you're always itching. But whether you perceive the constant little itching points on your skin depends on your state of mind. If you're busy, you're likely not to notice. But let your mind stray and your psyche will alert your body from head to toe. A hands-off attitude will only increase your urge to scratch, once you have it.

(Continued on page 20)


New Jersey nurse knows the importance of extra care...

...even when she shops she won't take risks

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!

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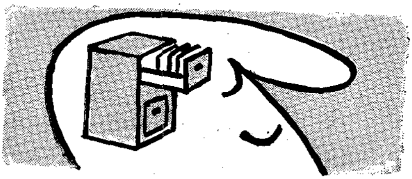
ALL ABOUT YOU

If you want to be a superman . . .

(Continued from page 18)



FROM A TO Z IN MEMORY

Indelibly imprinted on your brain are all the incidents from your past. If you need audible proof, it's possible, says Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, to "play back" in full a specific past event by applying an electrical current to a certain point on the temporal cortex of your brain. This contact causes you to recall everything you were aware of at the time of the experience. You could, for instance, tune in an orchestra playing a special song that once impressed you. Each time the same spot is stimulated you would hear the same sounds, and feel the same emotions that you had originally experienced.

MAN OR SUPERMAN?

A virility virus has infected American men. The diagnosis, by Dr. Lemuel C. McGee of Wilmington, Delaware, blames the malady on excessive exposure to our popular notion of the he-man hero. Trying to live up to it, the strong, silent sex work and play at a feverish pace destined to shorten their lives. As a remedy, Dr. McGee prescribes less frenzy about proving manliness, and a calmer acceptance of one's individual mental and physical resources. Because in the long run, Dr. McGee points out, it's more manly—and healthy—for an aspiring Hercules to exercise some common sense in his own behalf.

SLEEPLESS STRETCH

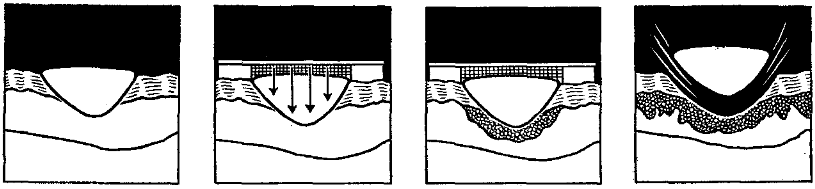
For science's sake, five soldiers at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C., recently went without sleep for four straight days and nights. To keep awake they played cards and ping pong, and even counted sheep. They report the urge to sleep came in waves, almost submerging them each dawn. With daylight, the volunteers got their second wind. But, as the hours ticked off, their minds began playing tricks on them. They fancied snow was falling around a light bulb, heard a nonexistent phone ring, and felt hats pinching their heads. Surprisingly, when their ordeal ended, the men snapped back into shape with only eight to ten hours of sleep.

Now-Remove Corns in 3 days

—RESULTS GUARANTEED BY BLUE-JAY

BLUE-JAY Plastic Corn Plasters with wonder drug PHENYLIUM®
Guaranteed to relieve pain . . . and get rid of ordinary corns in three days

How Phenylium medication gets rid of corns from *underneath*



NEW CORN develops when skin grows tough and horny under constant pressure.

FIRST DAY—Blue-Jay relieves pressure, while Phenylium penetrates to base of corn.

SECOND DAY—Phenylium starts growth of new cell tissue underneath. This loosens corn, pushes it up.

THIRD DAY—Corn now lifts out easily. Stubborn, long-established corns may require second application.

Medical science has found a fast and effective way to relieve the pain of a corn, and get rid of it at the same time.

This treatment works by getting to the base of the problem. It actually gets rid of your corn by pushing it up from *underneath.*

The secret is a wonder drug from the Blue-Jay laboratories which took nine years to perfect. That wonder drug is called Phenylium (phenoxyethanoic acid).

How BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters relieve pain, remove corn

The Blue-Jay plaster consists of a felt ring surrounding a pad with Phenylium. The felt relieves the pain of the corn by removing the pressure and friction which causes it.

Simultaneously, the Phenylium goes to work to remove the *source* of the pain—the corn itself. It penetrates through the tough, horny skin of the corn to its *base,* where it stimulates the growth of new cell tissue.

In most corns, by the end of the third day this new tissue has grown to the point where it pushes the corn loose so that it can be lifted out.

BLUE-JAY Guarantee. Follow directions, get relief from pain . . . get rid of ordinary corns in 3 days . . . or your money back from Blue-Jay, 309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6.

Regular or ladies size. Callus plasters, too. Look for the new BLUE-JAY package.

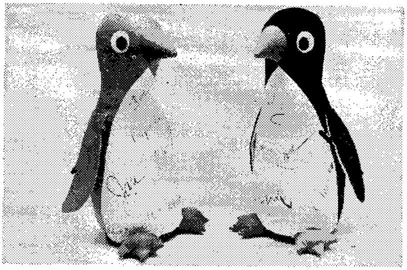
BLUE-JAY®

THE KENDALL COMPANY

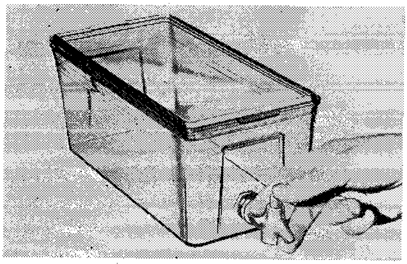
Blue-Jay Sales Division

Edited by FLORENCE SEMON

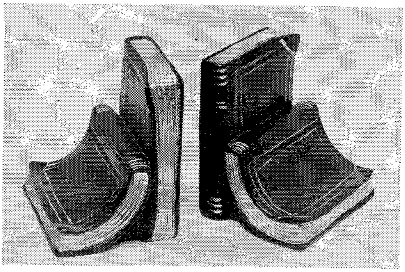
Products



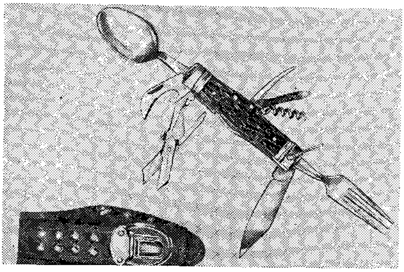
WHIMSICAL PEN-GWYN carries a ball point pen under his flipper and there's ample room for autographs on his white tux front. 14″ tall; cotton covered and filled. Black and white, or turquoise and white, with red trim. $2.25 pp. International Marketing Co., Dept. C, 101 W. 30th St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.



FILL TAP-A-GLASS with your favorite beverage and serve it up "ice cold" right from the refrigerator. Holds one full gallon of liquid. Made of clear polystyrene with bakelite faucet; measures 10″ x 5″ x 5″. $3.10 pp. Bancroft's, Dept. CM-355, 2170 South Canalport Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.



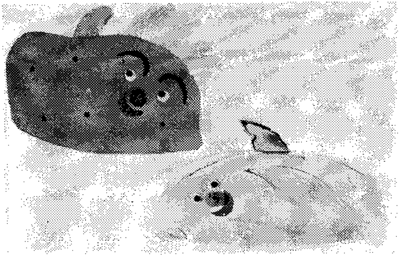
BOOK ENDS of molded composition look so real you'll be tempted to try and open them. They stand 5¼″ tall, have a 4″ x 5″ felted base, and weigh about 3 pounds. Available in black or white, both with gold trim. $5.50 pp. Gale Lynn Studio, P.O. Box 218-CR, Montclair, N. J.



VERSATILE SPORTSMAN'S KNIFE combines 10 stainless steel implements in one. Has cutting blade, scissors, spoon, fork, bottle and can opener, corkscrew, file and screwdriver, and awl punch. Comes in genuine leather holster. $2.49 pp. Carol Beatty, 350 Beatty Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

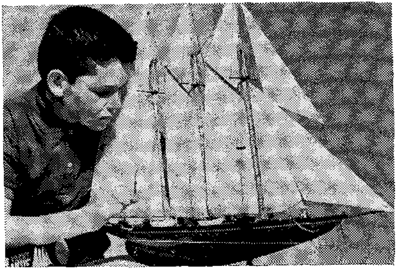
on Parade



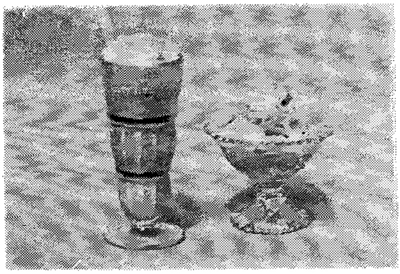
POTATO AND CORN SHAPED covers keep vegetables, muffins, etc., hot and free of insects on the picnic table. Made of heavy yellow and brown felt and lined with airtight wipe-clean plastic. Handle squeaks when lifted for second helping. Each, $1.98 pp. Buyways, Box 469-C, Caldwell, N. J.

MY Stamp Collection

A BIG HOBBY for a small price. Stamp collecting outfit for beginners contains 55 foreign postage stamps, 48-page stamp album, packet of 300 stamp hinges, magnifier and complete easy instructions. All for only 10¢ pp. H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. C., 3814 Transit Bldg., Boston 17, Mass.



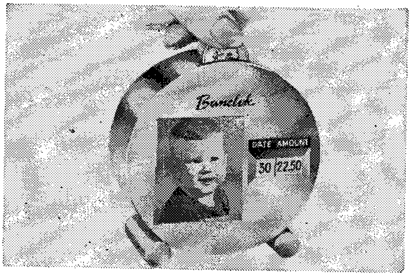
AUTHENTIC SCALE MODEL reproduction of famous yacht *Atlantic* comes in kit form. Over 200 precision-scaled plastic parts, including figures of sailors, are contained in kit. Finished, it measures 28″ long, 21″ high, and 4½″ wide. $5.25 pp. Playtime, COR, 144 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N.Y.



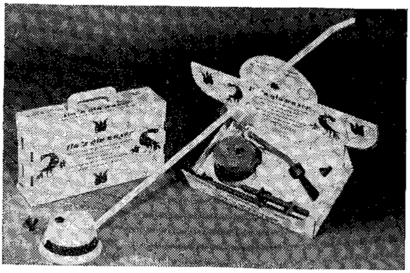
DESSERTS AND COLD BEVERAGES served in these dishes and soda glasses bring the charm of the old-fashioned ice cream parlor to your table. 14 oz. glasses, 4 for $4.09 pp. Set of 4 heavy crystal dishes; 5½″ wide, 4½″ tall, $4.80 pp. Red Oaks P.O., Dept. COR., Prairie View, Ill.

(Continued on page 24)

Products on Parade



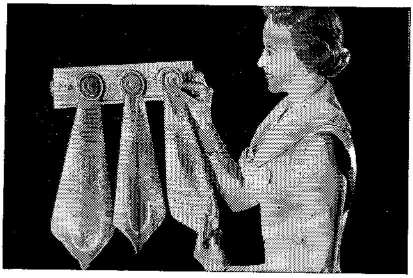
BANK of many virtues will remind you to save for that rainy day. Has place for snapshot of saver. Date on calendar changes only when you deposit a quarter; also shows amount saved. Made of plastic. Each, $2.95; 2 for $5.50, pp. Leecraft, Dept. CRP, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.



FLOOR WAXING is a pleasure with the "Flo'n Glow" Waxer. Pour wax into "head" and the soft sponge will spread it evenly on your floors without your having to bend over. Handle adjusts to 42″ length. Turquoise or yellow finish. $4.95 pp. Alan Sales Corp., Dept. C, 375 Rugby Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

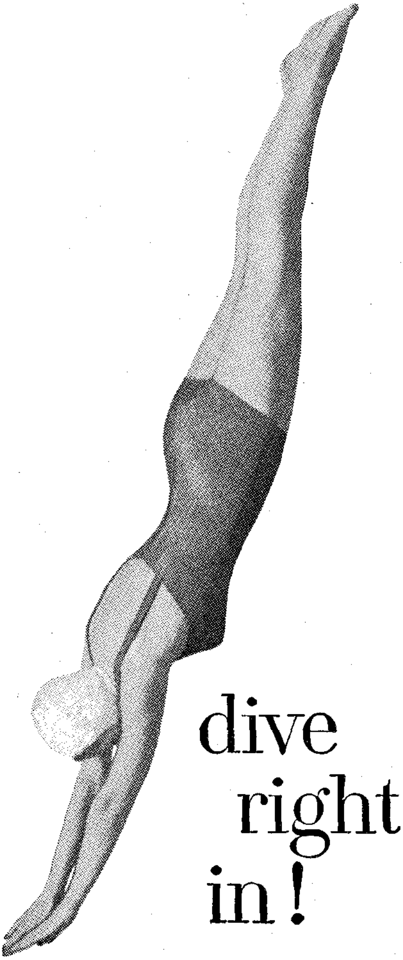
WINK
needle threader

"PRIVATE EYE" threads hand or machine needles in just a few seconds. Put the needle in the slot, thread over another, pull the plunger and you're all set to sew. Hollow demountable handle makes ideal storage container for needles and thread. $1.10 pp. Mr. Wink, P.O. Box 252-C, Cos Cob, Conn.



TEND-ALL HANGER holds anything from hats to towels. Attaches to any smooth surface by two over-sized suction cups that stay put and leave walls unmarked. Made of rubber composition in aqua, pink, blue or yellow. $2.95 pp. Shrell Products, Dept. C-1, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 161.



Don't let "time-of-the-month" hold you back from swimming! Be a *Tampax user*—and swim, swim, swim! Tampax® internal sanitary protection is completely *invisible* under a soaking-wet, skin-snug swim suit. And, it won't absorb a *drop* of water.

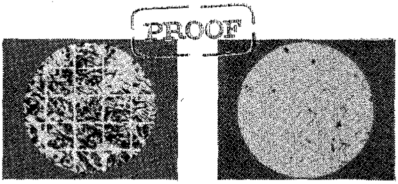
It's by far the *coolest*, most convenient sanitary protection you could wear! No chafing pads. No twisting belts. No embarrassing odor. No messy disposal problems. And when it comes to carrying extras, *nothing* could be more convenient. A whole month's supply can tuck away in your purse!

Do try Tampax. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

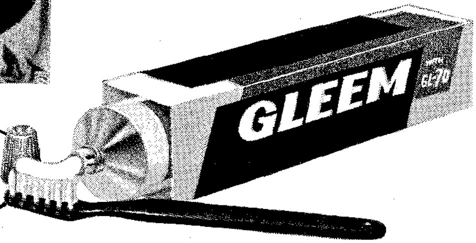


MOUTH BACTERIA, *CHIEF CAUSE OF* DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS.

AFTER ONE *GLEEM BRUSHING,* UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

When your family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then remember this—starting the day with Gleem gives added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day* for most people. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. Youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem.

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!



CORONET ♛ AUGUST, 1957

The heartwarming story of how a whole town rallied to the side of a family beleaguered in . . .

TUCSON'S "*Hidden House*"

by E. WARD McCRAY

IN 1948, a tiny adobe house in Tucson, Arizona, all but disappeared into the maw of a U-shaped, two-story brick "spite" structure; and the plight of its occupants had aroused city-wide indignation.

Two weeks before Christmas, workmen appeared at the small, sun-baked house that stood almost alone on one of Tucson's main thoroughfares on the extreme outskirts of the city. They dug foundation ditches within a few inches of the house. Then masons set to work laying bricks on the U-shaped foundation. The porch steps of the house were removed, and its eaves lopped off as the bricks kept rising higher.

Three women occupied the adobe house—gray-haired, kindly faced Mrs. Ella Janton and her daughters, blonde, vivacious Alexia and dark-haired Minnette, former specialty dancers. They had come to the Southwest in search of peace and freedom from the irritations of congested cities. And they had found it here, for their nearest neighbors were the stately saguaros and the feathery paloverdes of the desert.

The specialty act of the Janton

Sisters was well known in vaudeville; and the sister dance team had appeared in such musical productions as Ed Wynn's *The Perfect Fool.*

In 1946, Minnette and Alexia packed all their worldly possessions into their car and headed west with their 70-year-old mother. Ella Janton, after years of traveling about with her talented daughters, was going to have a home of her own, a place where she could relax and putter about in her much-dreamed-of garden.

"No more looking out of a hotel room window with only a brick wall for a view," Minnette promised her mother.

WHEN THE TRIO reached Tucson, they began house hunting. At last they found a run-down and dilapidated old adobe house on East Broadway.

"Well, we wanted the wide-open spaces, and we've sure got 'em!" Alexia said, waving at the miles of desert that stretched on all sides to the mountains that encircled Tucson. "This," she added dryly, "would make an ideal spot for an ice-cream parlor."

"What a marvelous idea!" Minnette exclaimed. "That's exactly what we can do with this place!"

Alexia stared. "Who on earth would drive all the way out here just to buy ice cream?"

"Practically everyone in Tucson—if the ice cream's good enough," Minnette promised.

The Jantons rented the house from its owner, Mrs. Amelia Williams, a widow, with an option to buy if all went well with the ice-cream parlor. Then they rolled up their sleeves and set to work. A man was hired to paint the outside of the adobe house while they tackled the interior themselves, scrubbing it clean and transforming its shabbiness with pastel paint and enamel.

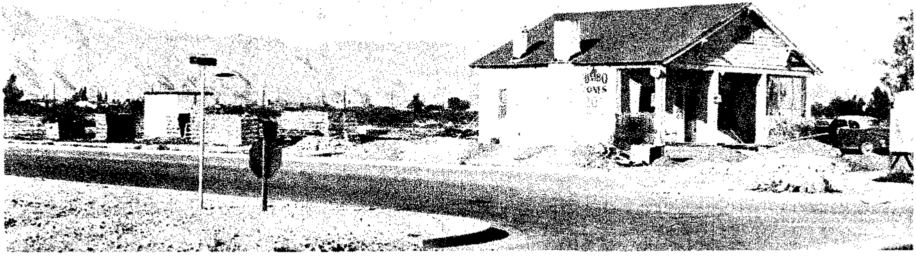
After dividing the floor space into business and living quarters, they bought an enormous old glass-topped counter and enameled it to match the room. In less than a week, the Jantons were open and ready for business.

Minnette's prediction proved accurate. Customers began to come to the place, intrigued by the idea of a desert ice-cream parlor and even more intrigued by the lovable and witty Jantons. Slowly but steadily, the business grew. The girls found daytime jobs in town, then hurried home each evening to assist their mother in dishing ice cream and filling cones until midnight.

Somehow, Mrs. Ella Janton found time for a garden. Under her patient care, vivid beds of African daisies, zinnias, calendulas and petunias bloomed extravagantly in the desert soil. A vine with exquisite blossoms was trained along one end of the porch, and a tamarack tree shaded the patio, where the women placed tables and chairs.

Actually, the customers on the patio were sitting on property owned by Evo De Concini, at that time Arizona's attorney general. Some years before, Mr. De Concini had purchased the surrounding four acres—all but the plot of land 50′ by 180′ belonging to Mrs. Williams.

Several months prior to the ar-

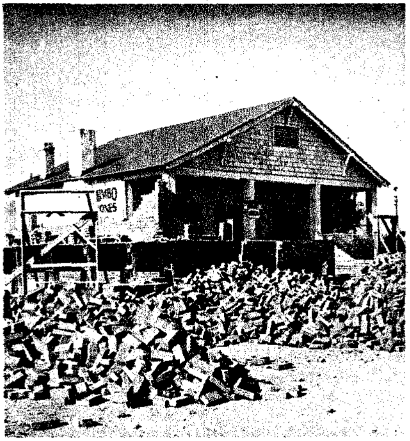


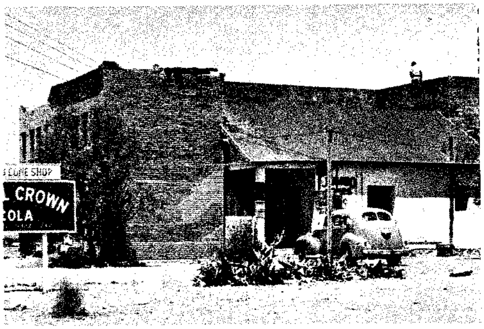
rival of the Jantons, a lawsuit brought against Mrs. Williams by Mr. De Concini revealed to the astonished lady that, through an error in the original survey, only part of her house was built on property that actually belonged to her. As a matter of fact, more than half of it stood on land that legally belonged to Mr. De Concini.

The judge ruled, however, that the widow was to retain her original property plus the section of land underneath her home that had belonged to Mr. De Concini. However, this still left all or parts of three sides of the house directly bordering on Mr. De Concini's property.

In November, 1947, Mrs. Williams decided to go to California and live with her daughter; and the Jantons made an agreement to buy the house. The widow told them of the situation, but since the acreage was so far out on the desert it seemed unlikely that any problem would arise.

However, at ten o'clock on a morning in early December, a woman customer was chatting with Mrs. Ella Janton when their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the sound of sawing and the





Design for disappearance: (Top photo) The ice cream parlor, as it first appeared, on the outskirts of Tucson. (Center) Suddenly bricks are dumped all over the landscape. (Above) The bricks become walls that immure the house.

ripping of nails from wood. Mrs. Janton hurried to the doorway in time to see an overalled workman hauling away her porch steps. When she protested, he told her that he was only carrying out orders.

Legally, of course, Mr. De Concini had the right to remove such overhanging structures as the porch and eaves, since he owned all surrounding property except that directly beneath the foundation of the house.

The following morning Mrs. Janton, an early riser, uttered a cry of alarm that brought her daughters rushing to her side. The beautiful tamarack tree was being hauled away. All of the flower beds had been destroyed and the blossoming vine was gone from the end of the porch.

By dusk, the Jantons' customers were hurdling ditches and leaping up to the porch, climbing through the narrow windows—getting into the ice-cream parlor in any way possible. The situation continued for more than two months, but Tucsonans proved themselves loyal to the besieged women. Business, in fact, increased.

On the advice of one of their customers, Minnette Janton composed a letter to Mr. De Concini pleading for some amicable arrangement whereby he might build on his property yet permit them to continue with their ice-cream business. The answer arrived two days later—in the form of tons of bricks which were delivered to the property.

It was now all but impossible to gain entrance to the little desert ice-cream parlor. "Don't you worry, we aim to keep coming even if we have to dig a tunnel or build a bridge into the place!" their loyal customers reassured the despairing women.

Once construction of the brick building got under way, the Jantons were ordered to remove their water pipes. Unless they complied with the order immediately, workmen stated, the water was to be turned off. The women finally had to relay the pipes on their own property.

As the brick walls rose higher and higher, once again Mrs. Ella Janton found herself gazing from a window with only a view of a brick wall—this time a mere eight inches away.

The irrepressible Minnette painted a sign, "Disappearing House," and planted it on top of the roof. As the brick walls went up and up during the day, the sign became obscured from view, but each night after the ice-cream parlor closed, Minnette returned to the roof and erected her sign higher than the engulfing walls.

When the building reached its height, another sign appeared on the corner. In shining neon tubing, it proclaimed the new name of the Jantons' ice-cream parlor. It was to be known as "Hidden House," and an appropriate name it was, since the small adobe house now could just be seen peeping from the mouth of the brick giant that had all but swallowed it. City officials had waived an ordinance prohibiting placement of signs more than 18 inches from the face of a building in view of the Jantons' plight.

Local radio stations gave daily

Rearing higher and higher, the brick giant ultimately engulfed its tiny rival in the Arizona desert . . . then speedily perished itself because of public scorn

reports of the situation and various Arizona newspapers published feature stories on the "Disappearing House" of Tucson. Mr. De Concini's statement, made to a persistent newspaper reporter, was that what he was doing was legal and that there had been too much newspaper and radio publicity.

A number of large delivery trucks stopped in front of the finally completed brick building one morning and several counters and a long, modern soda fountain were carried inside. A sign announced the opening of a drugstore.

Ironically, on the day the new drugstore opened its doors, those of the tiny ice-cream parlor were closed—for the first time since the Jantons had started in business—due to the death of Mrs. Janton's sister. The three women watched from the window as dozens of customers came to buy ice cream, read the sign announcing the closing of Hidden House for the day due to a death in the family, then left without so much as a glance at the new drugstore.

A few months later, the Jantons saw men carrying out the counters and the long, modern soda fountain. Discouraged by an almost complete lack of customers, their competitor was out of business. After being vacant a while, a catering firm occupied part of the premises and also failed.

For four years, in fact, the structure stood deserted much of the time, a ghost building, until at last the property was leased to Evo De Concini's brother-in-law, Tony Gallo, who opened a beauty shop in the corner location.

Legal repercussions, of course, had flown thick and fast during the construction of the two-story building, and the case is now a classic. Laden with complaints, cross-complaints, amended complaints, answers and counterclaims, depositions and third-party complaints, the litigation defies description in lay language.

The Jantons' business continued to boom, and the three plucky women found themselves working 16 hours a day, seven days a week. The 73-year-old Mrs. Ella Janton could not stand such a pace. The former dancers had brought their mother to Arizona to relax and enjoy life, but now it seemed that there was no time for anything but hard work. Talking it over, they decided to sell Hidden House.

Frank and Beatrice Berdofe became its new owners. Berdofe, a 28-year-old World War II veteran from Connecticut, had brought his wife to the desert for her health. While nursing scarlet fever cases in the course of her duties with the Navy

Hospital Corps, Beatrice Berdofe had contracted rheumatic fever.

The Jantons worried about the transaction, wondering whether the young veteran would continue to receive the same loyal support from their customers. Was the tremendous success of their ice-cream business based entirely on public sentiment, or could it now stand alone?

Tucson had grown and now there was little available parking on the street for Hidden House customers. But even though they had to park their cars far down the street, Tucsonans continued to give the tiny ice-cream parlor their patronage. So much so, in fact, that on September 18, 1956, the young couple were able to expand, and a Hidden House branch store was opened in East Tucson. Today, there are 11 employees on the Berdofe payroll.

Alexia and Minnette Janton have found jobs that permit them to spend evenings and long week ends at home with their mother in their pleasantly furnished new home with its magnificent view of the Santa Catalina Mountains. No longer must Ella Janton gaze out upon a brick wall.

Deft Definitions

MARRIAGE: The first union to defy management. —*Postage Stamp*

ILLEGIBILITY: A doctor's prescription written with an old post office pen in the back seat of a 1939 station wagon. —*Lions International Monthly Newsletter*

TRIM FIGURES: What women do when they tell their age. —HAL CHADWICK

VIRUS: Originated by someone who couldn't spell pneumonia. —JACK HERBERT

JOINT CHECKING ACCOUNT: A device to allow the wife to beat her husband to the draw. —*Texas Public Employee*

WOMAN SHOPPER: One who returns an article for credit, buys something that costs twice as much, and figures she has saved half the amount. —*Horizons*

BABY SITTER: What too many women in slacks definitely don't have. —HAL CHADWICK (*Quip*)

ECONOMICS: College professor talk for "What happened to the money in the cookie jar?" —HAROLD COFFIN (*Quip*)

AVERAGE PERSON: One who thinks someone else is the average person. —D. O. FLYNN (*Quip*)

ADOLESCENCE: When boys begin to notice that girls notice boys who notice girls. —S. OMAR BARKER (*Quip*)

General Jackson sent the Indian runner on his fateful mission with the words

"...bless your legs!"

by MARGARET MABRY

FOR A FEW DAYS, back almost a century and a half ago, the fate of our nation literally rode on the pulse-beat of an Indian chief—Holdfast Gaines.

Gaines was encamped with the American army under General Andrew Jackson on Mobile Bay when the shattering news came that a large force under General Sir Edward Pakenham had set sail from Ireland. Destination—New Orleans. So confident was Pakenham of victory that he had with him the civil administrators necessary to govern all the immense territory of the Louisiana Purchase.

Jackson saw only one faint hope. He must get word to General William "Dandy" Carroll at once—to rally the long-rifle frontiersmen of Tennessee and Kentucky and meet him in New Orleans. But *how,* with 600 miles or better of wilderness between them?

Unhesitatingly, Andrew Jackson sent for his personal scout, Holdfast Gaines, a living legend along the frontier wherever feats of athletic prowess—especially racing—were recounted.

It was near dawn on October 7, 1814, when Jackson placed the orders in the giant Indian's hands and growled, "I'll give you ten days to get there. *And may the Lord God of Hosts bless your legs!"*

Holdfast Gaines started northward in the greatest race of his life. His route, curving as a drawn bow facing west, led up the zigzagging Tombigbee. Through Yowanni—Old Pontotoc—then back east along the Natchez Trace to Nashville.

At sunset on October 12th, as General Carroll sat dining in Parker's Tavern, Gaines staggered through the doorway. He had made the more than 600-mile trip in six days and five nights!

The simple mathematics of Gaines' achievement defies the imagination. For, by the scale of seven miles per hour for the Indian trotting of which he was a master, *it was necessary for him to have been ceaselessly running for 16 hours out of every 24!*

Carroll rallied the needed long-rifles, rendezvoused with Jackson, and on January 8, 1815, Sir Edward Pakenham suffered the most decisive defeat yet inflicted by men fighting under the American flag. Surely America owes homage to Holdfast Gaines through whose untiring legs God saved a nation and blessed a brave new world.

CARY GRANT—

hollywood's indestructible pro

At 53, earning $300,000 a picture, he pooh-poohs his romantic charm—and calls himself a "large, economy package of acting"

by Richard G. Hubler

FOR THE last 25 years, a tall, dark, handsome and apparently ageless fellow has sauntered through the dreams of female moviegoers. His brow and chin are cleft sharply, as if by a sabre cut. He has spindle shanks, a muscular torso, a perpetual tan (beach in summer, sun lamp in winter), dazzling white teeth, and coarse iron-gray hair. His voice is pleasantly rough, with nasal overtones; his eyes are black, deep-set, and usually worried.

Cary Archibald Alexander Leach Grant is able to use these physical attributes with all the dexterity of a magician flipipng a card out of the air.

A shrug and a grin, he is boyishly irresistible. A frown and a tightened cheek-muscle, he is the stout adventurer. A yell and a sprawl, he is the uproarious comedian. A whisper and a twinkle, he is the romantic lover.

This 53-year-old actor handles his multiple characterizations with the ease of a trained chameleon. He refuses to believe that his personal attraction is responsible for his ever-blooming stardom.

"Of course, sex appeal, looks and all that get mixed up in it," he says disarmingly, "but really, the director who hires me gets the large, economy package of acting. I'm still on top simply because I save the studios money."

Grant explains this curious claim with an expert pantomime of what he means. "Suppose I'm doing the simplest thing: speaking a line to someone off-camera. The director tells me to take a drink of iced tea at the same time. That presents a thousand problems.

"If I bring the glass up too soon, I sound like a man hollering into a barrel. If I put it in front of my mouth, I spoil my expression. If I put it down hard, I kill a word on the sound track; if I don't, I make it seem unreal. I have to hold the glass at a slight angle to keep re-

He likes to swim—and throw cold water on the enthusiasms of autograph fans.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANFORD ROTH

flections out of the lens. It has to be absolutely still to keep the ice from tinkling since you can't use cellophane substitutes in the close-ups. And finally, I have to remember to keep my head up because I have a double chin!"

He points out that using a movie novice who didn't know all this—however experienced an actor he might be otherwise—could cause a delay of hours in shooting time where each lost minute runs into thousands of dollars.

Grant, who gets $300,000 a picture, has been in the high tax brackets for the last 18 years. "Out of each $100,000," he says, "I take home exactly $13,000. Even at those bargain prices I like to work. I'm proud of being an expert screen actor."

The kind of poise that Grant typifies on the screen has not been easy for him to come by. A sensitive man, inclined to be wary of the world but desperately wanting to be friendly, he has come to the conclusion, after more than 60 movies, that privacy is the single luxury a movie star cannot afford.

As an actor, however, he is anxious to have the public on his side. In the early days of his career, he fretted away his evenings in cheap hotel rooms, trying to analyze why people laughed or sighed at certain words and gestures. Later, as a star, he made it a habit to sneak into the back row at one of his own pictures and discover firsthand exactly what bits of theatrics got a good response.

The muscular Grant torso is made more so by chinning on a staircase at home.

"I've got a whole headful of push-button tricks," he says. "But the best way to get the sympathy of an audience is to get yourself into a jam and let them help you wangle your way out. A kindly chuckle is the actor's best old-age insurance."

On the other hand, Grant loathes the individual parts of an audience. Assailed by autograph fans, he has been known to deliver a short, impassioned address urging them to go back to kindergarten, then sullenly sign his name.

He has an easily roused temper and is capable of such great concentration that it often appears to be an exhibition of selfishness. Grant thinks his two marriage failures—his first to an actress, Virginia Cherrill, in 1934, and to Barbara Hutton, one of the world's richest girls—can be attributed to the fact that "I thought too much about my career and not enough about them."

"I was emotionally immature," Grant says humbly. "I persisted in my stupidities." It is on such occasions that he exhibits an unnatural gallantry toward the other sex—a trait which seeps through on film and endears him to all women.

As for the three-year Hutton affair, the accepted explanation is that "the socialites around the heiress couldn't take the actors around the husband." Whatever broke up these romances, it did not create the usual aversion.

The rebound from the Hutton fiasco was three years behind him when he saw a young actress-writer, Betsy Drake, playing in a London hit show, *Deep Are the Roots.* Her evocative performance impressed him. Grant got her the lead opposite himself in his next picture. He astounded the camera-conscious crowd by allowing her to fudge most of the footage. They were married in Arizona on Christmas Day, 1949, with Howard Hughes—an old friend—as best man. The match has been a highly successful one ever since.

His pert, attractive wife—with the personality of a dedicated pixy—has had much more influence on Grant than most people know. She has settled him down to less drinking and practically no smoking. She has given him a stability and comfort that he never knew.

At their unpretentious Palm Springs house, Grant spends a good deal of time soaking up the sun and getting his tan, exercising his undeniably excellent physique, and chivvying his wife about her writing—something she has been working at earnestly. He is openly proud of her efforts in this direction. His wife smiles mysteriously and says little, a fact that occasionally makes her voluble and efficient husband apprehensive.

The fact is that Grant is precise and methodical enough to make him a hard customer to live with. He does not care to have bits and pieces lying around—everything he does, from perfectionism in acting to dandyism in the way he dresses, fulfills this complex of tidiness, which is possibly a reaction to the helter-skelter commencement of his career.

Though he was born on January 18, 1904, in the respectable suburbs of Bristol, England, in a well-to-do family, he likes to think of himself as a cockney. He can shift effortless-

Now happily wed, he says of his previous two marriages, "I was emotionally immature"

ly from classic English to a spray of aspirates. He has the habit of emitting low greetings to people high in his estimation—such as " 'Ow are 'e, Jymes?" or "Gor bless 'e, Al; 'ow's the missus?" This knack dates back to his first theatrical job, that of a knockabout comedian in an English vaudeville troupe.

The group of zanies was called Bob Pender's—a rowdy collection of impromptu violence. It featured manic stilt-walking, eccentric dancing and slapstick comedy.

Young Archie Leach became a Penderite over his family's indignant protests. His father, Elias Leach, was securely settled in textile manufacturing.

"I wanted to travel and have an easy life," Grant says. "I thought acting was the easiest life possible and it would give me a chance to travel as much as I pleased."

To avoid arguments—something which he still hates—young Leach slipped out of the house and joined the Penders at the age of 13. A month later, his father discovered his whereabouts and wheedled him back home. Sadly, he resumed his studies for a year and a half at a swank academy—and then had to gratify his itch for the theater once more. This time his family bade him good riddance and Archie was on his way.

By 1921, the fame of the Penders had spread far enough for them to shuffle across the sea and to do an act in New York. As the eager yes-sir man of the troupe, young Leach was still soaking up hard knocks. He was a gangling 17, on his way to six-foot-one, with tight curly black hair, a highly ingratiating manner, and winning ways with the girls. The next year the Penders went back to England but Archie—enchanted with the bustle of New York—stayed.

For two years he tried just to remain alive—shilling at sideshows, painting neckties, even walking stilts with billboards on his back at Coney Island.

He returned to England for two years, then was signed for a juvenile lead in a New York musical called *Golden Dawn*. Archie—as he was still known—went on to roles in *Polly, Boom-Boom, Wonderful Night* and finally as the hoarsely romantic baritone in *The Street Singer*. No one noticed him in the slightest.

Determined to shed the light of his personality, he played the lead in a dozen operettas in St. Louis, Missouri, summer stock. Still unknown, he returned to Broadway and got a job in a romp called *Nikki*.

"I'd been on exhibition for five years—and I felt like a squirrel in a cage," Grant says. He announced he needed a vacation, packed his white tie and tails, and left for the West Coast in a second-hand car. He has never appeared on the stage since.

He demonstrated his will to survive by haunting agents and casting offices in Hollywood, living in rundown hotels and taking long walks to dispel his pessimism. He changed his name to Cary (from a name in a play) and Grant (found in the telephone book). He got his first job as a javelin-tossing husband in *This Is the Night,* in 1932. His dark good looks and height, plus his spontaneous manner, won him successive roles in *Hot Saturday, Merrily We Go to Hell,* and *Blonde Venus* with Marlene Dietrich. The first picture in which he had what he considered a meaty part was *She Done Him Wrong* with Mae West.

He learned from Miss West, he says, "nearly everything I needed"—and this, added to the days of the Pender training, was enough to catapult him upward. He still thinks that Miss West is the top actress of all time.

By 1940, Grant had played upper and lower parts in an estimated 30 films, nearly all for Paramount. Somewhere about that time, he discovered he had acquired a unique gift. It was one which few actors possess: "tickling up" a line until it comes to life.

He found himself by quitting his Paramount contract in 1937 with an alibi: "I was getting all the roles Gary Cooper didn't want. I didn't feel that Gary and Cary should be confused."

Most likely Grant wanted to resume his lone-wolf career, confident of his ability to get along. He went over to Columbia for $75,000 to do a picture called *The Awful Truth* with Irene Dunne—that has now become a comedy classic—and went on to do *Topper, Bringing Up Baby* and the first version of *The Philadelphia Story.*

"It's wonderful to hear people laugh in unison," he says. "I get more of a kick out of that than any kind of acting."

Grant is one of the few people who can take a custard pie in the face and not appear ridiculous. "I try to be the man in trouble who should know better," he says. To keep himself on top of a situation, Grant always uses a great deal of pantomime, absorbed from his early knockabout days.

He got to do drab, serious things such as *None but the Lonely Heart* and psychological melodramas like *Suspicion* and *Notorious.* His salary went on up to the top of his career in 1947 when Samuel Goldwyn paid him his $300,000 asking price to play an earth-visiting angel in *The Bishop's Wife,* and then tacked on an extra $100,000 for additional work. At the time it constituted an all-time salary record for a single picture.

Though it is remarkable how many movie hits of taste and quality Grant has participated in —such as *Destination Tokyo, His Girl Friday, Dream Wife, To Catch a Thief*—it is equally remarkable that he has never won an Academy Award. At least six of the pictures in which he has starred have brought Oscars to his co-workers, but nothing for Grant.

"There's such a thing as doing your job too well," says one friend. "Cary fits in so neatly on film that the audience gets to noticing what he *does* rather than what he *is.* This kind of anonymity is the hallmark of great talent—but it doesn't win any awards."

No one knows how much Grant cares about recognition. Having been on the top for 20 years, with his salary still at its highest, he appears to be enjoying life as much as ever. He has little time to pore over the 20 scrapbooks which constitute his concession to ego.

He visited Spain last year and did an expert portrayal of an effete English naval officer who gets caught up in the anti-Napoleonic fervor of 1810. In the picture, *The Pride and the Passion,* a production top-heavy with extras and costume trimmings, his role was calculated to bring him critical applause. Coming home from that affray, he launched himself instantly into *An Affair to Remember,* with Deborah Kerr.

Although Grant allegedly despises his own face—he usually hangs his pictures in the bathroom—he is acutely aware of its cash value. He recently hired a valet, a 33-year-old Negro named Sam Lewis who fought Archie Moore and lost with a close decision, on the basis of a single sentence. "He endeared himself to me instantly," says Grant, "by telling me that I looked no older than he did."

"All actors are shy," says Grant, "at least I am." He welcomes the opportunity to put on a role as he does a disguise. "Sometimes I can get pretty tired of myself." His alternate remedy is to seize his wife and some suitcases and trek off to a spot where he is relatively unknown to the natives.

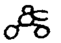
Though he can safely be called middle-aged, Grant is far from losing the enthusiasm and energy which has always characterized him. His present despair with the modern world is that there seems to be no more of his type of comedy. "It's the highest form of art, to write a good comedy," he exclaims. "People used to be able to write this kind of thing because they had time—and because they lived with grace, they wrote with grace."

This kind of challenge—which Grant is continually meeting—has faced him ever since he slipped out of his bedroom window 40 years ago on his way to join the Penders. It is very important to him to meet life on its own terms—and triumph over it by the exercise of gallantry and grace.

"Otherwise," he says, "there is not much point in living at all, is there?"

Perfectly Clear

WHEN HIS mother returned from shopping she found that her son had been home from school and gone out, leaving this note:

Dear Mom I have gone to Toms
to play with him on my ~~bieke~~
~~biuk~~  .

Love John

—M. H. CLIFFORD

GRIN and SHARE IT

A SMALL-TOWN MAGISTRATE was confronted again and again by a man arrested for every form of traffic violation—speeding, passing red lights, making improper turns, parking next to fire hydrants, driving while drunk, driving a car with faulty brakes, etc.

After taking the offender's license away, the judge was shocked to see him appear before him once again.

"I thought," the jurist said sternly, "that I'd revoked your driving license."

"You did, your honor," the defendant sheepishly admitted, "but this ticket is different—it's for jaywalking!"

—HY GARDNER (*New York Herald Tribune*)

ONE HOT KANSAS SUMMER DAY I joined some interested onlookers who had gathered to watch a group of archaeologists uncover an ancient Indian burial ground. In the crowd was a large woman who kept loudly and repeatedly reminding the workers they were committing a crime: "An Indian has every right to a private burial. Grown men should be ashamed of themselves. Disturbing the dead!"

Finally the woman triumphantly asked how the scientists knew that one of the skeletons which they had just uncovered was that of an Indian squaw, as they had pointed out. Looking up from the pit, an archaeologist answered slowly, "Well, madam, for one thing, you'll note the lower jaw is worn out."

—LARRY PRATT

A SUBURBAN COUPLE returned from New York late one night and found the following message in the handwriting of their Polish maid, fastened to the telephone:

MZ MX KULDOP
ZO ZUN YKAM KULROP
NEMETA OWLETE TZGONABE
KULROP

They lay awake half the night wondering what the mysterious message could mean. In the morning the maid explained with a shrug: "Mrs. Mix called up. So soon you come, call her up. No matter how late it's gonna be, call her up."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

AN OLD SCOTCH GUIDE returned from taking the new minister on a grouse-shooting trip over the moors and sank wearily into his chair before the fire.

"Here's a cup of hot tea for you, Angus," said his wife. "And is the new minister a good shot?"

The old fellow puffed his pipe a bit, then answered slowly, "Aye, a fine shot he is—but 'tis marvelous indeed how the Lord protects the birds when he's shooting!"

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

A FRIEND OF MINE has a little boy about three who is decidedly Daddy's boy.

Recently, when his mother and the new baby arrived home from the hospital, little Tim was very slow to approach his baby brother. Finally he did, and then looked up at his mother with a frown, and said, "Well—who's his daddy going to be?"

—MRS. MILDRED ELLERMAN

WHEN ACTOR RAYMOND MASSEY was playing Abraham Lincoln on Broadway some years ago, he became so absorbed in the role that he practically assumed the character of Lincoln.

One night, leaving the theater, he was surrounded by a horde of autograph hunters. One youth in the group apparently had larceny on his mind. Instead of handing the actor a scrap of paper to sign, he handed him a blank check.

Sure enough, in the confusion, Massey signed it. A friend who was standing nearby had witnessed the incident. He dove into the crowd and collared the youth as he was about to flee.

He took the check from him and was about to tear it up when he happened to glance at it.

It was signed "Abraham Lincoln."

—E. E. EDGAR

A WOMAN entered the sporting goods department of a large store and told the salesman, "I'd like a low handicap, please."

"A low handicap?" the man repeated, puzzled.

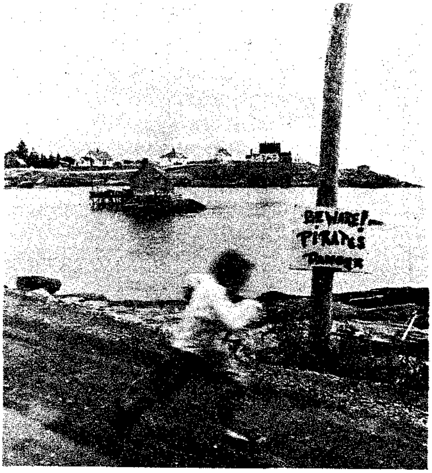
"Why, yes," she said, "for my husband's birthday. He's always wishing he had one."

—ARTHUR TAUCK

OUR LOCAL SIOUX CHIEF, who appears in full regalia, is always quite an attraction during the vacation season. One day a particularly inquisitive lady tourist took his picture and asked him innumerable questions about life on the plains. Her five-year-old son, meanwhile, seemed fascinated by the chief's eagle-feathered war bonnet. Finally, after several tugs at his mother's skirt, the boy said in a loud whisper: "Mother, ask him if he can lay any eggs!"

—ISADORE JACK

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



PINT-SIZED

Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of pop! The spirit of Captain Kidd roars—in schoolboy treble—every summer in Nova Scotia

By Mark Nichols
Photographs by Robert B. Goodman

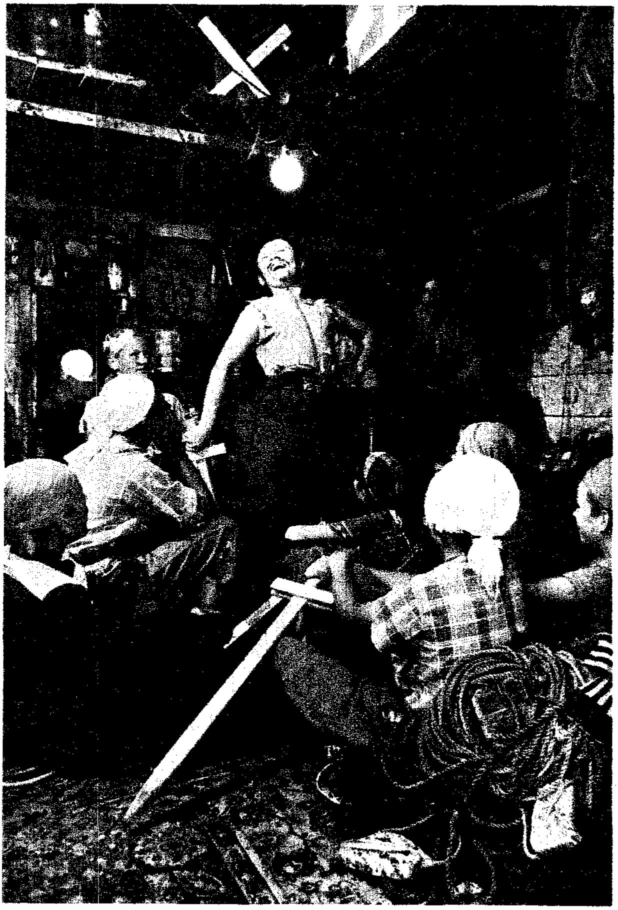
PIRATES OF BLUE ROCKS

ONCE school lets out for the summer, adults know what to expect in the small, quaint fishing village of Blue Rocks on the south shore of Nova Scotia. First, furtive whisperings; then, mysterious smuggling of odd-looking equipment; and finally, one morning, signs appear on posts along the roadside: "BEWARE! PIRATES—DANGER."

It's all the sinister handiwork of the town's youngsters, who have been brought up on legends of Captain Kidd's exploits in the area and the sight of treasure hunters swarming over nearby Oak Island in search of pirate booty.

As pictures on the following pages show, Blue Rocks offers all the props for playing pirates: two-masted schooners, hidden coves and misty mornings to shroud the skulduggery.

BLACK MUSTACHIOS, wooden swords, rubber daggers and knives, bandanas, and a rope for hanging—the kids are set for swashbuckling action. Strategy is plotted at secret sessions in a seaside shack (where village fishermen store their nets). The buccaneers elect a pirate chief—Captain Kidney Bean (*below, center*)—and draw lots to choose the pirates and the victims. Then each man picks a name for his career as a corsair: Scroggs, Evil Eye, Death's Head, Whistlin' Willie, Widower Jones. At last the big day arrives. And with a mighty heave at the oars (*right*), they're off!



BOARDING their own two-master, the Jolly Rogers set sail for the high seas and bold adventure. But soon after hoisting anchor they come upon inviting prey: a disabled merchantman laden with gold and jewels. Manning her is a skeleton crew of three doughty seamen who had scorned to abandon ship.

WITH bloodcurdling yells, the pirates board the ship, swords clattering, daggers waving. Everybody gets mock-stabbed at least once in hand-to-hand combat before the defenders are overwhelmed. Seizing the treasure, the Jolly Rogers load their plunder, then lash the crew to the mast. (Later, a pirate returns to release them so they can become buccaneers for the rest of the game.)

Now to bury the booty on a nearby island. (To some skeptics, the treasure may look like Mom's old costume jewelry, but their vision is tarnished.) After 15 minutes of hard digging (*left*), however, mutiny flares (or is it hunger?) and with it the urge to get back to shore.

The afternoon is spent swaggering around town. Black-patched faces peer in windows, and leering skull-and-crossbones pop up in unlikely places.

Finally, at dusk, the bloodthirsty pirates gather around a huge bonfire (*below*) and grimly pledge another reign of terror for all ships at sea.

SIREN OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

by Vivien B. Keatley

On May 18, 1926, a 36-year-old woman in a scanty, pea-green bathing suit stood at the water's edge on a beach in the suburbs of Los Angeles. This woman was rather voluptuously put together in an era when most women tried to look like flat-chested boys. Her legs were attractive and she had a finely shaped head, a mass of magnificent dark red hair, flashing brown eyes, a patrician nose, and a wide, sensuous mouth. She walked with the proud carriage of a queen.

She stood there for a moment looking out to sea, then turned and instructed her secretary to make a phone call for her. When the secretary came back a few minutes later, the woman had vanished.

Her disappearance proved a sensation. For the woman was Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy Semple McPherson, the world's most successful and glamorous evangelist, and one of the most remarkable women of her time. Phrasemakers of the day had called her everything from "red-headed sorceress" to "20th-century Jezebel." To her followers she was known simply as "Sister."

And she had plenty of followers. Her Foursquare Gospel Church in Los Angeles, known as Angelus

Temple, numbered some 40,000 in its congregation. Untold other thousands were members of her radio audience.

The day Aimee Semple McPherson disappeared, her congregation took up a night and day vigil on the beach. They sang hymns, prayed, moaned, wailed and wept. At night they built bonfires, beat tom-toms, danced on the wet sand in the moonlight.

Angelus Temple offered $25,000 reward for information about Sister's whereabouts. A hundred rumors got into print: her body had been found; she'd been seen in Winnipeg, Canada; her body was washed out to sea and had been picked up by a Japanese fishing vessel; she'd been kidnapped and a demand for ransom had been received.

The favorite story, however, was that she was living in Carmel, halfway up the state, with Kenneth Ormiston, a radio operator at the Temple; that she'd been seen on the streets there, heavily veiled and wearing dark glasses.

After a month, the reward was withdrawn by Angelus Temple. Sister was gone. Next day, a 12-hour memorial service was held, with nearly 20,000 attending in relays. As the eulogies poured forth, so did contributions.

The following day, the 36th after her disappearance, she turned up at 3 o'clock in the morning at the home of a Mexican family near Agua Prieta, across the border from Douglas, Arizona.

Reports of her condition vary. Some said her beautiful hair had been cut off; that she was "bedraggled, muddy, tired, shaking and quivering." Others said her high-heeled slippers were in good shape.

Later, a footprint fitting her shoe was reported found on the desert nearby—next to fresh tire marks.

Aimee herself told a simple, straightforward story. She said that while she was swimming a man and woman approached and begged her to come with them to heal a sick baby. They led her to a sedan where another man waited, then pitched her into the back seat, smothered her cries with blankets and later chloroformed her.

She woke up in a cabin; she didn't know where. Then there was much driving and she was taken to a shack in the desert. She learned the names of her abductors from their conversation—Jake, Steve and Mexicali Rose. Jake cut off a lock of her hair; Steve burned her hand with a cigar. Otherwise she was not molested.

One night the two men were gone and Mexicali Rose got drunk on mescal. Aimee crawled to an empty tomato can on the floor and cut the thongs from her hands, then from her feet, and started walking. She ended up at Agua Prieta.

"That's my story," she said. "And I stick to it. If you don't believe it, disprove it."

Nobody ever could. And though she was the best-known woman on the West Coast, no real evidence ever turned up locating her anywhere during the time she was incommunicado.

All of which was most discomfiting to her detractors, who charged that the flamboyant, luxury-loving

Aimee trod a private primrose path while she publicly paved the sawdust trail with glitter. But even her foes conceded Aimee was without peer in the soul-saving business.

To reach her position of eminence in this industry, Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy had come a long way. She was born in 1890 near Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada. Her father was a farmer and devout Methodist; her mother, Minnie Pearce Kennedy, an ex-Salvation Army lassie.

As a child, one of Aimee's favorite entertainments was preaching to the barnyard animals. Sometimes she pretended to be an actress.

When she was 17, Aimee married Robert James Semple, a handsome young revivalist. Soon afterward, they took off for a mission in China. She played the piano and he preached. A month before their daughter, Roberta Star, was born, Semple died of fever in China.

In 1913, Aimee married Harold Stewart McPherson, a grocery salesman in Providence, Rhode Island. He was the father of her son, Rolf Kennedy McPherson, who was her pride and joy. But he was not particularly happy to accompany his energetic wife with two small children on her preaching tours, and quietly went back into the grocery business. This was more than satisfactory to Aimee, who traveled in an old car from Maine to Florida and from coast to coast preaching the "old-time religion" from a tent.

She knew how to draw a crowd. Once, when nobody attended her first meeting in a small town, she stood on a chair on a downtown street corner, head upraised, and prayed silently. A crowd of curious onlookers gathered.

Then she jumped down, shouted, "Quick, follow me!" and led the bewildered crowd to her tent. Once she had them there she could hold them spellbound with her oratory and her inexplicable animal magnetism. She was full of enthusiasm and gaiety, and believed religion—and life itself—should be joyous.

As her popularity increased, she sent for her mother. "Ma" Kennedy was enchanted. "I'll run the business," she told Aimee. "You handle the religion."

MA AND SISTER made an unbeatable combination. By 1921, McPherson had divorced Aimee and the traveling troupe, tired of the road, had settled in Los Angeles.

There Aimee rented the largest auditorium in the city, but soon it proved too small. Even a boxing arena failed to hold the crowds.

She found an ideal acreage in the Echo Park section between downtown Los Angeles and Hollywood and here, in 1922, Angelus Temple was built at a cost of $250,000 donated by her followers. It had the largest unsupported dome then on the North American continent. There was a huge frieze above the mighty three-manual pipe organ whose grill was designed as a result of a vision Sister had concerning the second coming of Christ.

The auditorium seated 5,300; and there was always an overflow when Sister preached, which she did six times a week. At exactly 7 o'clock through a door far up on the wall which opened on her private quarters, she made a dramatic appearance. Clad all in white—she was a past master at the art of suggestion, and her gown's flowing sleeves suggested angel wings—she wore a dark cloak thrown around her shoulders.

All eyes were on her as the dynamic, ever-smiling woman came down to a flower-decked platform, red roses in one hand, a white leather Bible in the other. A spotlight played on her—violet, then pink, then blue, then golden light.

She moved to front center—she was always the center of the stage—where the light streamed down on her like a halo. The crowd rose to its feet, breaking into applause and happy cries of "Sister!" The band burst forth with a rollicking march.

Nearly everything Aimee said was banal; she had little humor or wit. She'd suddenly run forward, raise her expressive hands and impulsively cry, "Oh, say, folks, you know I think God—" Her voice would catch at the word. "Oh, say, I think He's *just simply wonderful,* don't you?"

Her weekly "production illustrations" were skillfully presented and became famous. The "old reliable" was the Gospel Lighthouse, complete with uniforms and Old Glory. "Throw Out the Lifeline" was its theme song. Uniforms of the female chorus in their bluejacket outfits were so nearly official the Navy tried, unsuccessfully, to restrain their use.

The service led up to a Rescue as the grande finale. A dozen nightgown-clad Virgins were clinging to the Rock of Ages. Thunder roared;

She dressed religion in hoopla, her face in a smile and her figure in Paris finery

Regardless of whether she was ministering to a follower overcome by holy zeal, preening in a silken sari or portraying the picture of domestic bliss with portly husband David Hutton—Aimee McPherson never turned off that tender, ingenuous smile.

lightning flashed; threatening waves beat about them.

Sister, wearing a magnificent costume that was half admiral and half general, directed girlish "sailors" in throwing out a lifeline. A male chorus of "coast guard" workers of the Lord swept rolling green waves with a searchlight.

The Virgins were saved.

The curtains descended as the band crashed, and the American flag waved triumphantly over all. The audience roared its approval and joy. They knew the Lord would save them, too, if they believed and were baptized.

At the end of her sermons and spectacles, Sister brought forward her converts, and a stream of the healed and saved came to the platform. She adroitly moved the line along rapidly, so the audience's attention was only briefly diverted from the star of the show. Healing, though not part of her evangelism in the beginning, was done on Saturday evenings.

Baptism by immersion, held each Thursday evening, was one of the Temple's greatest spectacles. From 50 to 150 converts wore white robes to become "dead to sin."

"Oh, what a happy funeral," Aimee would cry joyously. Curtains parted upon an elaborate scene of palms, flowers, grassy banks, rippling waters. Sister and one or more of the Brothers stood waist-deep in the water and, with their arms locked together, three strong men were neatly dispatched at once by a smiling, happy Sister.

For baptism, washing away past sins of a convert, was Aimee's prime purpose in life, the objective towards which all her flamboyant and exuberant efforts were directed. She personally baptized more than 40,000 persons during her career.

Wearing Foursquare Gospel gown, she posed for this ethereal portrait in 1928.

She introduced the Gospel of Love instead of the Gospel of Fear. She threw out the dirges and threats of hell, and replaced these with syncopated hymns and a bedtime story of the Gospel. Both she and her church bubbled over with joy, love and enthusiasm, with the trimmings of flowers, golden trumpets, red roses, sex appeal, incense and nonsense.

"Who cares about old hell, friends?" she would ask. "We all know what hell is. We've heard about it all our lives. A terrible place where nobody wants to go. Let's forget about hell. Lift up your hearts. What *we* are interested in, yes, Lord, is *heaven*, and how to get *there!*"

No wonder her followers gave generously—silver, gold, jewelry. She always asked for "silent money" and wasn't interested in coins. She needed "dollars for the Lord."

Once, at a Denver revival, she asked everyone who was willing to contribute a dollar to fight Satan to stand up. Only a few rose to their feet. She turned to her bandleader and said, "Start the Star Spangled Banner." Everyone rose, and she passed the collection plates.

She was a money-raising phenomenon, both for the Lord and the Flag. She sold Liberty Bonds in World War I and War Bonds in World War II by the hundreds of thousands of dollars. She could raise a $25,000 goal within a few minutes, once she'd warmed up her audience.

She always got more than she needed, and she needed a lot. The Temple payroll was $7,000 a week. In the musical department alone there were three bands, three choirs, two orchestras, three organists, three pianists, six quartettes, several glee clubs and assorted soloists. On occasion she supplemented this standard music by using the Andrews Bell Ringers, a marimba band, jubilee singers, or an 80-piece xylophone band.

Sister was personally extravagant, and her followers loved her for it. She frankly admitted that once a month she took up a collection for herself and it was usually the largest of the month. Sometimes, after a particularly effective "illustration," she'd take up a second collection, holding the plate herself.

But all was not smooth sailing at the Temple. Ma Kennedy, meanwhile, had founded a pretty successful church of her own, the Everlasting Gospel Evangel Church of Olympia, Washington. She came down to help Sister at the Temple because business affairs were getting out of hand.

"I worked things into pretty good shape," she explained later. "But I made enemies of some of Sister's friends. One day Sister called me into her office. She was furious, and after some words she struck me on the nose."

Ma unselfishly put off going to the hospital to get her broken nose fixed because Sister was having her face lifted. "The same as I'd done before," Ma said. "We both had face lifts. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

Aimee remained in her flower-decked Malibu Beach cottage, while the faithful prayed for her recovery in two-hour shifts, sure she was dying. But Sister recovered, and was preaching again within a few weeks.

In 1931, shortly after Ma married Rev. J. E. Hudson, a vice-president of her church, another Mrs. Hudson appeared. Authorities prepared to charge Hudson with bigamy.

Ma's marriage was annulled, authorities ordered her examined for lunacy, and pronounced her sane. Reverend Hudson divorced Mrs. Hudson and the next day remarried Ma Kennedy.

"What a man!" Mrs. Kennedy-

Hudson exclaimed. "My boy is now mine . . . My boy has 'it.' "

Not to be outdone, in September Aimee married her 250-pound voice instructor, David Hutton.

Meantime, daughter Roberta was not as devoted to her mother as she'd been when she'd preached in her place during the big disappearing act of 1926. She joined a fairly sizable throng of those engaged in quarrels and lawsuits in and around Angelus Temple.

Aimee was moody and unhappy. When her husband, David Hutton, lost a $5,000 breach of promise suit to a Pasadena nurse, Aimee fainted, cracked her skull and lay ailing for months. She became sharp-tongued for the only time in her life, and engaged in lawsuits with her onetime lawyer, her onetime publicity woman, her onetime business manager, her daughter Roberta and her mother, all at the same time.

Still faithfully on her side was her beloved son Rolf, and she died in his arms on September 27, 1944, in a hotel room in Oakland, clutching an empty sleeping-pill bottle in her hand. After an autopsy, three doctors were still unable to agree on the cause of her death.

Twelve days later, Sister starred for the last time—in a production she had planned down to the last detail. Over 10,000 attended her three-hour funeral; and she was laid to rest at Forest Lawn in a marble sarcophagus, which she had bought for a bargain $40,000 at the lowest point of the Depression.

Today her son, Dr. Rolf Kennedy McPherson, is pastor of Angelus Temple and president of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel with 706 branch churches and 721 mission stations throughout the world. The total property values of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, exclusive of headquarters property in Los Angeles, are $21,000,000.

The Prayer Tower Aimee built in 1923 has operated 24 hours a day ever since. In shifts of two hours each, women pray during the day, and men during the night hours.

Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy Semple McPherson Hutton left a tremendous living memorial. True, she had trials and tribulations throughout her colorful career. Yet somehow, in spite of them, she always kept her proud head high.

"I only remember the hours when the sun shines," was her personal creed. She lived by it, and the creed lives after her in the church she founded.

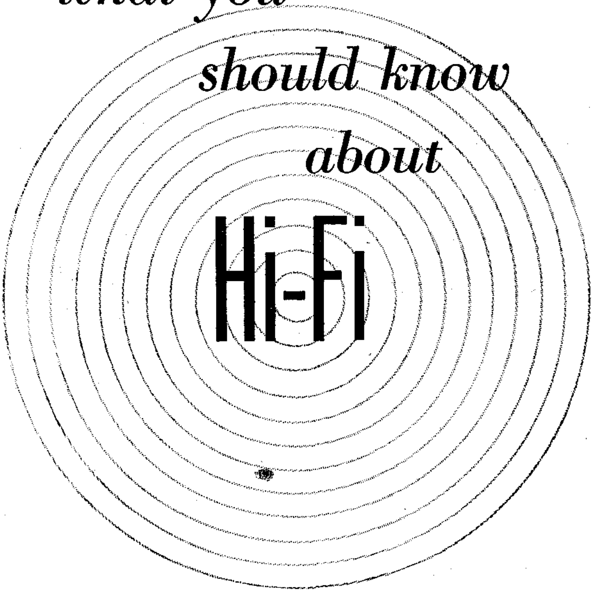
Courageous Chastisement

A MONUMENT at Gettysburg honors the simple statement of a color-bearer who became isolated from his regiment after a charge. The regiment retired, but the color-bearer and several men held their ground. The commanding officer sent this message to the boy: "Bring the colors back to the regiment."

The boy replied: "Bring the regiment back to the colors."

—GEORGE W. OLINGER

what you should know about Hi-Fi



by RALPH BASS

RECENTLY the daily newspapers in a large Eastern city were crammed with advertisements for hi-fi shoes, hi-fi stockings, hi-fi lipstick, hi-fi eyeglasses and, strangest of all, hi-fi raincoats for low-slung dachshunds.

Purists and dachshunds may have been astonished. But the electronics industry was not. For 1957 is shaping up as the banner year for hi-fi (high fidelity phonographs and radios)—and the vendors of other products are trying to tune in on the cash allure of the phrase. Also its connotation of quality. Because hi-fi today represents the ultimate in sound reproduction.

It is this purity of sound, first bursting upon the general public a few years ago, that has brought hi-fi to its present heights. By creating a vast new audience that demanded more and more perfection, it revived the moribund phonograph and record industries and spurred electronic and acoustical research to the point where today even overseas manufacturers, like the veteran Telefunken Company, turn out special equipment for American hi-fi fans.

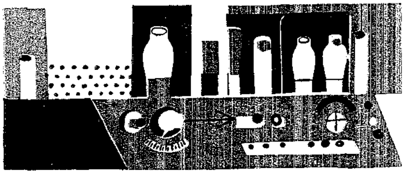
What some of these fans demand is typified by the boast of one perfectionist that his hi-fi phonograph had such a remarkable range that its higher tones could be heard only by a bird.

"So you're sprouting feathers?" twitted his uninitiated companion.

"No," snapped the perfectionist,

"but I know I have the *best*. And that kind of a feeling makes a man fly."

To such a fan, cost is a secondary consideration. But the standards of even the average hi-fi enthusiast are such that he regards the expenditure of $200 to $300 as minimum for tuner, amplifier, loud-speakers and record changer. Nor is the result exclusively music. When the fans get together, the conversation is also loftily electric, with knowing references to coaxial speakers, nine-position selectors, inverse feedback, infinite baffles, bass reflex enclosures and other gadgets that make hi-fi a language of its own.



As a result, hi-fi dealers are enjoying a tremendous business upsurge. Last year the sale of parts alone topped $166,000,000, as compared to $12,000,000 in 1950; and this year it is expected to exceed $200,000,000. The sale of packaged hi-fi sets kept pace in dollar volume in 1956 with the sale of parts. And the number of dealers has increased 50 per cent in the past 36 months.

The boom has also affected the record industry. In 1948, before the advent of long-playing records, Americans bought an estimated $150,000,000 worth. But by last year the figure had been doubled.

Turning out hi-fi equipment are 75 large domestic factories and scores of smaller ones, employing over 40,000 engineers and assemblers. Yet the supply often falls far short of the demand, despite Telefunken and other foreign imports.

Prominent among American pioneers is Avery Fisher, 50, Chairman of the Board of the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers. Tall, gray-haired Fisher is a talented amateur violinist, and in Depression days his apartment was a haven for many musicians who have since become well known. From time to time the group would pause in its playing of string quartets to listen to the radio or a phonograph recording of a cherished masterpiece. To their trained ears the sound was horribly distorted.

In exasperation, Fisher determined he would build a radio-phonograph combination that could reproduce, with crystal clarity, all that the human ear could hear—and more. Teaming up with several electronic engineers, he got to work. Trial followed trial. Then, by persistent experiment they evolved it at last—the combination that was probably one of the forerunners of the sets now known almost throughout the world as "hi-fi." (Only the Mexicans insist on the Latin *alta fidelidad*.)

That was in 1933, and Fisher's new radio-phonograph won the acclaim of professional musicians. Four years later, he went into business. Today his Fisher Radio Corp. in New York employs over 500 people.

One of hi-fi's greatest triumphs,

Fisher recalls, was achieved February 13, 1956, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia when an audience of several thousand settled back to hear the opening bars of Paul Creston's "Fanfare For Brass." Eugene Ormandy raised his baton and the hall burst into sound. Then, after a moment or two, every musician put down his instrument. But magically the music went right on!

The listeners were incredulous. Finally a concert official cleared up the mystery. The orchestra hadn't played a note. What the audience had heard was a hi-fi recording on Fisher equipment—so tonally perfest that no one knew.

According to Fisher, the word "hi-fi" is grossly misused; a lot of so-called hi-fi just isn't so. To guide the prospective buyer, Fisher recently answered the following questions:

Q. How powerful an amplifier do I need?

A. One having a minimum of 25 watts, *undistorted,* will satisfy almost everyone.

Q. How many loud-speakers do I need?

A. Eight poor speakers are inferior to one good one. Multiple speakers are desirable mainly where they perform definite functions—one to reproduce bass tones, one for the middle range and one for the high frequencies.

Q. Should I buy an FM-AM tuner, or FM only?

A. If you are a serious music lover and live in a community served by two or more FM stations, an FM-only tuner will suffice. The money you thus save could be applied to a better speaker system or amplifier.

Q. What are the advantages of building a tuner, audio control and power amplifier on two or three separate chassis?

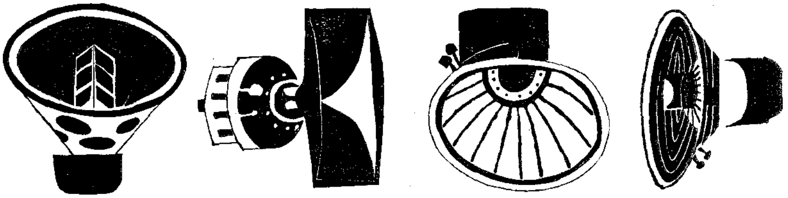
A. Flexibility—in installation and in supplementary features (such as mixing two or more channels, multiple inputs, separate bass and treble phono equalization). But a separate chassis installation will perform no better than a single chassis if the tuner, audio control circuits and amplifier are of equal quality.

Q. Is there any advantage to buying hi-fi equipment as a complete receiver (tuner, audio control and power amplifier), all in *one* chassis?

A. If you have a space problem or an odd-shaped room you may need the flexibility that comes with multiple chassis. Otherwise a one-chassis unit will serve as well and probably cost less.

Q. How important is the speaker baffle?

A. Everything suffers if the speaker



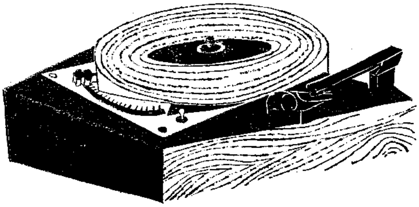
is improperly mounted. If you have space in a cupboard or fireplace, mount the speaker on a three-quarter-inch plywood baffle. The more confined space behind the speaker, the better the bass tone. Line the compartment with sound-absorbing material such as Kimsul or three-inch-thick rock wool. (Wear leather gloves when handling rock wool.) Where no such space is available, you can obtain speaker cabinets at your hi-fi dealer.

Q. Should I buy a record changer or single-record turntable?

A. A record changer offers long, uninterrupted play. The single-record turntable of professional quality offers the lowest degree of rumble (if you like music at fairly high volume). Many enthusiasts own one of each.

Q. Do I need a diamond stylus in my cartridge?

A. Absolutely. And particularly on LP records, which are vulnerable to damage by a worn or chipped stylus. Your records will last longer when played with a good diamond stylus.



Q. How much should I spend for a hi-fi system?

A. If your interest in music is casual, spend as little as possible. If music is an important part of your life, spend as much as you can afford. There is perhaps no investment that will give you so much pleasure for so many years, at so little cost per year (for equipment and upkeep). If your budget limits you at the outset, first buy the best electronic equipment you can afford (amplifier, tuner, etc.) coupled with an *inexpensive* speaker. This speaker can be augmented later without obsoleting it. Several speaker manufacturers have comprehensive build-as-you-go plans that you can follow over the years. You will be able to make a pretty good hi-fi start for about $250.

Q. How important is frequency range?

A. If you seek good reproduction within the range of human hearing, the equipment (*including the loud-speakers*) should be able to reproduce tones from about 30 to 15,000 cycles. For proper balance, use the "500,000" rule of thumb. That means when you multiply the lowest reproduceable tone by the highest in the speaker system, the total should be approximately 500,000. Thus, if the loud-speaker system cannot go below 50 cycles, then its upper range should be limited to 10,000 cycles to achieve good balance. Young people can hear up to 20,000 cycles; in some cases slightly beyond. This upper limit usually tapers off with advancing age.

Q. What is the best way to store and catalog LP records?

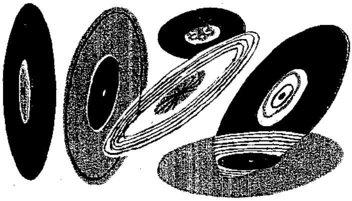
A. Store them vertically, so that their weight rests on the bottom edge of the envelope supplied. A cleat one inch by one inch may be nailed across the rear of the shelf so that the record envelopes cannot be pushed beyond the desired point. Ideally, the envelopes should overhang the front edge of the shelf by at least a quarter inch for easy removal. Quarter inch partitions may be built six inches apart to prevent records from keeling over. Store your records away from heat (including the hi-fi equipment itself). The simplest way to catalog records is alphabetically, by composer.

Q. How do you keep LP records clean and free of scratches?

A. First remove each new record from its envelope and blow into the envelope to eliminate any dust. Never wipe LP records with *anything.* If they are dusty, hold them under cold, running water, gently working your hand across the surface. Shake off the water and dry any residual drops with bathroom tissue drawn lightly across the surface. If you rub dust into the record you cause scratches.

Q. Is it better to build a hi-fi system or buy a complete console?

A. If you're unsure of your manual skills—and musical ear—it may be cheaper and more convenient for you to buy a complete package from a reputable hi-fi manufacturer. But if you're a do-it-yourself fan, making your set will give you great pleasure. However, be very careful of the components you buy. No industry-wide standards have yet been established, and some equipment advertised as hi-fi definitely is not.



In general: most hi-fi shops have facilities that enable you to listen to any combination of tuners, amplifiers, speaker systems and record players. Select two or three combinations, then make an immediate comparison *from the same program material*—be it records or radio.

Signs of the Times

A LONELY EARRING hung on a West Coast sorority house bulletin board with this generous notation: WILL BUY OR SELL.
—IVAN CLARK

IN A PET SHOP WINDOW: . . . "Wanna Monkey Around?"
—MORRIS COHEN

THE FOLLOWING CLASSIFIED AD appeared in a California newspaper: For sale. Beautiful view lot in hills overlooking nudist colony, must sacrifice due to failing eyesight.
—*Barstow Printer-Reviewer*

Building on an ideal, he made a reality of interracial housing in Philadelphia. The only restriction is that it's . . .

FOR EVERYBODY ONLY

by STELLA B. APPLEBAUM

WHEN Morris Milgram, Philadelphia builder, made up his mind in 1952 to build a suburban development of private single homes for sale to Negroes and whites—something which never had been done before—people said, "It won't work. In the first place, you won't get mortgage money, and you won't find a white buyer."

Nothing could shake young Milgram's determination, however, though from the start he ran into one obstacle after another. Money was the first big stumbling block. He knocked at doors of local building loan agencies, unsuccessfully. "Too risky," was the usual comment.

Sympathetic sources of capital raised his hopes for a while. But when the time came to advance the money, they said regretfully, "Perhaps this isn't the time; maybe in a year or two."

When news of the project got around, Milgram was swamped with deposits from Negroes on unbuilt homes, sight unseen. But where were the white prospects? Were the skeptics right?

These difficulties slowed down Milgram's progress, but they did not weaken his resolve. And today, three years later, America's first interracial suburban community of new private dwellings is a reality. The development—Concord Park Homes—is located in Trevose, Bucks County, on the outskirts of Philadelphia where in 1776 Jefferson first wrote, "all men are created equal."

"Without the Quakers," says Milgram, "it could not have been done." But without his own initiative and persistence, it might never have even been started.

It all began in 1947, when Milgram, at the age of 31, was invited into the family construction firm. Thousands of new homes were going up in and near Philadelphia, but virtually not one was for sale to

Negroes. In lower Bucks County, beyond the city border, United States Steel and other large industries were expanding on a gigantic scale. But, without homes, few Negroes could get or accept work in that area.

Though the practice is probably illegal, according to Milgram there is an "unwritten law" in the housing industry which assumes that all privately built new housing is "for whites only," unless otherwise stipulated. This was what led him in 1952 to devote his full time to developing "housing for all."

After many months of tireless effort and a large outlay of personal funds, he finally found the support he needed. Through the American Friends Service Committee (the Quaker group whose work with minorities had inspired Milgram, a non-Quaker), he met George Otto, noted leader of the Society of Friends.

Fifty-one-year-old Otto, head of a large construction company, was concerned about the treatment of minorities. He, too, had been thinking about interracial home developments.

It was logical for these two builders to pool their efforts. They set up a corporation—Concord Park Homes, Inc.—for the sole purpose of building homes for sale to all, regardless of race or creed. Their board of directors was composed of six white and three Negro community leaders. Otto became president and Milgram executive vice-president.

Sixty-five individuals, half of them Quakers, subscribed the $150,000 needed to get the project under way. Says Otto, "I had a wonderful time giving Friends and friends the opportunity of putting their money where their beliefs are."

With a model home on view, buyers appeared, deposits were placed and by the spring of 1955 the first group of 30 families (55 per cent white and 45 per cent Negro) were settled in new homes.

At present there are 135 families in the development. Because the builders are resolved to keep the project interracial, the 55 per cent white to 45 per cent Negro ratio is being maintained.

Concord Park is located on a 50-acre tract a half hour by bus or car from Philadelphia, Morrisville and Trenton industrial centers. The basic three-bedroom, one-level house has a finished garage-playroom, hot water radiant heat, an extra-large living room with dining "L" and numerous built-in features. The homes on a quarter-acre landscaped plot were first sold at $11,990. The price later went up to $12,690.

A larger house with four bedrooms, extra bath and storage space was $13,600, then went up to $14,350. Any house can be bought with a 2 per cent down payment and the carrying charges, including 30-year mortgage, run from $78 to $89 monthly.

The home owners are average people who, like millions of middle-class folk all over America, wanted a home of their own and the best one they could find at their price. They are skilled workers, white-collar job holders, professionals.

Educationally, they run from

grade school background to graduate degrees. Among them are Protestants, Catholics, Jews. They stem from a variety of national origins. Every stage of the family cycle—*from the first year of marriage to the* "empty nest"—is represented.

The first family to move into Concord Park was the Griers, George and Eunice, both 27, white, Protestant. George Grier was a research psychologist ("human engineer" he calls himself) at the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. Eunice did publicity for a Quaker committee on Indian Affairs.

Why did they settle here when they had infinite choices of other homes nearer their work? "We believe in democracy," they say simply. "There wasn't any other place we could *live* it."

Next door to the Griers live the Charles Henrys, Negro. Charles is a machine operator; his wife, Victoria, a bookkeeper. Charles, a night-shift worker, has this to say about the merits of interracial living: "Take that word *prejudice*. It comes from a root meaning *prejudge* or passing judgment before having enough information. That's the mistake some white folks make. If they got to know us first as individuals and then passed judgment, they would not be prejudiced. That's what's happening here. Our neighbors are open-minded and we are judged as human beings."

Here is a democratic community *almost without precedent in America*. In new homes, Negro and white families live alongside one another *by choice*.

Here differences in race and creed are accepted as a natural part of American life. In the community playground children of both races play together. Members of an interracial committee supervise them. A cooperative baby-sitting plan has been worked out, and families visit one another for bridge, cook-outs or other recreation.

As one Negro resident puts it, "We enjoy getting together with our neighbors but we also respect their privacy. The best thing about it all is the feeling that we *belong* here."

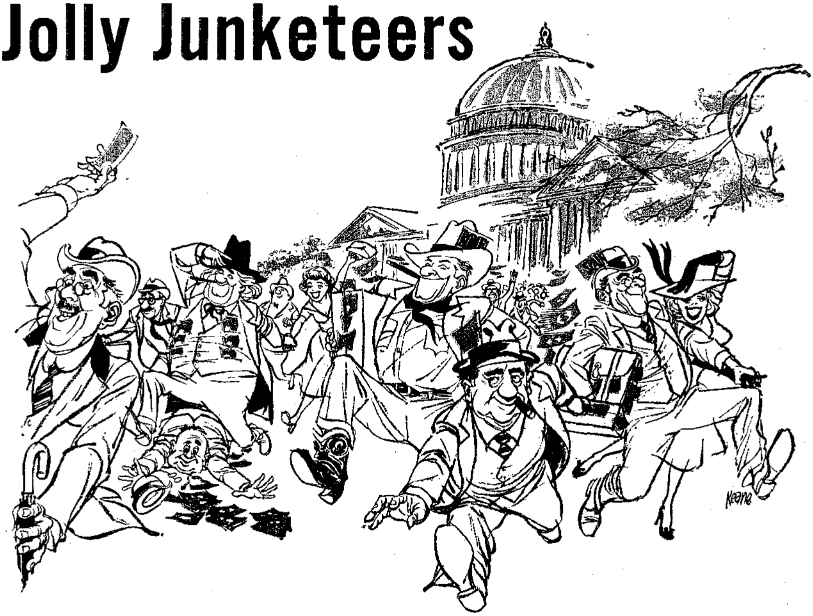
In their two and a half years together, these families have exploded many myths about mixed-race living and have done much for sound relations everywhere. The builders and sponsors believe their development will give renewed confidence in American democracy—not only to the nonwhite two-thirds of the world's population, but to all critics of our democracy abroad.

Think It Over

A PASTOR, preaching on "Eternity In Hell," gave this example to illustrate how long eternity is: "If the earth were a solid ball of steel and a dove pecked at it once and then flew at its normal rate of speed to the moon, which is 238,857 miles from the earth, and back again; and pecked at the steel ball once and then flew again to the moon and back again—by the time the dove had pecked through the steel ball eternity would have only begun."

—A/1C ROBERT W. BRATTON

Congress' Jolly Junketeers



by PETER WYDEN

When Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin got married a few years ago, he took his British-born bride on a European honeymoon. It was a pleasant trip and not terribly expensive, because you and I helped pay for it. We did so through the courtesy of the Defense Department which sent Senator and Mrs. Wiley to Paris—without charge—aboard an Air Force plane. When questioned about it, a Department spokesman said the trip was "in the national interest."

It probably was. After all, the senator was (and is) the ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. A firsthand look at conditions abroad undoubtedly made him a better-informed legislator.

For the same persuasive reason, you and I have also paid for Congressional bar tabs around the world; cameras for congressmen inspecting Germany; perfume and choice seats at the Folies Bergère in Paris. We helped a Midwestern Democrat get to Switzerland, where he laid in a stock of watches which were peddled to Capitol employees.

We underwrote expenses for the

GOP senator who regarded formal government receptions as an opportunity to serenade his official German hosts with "Ach Du Lieber Augustin." We footed the bill for the Democratic senator who severely strained our relations with Sweden by threatening to cut off U.S. aid because he felt the Swedes had performed inadequately at the task of entertaining his investigating committee.

We also helped finance the Southern congressman who stalked about Madrid inquiring belligerently of passers-by why they didn't like the United States; and the senator's son, who dropped around $500 a night in Spanish night clubs.

THIS sort of divertissement has become a more or less accepted feature of the Congressional "junket" (Webster: an "outing or pleasure excursion at the public cost"). Congress authorizes junkets so its members may inform themselves on how the U.S. is fulfilling its ever-growing global responsibilities. Actually, the beneficiaries of these outings far outnumber the legislators and their sons.

True, only 73 senators and representatives (37 Democrats and 36 Republicans) traveled abroad during the last Congressional recess; but junketing is always at a minimum in election years when home-state political fences receive priority. In years like this one, more than 200 members of Congress are apt to be on the road, thereby causing the legislative gears to grind hard.

"There have been times in the House when we had a difficult time getting a quorum because of the junkets running to Europe and Asia," Representative Leo E. Allen (R., Ill.) has admitted.

Even this does not indicate the full scope of the junketing habit. Congressmen delight in taking along their wives and their secretaries and sometimes their secretaries' wives to boot. In 1955, a congressman took his mother-in-law with him. Another, investigating uranium sources in New Zealand and elsewhere, was accompanied by his sister-in-law.

So many legislators hit the road one year that the Pentagon ran out of plush planes and the State Department suffered a shortage of escort officers. One season, Rome was favored by so many Congressional visitors that the natives began calling it "piccolo (the little) Washington."

Most of the trippers, of course, are earnest fact-finders; and some, like Representative Frances Bolton (R., Ohio) who was charged by a bull elephant in Africa, even pay their own way.

But there are more than enough junketeers like Miss Grace E. Johnson, a former $10,822-a-year staff investigator for the Senate Appropriations Committee, and Mrs. Mary Frances Holloway, who was a clerical assistant.

Reports trickled back to Washington early this year alleging that the ladies' 15-week investigation of our information services in Europe and Asia led them to an impressive list of shops, bars and parties. The reports further claimed that the ladies were not above throwing their official weight around ("We'll take care of you when we get back to Washington") when they deemed their hotel accommodations not sufficiently de luxe or their spending money allowance too miserly.

Miss Johnson denied excessive drinking ("I was on too tight a schedule"). Nevertheless the Appropriations Committee, after looking into the charges, dropped the ladies from the payroll.

In parting, however, Miss Johnson unleashed a neat blast of buckshot at her bosses. Denying that she had purchased numerous souvenirs at taxpayers' expense, she noted:

"Members of Congress who go on trips get plenty of counterpart funds. They buy what they want and get the embassies to ship the stuff home. I don't see why committee staffs shouldn't be allowed to do likewise . . ."

Nations receiving U.S. aid are required to set up "counterpart funds" of equivalent amounts in their own money. This is what some congressmen call "wallpaper money" and treat accordingly. Actually, these funds are your tax dollars and mine.

Of these "counterpart funds," 10 per cent is reserved for local American expenses. During the fiscal year 1956, $490,236 of the junketing legislators' spending money came from this source.

The intriguing part of this arrangement is that details on the spending of these funds, like that of all money connected with Congressional globe-trotting, is kept secret. Only annual totals for entire committees are made public.

At the spending level, it works like this: a tiny handful, like Rhode Island's Democratic Senator Theodore Francis Green, who spent his 88th birthday in Bangkok, Thailland, open their expense accounts to inspection. (His latest: six weeks of touring Africa with one assistant for $5,848, including $2.84 for "postage, telephone and telegraph.") Some committee chairmen, like New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, carefully ration the daily allowance of traveling colleagues.

More commonly, junketeers are met on arrival at the airport in each new country by the easily identifiable "boodle boy" of the U.S. Embassy ("He will be the fellow carrying a satchel"). Wads of local currency, sometimes $100 or more for each day, are then handed out to each visitor. They are expected to return what they can't spend.

As matters stand, we don't even know *how much* junketing costs us. The $490,236 in counterpart funds spent in the fiscal year 1956 is a mere fraction of the total. In addition, there is the "free" transportation furnished by the Pentagon. At $325 an hour for an appropriate plane, this has been estimated at $3,000 per member per junket. An unknown amount of the $11,000,000 which the current Congress appropriated for investigations is used for investigative trips abroad.

Then, a share of the $800,000 current annual "representation allowance" which the State Department bestows on U.S. ambassadors abroad is also used to wine and dine Congressional dignitaries. Moreover, quite a few of the wealthier U.S. diplomats dip into their own funds to entertain visiting firemen from

Washington. They know that such investments pay off at appropriation time.

Finally, Congress specifically underwrites some junkets like the recent trip of 12 members to Ireland to dedicate a statue to John Barry, a hero of the Revolutionary War.

All told, Capitol Hill junketing may cost anywhere from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000 a year, excluding the cost of the time it takes busy ambassadors and other American officials overseas to answer the same questions over and over again.

Recently, it required Mr. Eisenhower's full prestige as President to lift even a microscopic corner of the secrecy blanket that shrouds junketing. Questioned by correspondent Pat Munroe of the *Albuquerque Journal,* who has made this subject his crusading specialty, the President said he saw "no reason on earth" why the Government-owned Panama Canal Company should not disclose which congressmen made free use of its liners to Panama.

Junketing legislators rarely have difficulty uncovering urgent reasons why they should conduct investigations in the Virgin Islands or Hawaii, or why it is vital for them to fly to Miami Beach to inspect Everglades National Park. But one of their most prized prerogatives, especially after November elections or around Easter, has been to check on the defenses of the Panama Canal. The fact that they were ever welcome to free cruise tickets on the Panama Line (round-trip rates to taxpayers: about $597), and that their dependents could travel at bargain basement rates, may have had something to do with the popularity of these inspections.

On President Eisenhower's prodding, the steamship line revealed that three senators, 16 representatives, six Congressional staff employees and 35 dependents had availed themselves of the Government's sea-borne hospitality from July, 1955, to October, 1956.

It is, however, a fairly recent trend to permit so many wives to accompany Congressional husbands abroad. As recently as 1951, members of a committee inspecting South America paid their wives' commercial fare to Mexico City; there, the ladies joined the party, but on arrival at each airport they hid until the reporters had departed.

Nowadays, ladies are welcomed. "Every dollar spent on a wife is spent wisely," says a State Department escort officer. "Otherwise some of the men are just like Indians."

Even congresswomen are acceptable members of the junketeering fraternity since Representative Katharine St. George (R., N.Y.) wondered aloud on the House floor whether they were unwelcome because "they may spoil some of the more pleasurable moments" and "keep the other members of the committee to the grindstone."

Unquestionably, only a small minority of our lawmakers regard a junket as a ticket to PX bargains or, as one senator's wife put it in a letter to the home folks, a second honeymoon ("John is truly relaxing and having the time of his life"). And the trips net benefits more concrete than merely having congressmen see problems in the flesh instead of reading about them in reports that may grind the authors' axes.

It is a demonstrable fact that even the most provincial congressman finds travel broadening.

Nothing, perhaps, helped as much to put across the Marshall Plan after World War II as the junket of a House committee headed by studious Representative (now Under Secretary of State) Christian Herter of Massachusetts. Men like the late GOP Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan switched to internationalist views after trips overseas. Incompetent U.S. foreign service officers have been removed (and good ones kept on the alert) by investigating legislators popping up in odd corners of the globe.

There are any number of subcommittees, like the one headed by GOP Representative Frank T. Bow of Ohio, which spent about $25,000 and saved us millions. For example, it stopped the State Department from acquiring property it didn't need in London. In France it found Government-owned buildings which were not being used or rented. In Germany it discovered that far too much was being spent on military housing.

Scholarly reports on the Far East by Senator Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) helped guide important Senate debates along informed lines. And Americans who attended the Bandung conference of 28 Asiatic and Far Eastern countries still recall how skilfully Negro Representative Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.), who paid his own way, handled the barbed questions that he was asked about U.S. treatment of minorities.

Few would go as far as Senator Homer E. Capehart (R., Indiana) who once suggested that there ought to be a law requiring legislators to take regular trips abroad. But even the most severe critics of junketing don't suggest that the trips be abandoned.

The congressmen, it should be said in their further defense, are not responsible for all the waste that comes with junketing, although there is always the legislator of whom columnist Marquis Childs has written: "He combines some of the qualities of an emperor passing through his realm, a spoiled debutante, and an escapee from a strict correctional institution."

So far, Representative William E. Hess (R., Ohio) is probably the only subcommittee chairman who sent word ahead of his party, requesting "no official welcomes, no banquets, no speeches and no cocktail parties."

Much of the most preposterous pampering of the travelers from Washington originates with the hypersensitive executive agencies which furnish housekeeping services or are themselves under Congressional investigation.

It is unlikely, for instance, that a Congressional party about to inspect military bases in Tripoli, Libya, knew that the Air Force sent ahead a dispatch saying: "Request also entertainment, escort on shopping and sightseeing arrangements for ladies of the party be planned."

Another time, when the Pentagon announced it was sending two special 66-passenger planes, at a cost of $20,000, to Europe just to pick up

Senators John L. McClellan (D., Ark.) and John Stennis (D., Miss.), it had to apologize when the senators protested that they had not asked for such attention.

And not long ago, the Army had to cancel a Congressional trip for a military demonstration at Fort Knox, Kentucky, because congressmen squirmed in embarrassment when they learned that the date dovetailed with the Kentucky Derby and the invitations from Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker had said:

"I regret that I am not in a position to make arrangements for seats at the Derby."

Senator A. Willis Robertson (D., Va.) was overly severe as well as semi-humorous when he once described a Congressional stop abroad as consisting of a U.S. embassy briefing ("mostly hot air"), then a briefing by foreign officials ("more hot air") and then "you come home and issue a report and that's hot air, too." But there is no doubt that on too many trips the visiting dignitaries are whisked by anxious U.S. officials from "briefing" to "briefing" and wind up little wiser than they were in Washington.

As long as the executive branch of the Government must go, hat in hand, for its money to the legislative branch, it will be difficult to curb the bureaucrat's instinct to kowtow to a congressman, even if it does mean turning an already burdened American ambassador into an errand boy.

The remedy is in the hands of Congress itself.

Some junketing could be eliminated by coordinated planning of trips to avoid duplications.

Many embarrassing situations could be avoided if publicity-conscious legislators were more discreet in their remarks to reporters and statesmen overseas. Statements like that of Senator Allen J. Ellender (D., La.) calling our Korean allies and other U.S. aid recipients "bloodsuckers" hardly help our policy makers, even when the remarks, as in this case, are later denied.

Our diplomats also never cease worrying, with reason, that off-the-cuff remarks made by a touring congressman in high good humor are frequently accepted as official U.S. policy by foreign governments.

Most of all, the secrecy surrounding the financing of Congressional trips should be lifted. Eventually this will probably be done because sentiment is slowly building up for such a move. As Representative Omar Burleson (D., Tex.) has said: "It's all this under-the-table business that's bad. We ought to have a full accounting by both Houses."

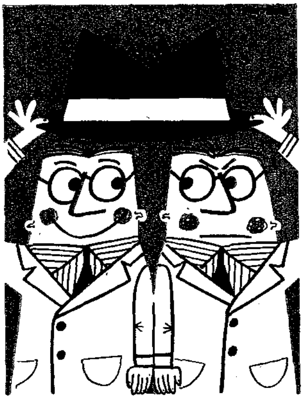
And if that doesn't help, you have one other remedy to spoil your congressman's fun the next time he hops abroad without good reason: on election day, just don't buy him another ticket to Washington.

Are You Treed?

Do you know of a tree the name of which can be spelled with seven letters using each of the five vowels and with four of the vowels being consecutive letters? No one of the vowels is repeated. (Answer on page 116)

—DR. L. A. BARRETT

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ



Double Trouble

Seeing double can be a definite asset in this word game, says Quizmistress Bess Myerson, co-hostess of "The Big Payoff," (CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 3 P.M. EDST). Bess learned about twin requirements in the 1945 Miss America contest, when a girl needed talent *and* beauty to win. She had both. In the pairs below, find the word that fits the first definition; double *one* of its letters and arrange them all to get the second definition. For example: competent—ab*l*e; identifying tag—*l*abel. (Answers on page 77)

1. **Pocketbook**
   To chase
2. **Harbinger of spring**
   Narrow strip of cloth
3. **Royal**
   To rinse the throat
4. **A tartan pattern**
   Pale, wan
5. **Dining furniture**
   Artistic dance
6. **To gaze fixedly**
   To take into legal custody
7. **Item of man's apparel**
   Desire for liquid
8. **Sole**
   Synthetic fabric
9. **A window-hanging**
   Colorful procession
10. **Bottle stopper**
    Earthen vessel
11. **Fish popular in salad form**
    To jeer
12. **Unclouded**
    Underground storage room
13. **Dangers**
    A bedroom shoe
14. **Beer mug**
    Court sport
15. **Final**
    Volume of maps
16. **Kind of nut**
    An appetizer
17. **Dominion**
    A girl's best friend
18. **Home interior arrangement**
    Disc reproducing sound
19. **Unsteady, askew**
    Operator of office machine
20. **Loud sound, as of a bell**
    Continuation of collar on coat
21. **Richer part of milk**
    Instrument for recording images
22. **Preventive inoculation**
    One of the seasons
23. **Entice**
    Instrument for measuring length
24. **Picture border**
    Agriculturist
25. **Clenched hand**
    Rigid
26. **Stratum**
    Annually
27. **Small water craft**
    Forbidden
28. **Hard substance**
    Kind of hammer
29. **Precious**
    Great fear
30. **To jump**
    Adam's downfall

"I SEE WITH MY EARS"

by R. A. CONARD
with SCOTT SEEGERS

A PIERCING SCREAM jolted me awake—the voice of my young granddaughter, Joy. As I leaped up from the sofa my wife's voice joined in.

"What's the matter?" I cried, groping for the door. Hurried footsteps sounded in the hall. A door slammed. Anguished sobs from Joy's room. A series of sharp squawks. Scufflings.

"What's happening?" I cried. "Joy, are you all right?"

My wife's returning footsteps sounded and I heard her say to Joy, "See, honey, he's not hurt a bit. Just scared, that's all."

Joy's parakeet had escaped from its cage and our Irish setter had playfully grabbed it and streaked for the door. My wife retrieved the ruffled bird and brought it back.

A minor domestic incident, but to a blind man the sounds that went with it suggested some terrible violence.

Since I lost my sight five years ago, the sounds I hear have taken on new meaning. Though often baffling, their challenge offers some compensation. For my ears tell me with astonishing accuracy many things that my eyes can no longer see—and that they never could.

I cannot see the traffic light at our corner, for example, but the sound of the moving cars tells me which way is safe to cross. I know by the whisper of tires on pavement that an auto is approaching, and about how far away it is.

Once my wife took my arm to guide me across the street. I could feel the movement of her hand as she looked left and right and then tugged slightly to signal the "all clear." We stepped into the street. But a slight crunch of gravel followed by the low keening of rubber on asphalt told me that an auto had turned out of a driveway halfway down the block and was rushing toward us. I caught my wife's arm and pulled her back to safety as the car shot past.

I have found, interestingly enough, that the voice is a good index to character. I do not mean that an unpleasant voice indicates an unpleasant person. I often hear a loud, rasping voice with a quality that tells me the owner is a kind person. On the other hand, I have heard soft, well-modulated voices with a merciless lash in their undertones. The tone vibration seems to stimulate a sort of subconscious lie detector that makes few mistakes. For it is not blinded to true character by the speaker's appearance or manner.

One day in the store of an old friend I fell to talking with a customer. I learned that he was scheduled for an expensive operation and had no hospitalization insurance.

After he had made his purchase and left, the owner said, "Rob, that fellow just walked out with more than $50 worth of hardware, and he already owes me $200. His operation will keep him from working for several weeks. I think I can kiss that money good-by."

I did not believe the customer's voice belonged to a deadbeat. "I'll bet you $5 he pays you within 60 days," I said.

The man paid up three weeks later.

I try to estimate the age of new acquaintances by their voices, but on this I have a low batting average. Many older people have a youthful gaiety in their tone, and I have heard youngsters who sound as old as time.

The constant shuttling about of people at social affairs is confusing. Many times I am introduced to someone, we talk a bit, and then suddenly my audience is no longer there. This can produce awkward moments. One evening after dinner an old friend confided that some blackberry seeds had lodged under his upper dental plate and were annoying him.

After a slight pause I leaned toward him and suggested, "Why don't you go to the bathroom and get rid of the darned things?"

"What did you say?" demanded a startled feminine voice with just an edge to it. I explained and the lady laughed. "Maybe that's where he went," she remarked.

The sound of women's clothing occasionally helps me sort out the feminine guests at parties. I can connect a certain voice to the shrill "tweet-tweet" of a heavy-textured silk faille that advertises its wearer's every movement. Perhaps another voice can be identified with the airy rustle of a stiff skirt of organdy or taffeta.

I derive high pleasure from the astonishment of one lady whose jingling approach enables me to call her by name before she speaks. She wears so-called "mother-in-law" ear bobs which have miniature bells with tiny clappers.

But there are pitfalls in relying too heavily on the sounds of dress. In an elevator, for example, I can usually tell when a woman enters by the swishing of her skirt. But only recently I passed the time of day with a person I thought was a man. To my great surprise, a female voice answered. After the lady left the elevator I asked the operator what she had been wearing.

"Pedal pushers," he told me.

The fact that I do not appear to be blind also causes complications. One day I was waiting while my wife shopped for groceries. Presently I heard the familiar staccato of her step. (My wife walks like a woman with a purpose.) I reached out and took her arm.

"Will you kindly let go of my

arm!" demanded a strange voice in tones of icy fury.

"Please excuse me," I stammered. "I thought you were my wife."

"Ridiculous!" was the sharp response. Before I could explain more fully the steps departed.

A moment later I heard familiar steps again. But this time I took the precaution of calling my wife's name before reaching for her arm.

As my embarrassment over the incident faded, I realized that beneath the anger in the strange woman's voice lay the tone-quality of a kindly person. But, I thought, I shall never know.

My wife and I left the store and had gone only a short distance when I heard the woman's voice again, now speaking without anger.

"I want to apologize," she said. "I didn't understand."

We chatted briefly and after we parted I asked my wife, "Is she as charming as she sounds? Her voice is much like yours, you know."

"She is delightful," my wife replied thoughtfully. "And quite pretty, too. Sometimes I wonder if you are as blind as you pretend to be."

I am beginning to rediscover by sound the city of Columbia, South Carolina, where we lived for many years, and where we recently returned.

My travels about the city have not extended very far yet, but it is easy to tell what sort of neighborhood I am in. A faint but clear echo of my footsteps indicates buildings of brick or stone rising directly from the sidewalk's edge. This implies a business or industrial section. No echo at all means an open space such as a vacant lot or a large lawn. A moment's pause can usually tell which it is, because a house is seldom silent for very long. A door closes, a window opens, a telephone rings, or a shutter creaks.

I doubt very much that blind people generally have more acute hearing than those with sight. The blind hear more only because they listen harder. All of us have spent an occasional sleepless night during which the ticking of a bedside clock sounded with extraordinary clarity. I know now that such sounds are no louder at night than any other time.

As a matter of fact, I love our loudly ticking old mantel clock. It tells me where I am. A blind man depends upon his knowledge of fixed points and his memory of distances as a navigator depends on the stars.

OUR LIVING ROOM is covered with thick carpet that makes it difficult for me to tell when anyone enters or leaves. Generally, however, I can detect a slight sighing sound when someone sits on the sofa or the cushioned chair. My 16-year-old grandson flops into a chair with a thump audible in the next room, followed by a groan of protest from the chair.

There are moments at the table when a tapping sound at the proper location could save me the embarrassment of fumbling. When I ask for a certain dish, some member of my family will say, "There it is." This of course means nothing to me. I am trying to train them to tap on the table near the dish.

My four-year-old granddaughter has developed her own technique.

With a spoon she raps the dish resoundingly while with her other hand she takes my wrist and guides my hand to it.

Blindness has taught me many things, but the sharpest and most humbling lesson changed a point of view I had held all my life without ever really having thought about its merits. My wife and I were returning from the West Coast by train. I entered the smoking car and groped for a chair. A pleasant voice said, "Here you are, sir." A firm hand guided me to a chair.

"Young man," I said smiling. "You don't have to tell me that you are from Charleston, South Carolina. That accent is unmistakable."

He laughed. "Yes, sir, Charleston is my home. But I thought that my years in the Army had rubbed out most of that accent."

I learned that he was a lieutenant returning from a long tour of duty in Korea. Obviously a well-bred, intelligent and sensitive man, he entertained me with anecdotes about the country and its people. For the rest of the trip, whenever I entered the smoking car the lieutenant got me seated and passed the time with conversation.

Just before we reached our destination, he came to our seat and asked if he might help with our luggage. I introduced him to my wife. Her response was gracious, but her voice seemed to lack the degree of cordiality I had expected.

After the lieutenant left, she gasped, "So that is your new friend. Well—I never saw a human being with a blacker skin!"

Since that day I have tried to form my opinions of people purely on their individual qualities as human beings, and I have reached the comforting conclusion that most of them are honest and generous.

I may not be able to tell whether or not a person has crossed eyes or a harelip or black skin. But I can tell pretty well if those crossed eyes see the truth, if the harelip speaks sincerely, and if the black skin encloses a kind heart. That is an important thing to see.

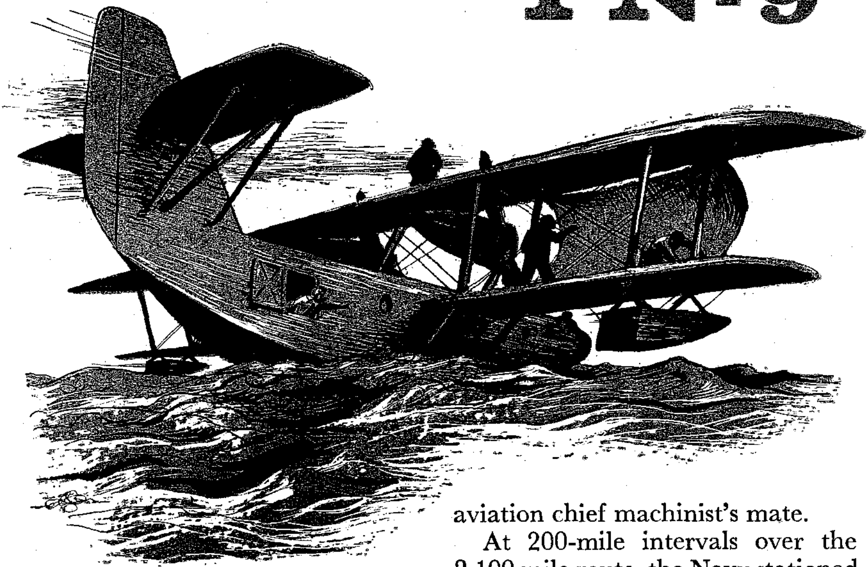
◆

Double Trouble

(Answers to quiz on page 73)

1. purse; pursue. 2. robin; ribbon. 3. regal; gargle. 4. plaid; pallid. 5. table; ballet. 6. stare; arrest. 7. shirt; thirst. 8. only; nylon. 9. drape; parade. 10. cork; crock. 11. tuna; taunt. 12. clear; cellar. 13. perils; slipper. 14. stein; tennis. 15. last; atlas. 16. pecan; canapé. 17. domain; diamond. 18. decor; record. 19. tipsy; typist. 20. peal; lapel. 21. cream; camera. 22. serum; summer. 23. lure; ruler. 24. frame; farmer. 25. fist; stiff. 26. layer, yearly. 27. boat; taboo. 28. metal; mallet. 29. dear; dread. 30. leap; apple.

the incredible flight of the PN-9



by Art Widder, Jr.

Today, transoceanic flights are routine; but 32 years ago they most definitely were not.

In 1925, two years before Lindbergh's epic hop, the U.S. Navy outfitted a metal-hulled twin-engine seaplane known as the PN-9 to attempt the first flight to Hawaii.

Commander John Rodgers who, 12 years before, had been the second naval officer to win the wings of an aviator, skippered the flight; with him were Lieutenant B. J. Connell as assistant pilot, and S. N. Pope, as aviation pilot. O. G. Stantz served as radioman and W. H. Bowlin was aviation chief machinist's mate.

At 200-mile intervals over the 2,100 mile route, the Navy stationed ships to assist in case of trouble. All of them carried supplies, emergency equipment and aviation fuel in case the tanks of the PN-9 went dry along the way.

The plane itself carried 1,300 gallons of gasoline. For the fliers there was a six-pound can of corned beef, 90 sandwiches, four canteens of water for each man and an emergency supply of hardtack, 30 gallons of water, dried bread, canned beans, and prepared chocolate.

On August 31, 1925, the PN-9 took off from San Francisco and headed west for Hawaii. The motors droned on steadily and uneventfully, driving the ship at just under

75 miles an hour. But the carefully laid plans to make contact with the gas-carrying *Aroostook* somehow went awry; and after 25 hours in the air, just 200 miles from Diamond Head, the fuel supply gave out.

Nothing was in sight on the sea below when the engines of the PN-9 coughed and the great wooden propellers windmilled to a stop. Connell brought the seaplane down safely in a dead-stick landing. And then things began to happen.

Radioman Stantz found that the PN-9's receiver was working all right. But, since they had no fuel to run the generator, they could not activate the transmitter to broadcast an SOS.

As the flight became overdue at Hawaii, Stantz could tune in on the ships as they talked back and forth while they combed the sea for the downed aircraft. He heard a squadron of destroyers, just returned from Australia, join in the search.

Gradually it became clear that the rescue ships were searching far from where the PN-9 actually rested. Rodgers realized that if they were to be saved at all, they must save themselves.

Ripping fabric from the wing panels, the fliers—who had been seamen before they were aviators—rigged improvised sails between the upper and lower wings.

The windjamming seaplane was actually able to sustain an average speed of two knots, and as much as 50 nautical miles a day slipped astern. By September 8th, after a week on the sea, the PN-9 had been zigzagged to within 40 miles of Oahu. At night they could see searchlights from the island; and in the daytime Army planes buzzed overhead. Once a ship passed within five miles but did not spot them. Rescue seemed certain, eventually.

Then, with his sextant, Rodgers discovered real bad news. The prevailing winds were carrying the seaplane *away* from the main island of Oahu! Their only hope was to make for the island of Kauai before being driven out into the vast, empty seas west of the Hawaiian chain.

By good seamanship, the commander succeeded in bringing the PN-9 within 15 miles of Nawiliwili Bay on Kauai on September 10th. As night fell they rigged a sea-anchor to keep the plane from drifting past the harbor in the darkness.

Using wing spars as kindling, they made a fire in a bucket and set it atop the PN-9. Their signal was seen by the submarine R-4 and the wayward seaplane was taken in tow.

But Lady Luck still was not through with them. After reaching the safety of the harbor, the seaplane lost anchor in the night. Commander Rodgers and his men again found themselves adrift. There were no lights on the plane and boats that came from offshore had trouble getting a line aboard because of darkness.

But at dawn, the seaplane—heralded as the first pioneer in transoceanic flights to Hawaii—was finally rescued. And the flight which began so auspiciously in San Francisco ended ignominiously in Nawiliwili Bay with the PN-9 at the end of a rope towed by a *rowboat*. Rodgers and his crew had reached Hawaii—only nine days overdue. ♛♛♛

Are a half million patients on the threshold of freedom from slavery to injections? Research indicates . . .

new hope for DIABETICS— in a pill

by Ralph Bass

The man had been injecting 360 units of insulin a day into himself—a fantastic quantity, as most diabetics use less than 40. Yet even with this tremendous dosage he was on a strict diet; and he was as gaunt as death.

Exactly ten weeks later, the man was off insulin. He was "eating like a lumberjack" and he had gained 30 blessed pounds.

What had happened? The latest in medical science's remarkable achievements—tolbutamide, or Orinase, a small white pill that many physicians think will free more than half a million diabetics from their long slavery to the hypodermic needle.

In our country today there are about 2,000,000 diabetics, people whose bodies cannot properly assimilate carbohydrates and sugar because their pancreatic gland does not produce enough insulin—the hormone that regulates the body's use of sugar. About half of them have to take injections of insulin. The others can keep their blood sugar down by rigid dieting.

Latest research indicates that from half to three quarters of these diabetics will benefit from the new wonder-working Orinase. Here are their prospects, by age groups: over 40—four out of five; betweeen 20 and 40—one out of three; under 20—practically none. Luckily, about 75 per cent of diabetics are in the over-40 group.

Orinase, a cousin of the sulfa drug, lowers the blood sugar by 50 per cent in three hours, but doctors are not yet sure how it does it. They offer these theories: it stimulates the flow of insulin from the pancreas; it makes the insulin already in the body more effective; it slows down the release of sugar from the liver to the blood; it lessens the secretion in the body of an insulin-destroying substance known as insulinase.

The fact is, of course, that no one knows exactly how insulin works, either. Yet, since 1922, when it was isolated from the pancreas of a dog by Drs. F. G. Banting and C. H. Best of Canada, it has meant the difference between life and death for millions. Up until then, the young person who found he had diabetes knew he had only five to ten years of life ahead of him. Today there are men and women living full, nearly normal lives who received some of the first insulin more than 35 years ago.

Since insulin is destroyed by digestive fluids, it must be injected into the blood stream. But now it begins to look as if one to six Orinase tablets (one-half to three grams), popped into the mouth daily, can eliminate this annoyance.

Both the French and Germans can claim some of the credit for the discovery of this new drug. Fifteen years ago, Dr. Auguste Loubatières, in France, found that a certain sulfa compound lowered blood sugar just as insulin did. But his findings were buried in an obscure medical journal.

Some ten years later, a young doctor named Fuchs, in Berlin, was testing carbutamide, a sulfa drug, to see if it would kill germs quickly, and keep killing them. In the heroic—and sometimes suicidal—manner of lab men everywhere, Fuchs and another young doctor swallowed some of the drug.

In a little while, they began to sweat heavily and their hearts started palpitating. They looked at each other in wonder, for they were showing symptoms of shock due to lowered blood sugar.

As a result of Fuch's experimental swallow, more than 100,000 diabetic Europeans are on carbutamide today.

Here in the United States, the Upjohn Company came up with Orinase, a trade name for tolbutamide. It has been given to 20,000 throughout the country, but the most intensive work with it has been done by Dr. Henry Dolger, Chief of the Diabetes Clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City, and his colleagues.

They kept records on 500 patients who had been treated with Orinase for periods up to a year, and found that more than half were helped, with hardly any side effects; that some who had been on strict diets were able to go off them; that it did not matter how long a patient had diabetes, or what his daily insulin dose had been; that sex or body weight had no bearing.

They found that if Orinase worked when the patient first took it, the chances were nine out of ten that it would go on working. But if it did not work he could go back on insulin, and no harm done.

◆ On the other hand, children cannot be helped much, perhaps because their pancreases do not secrete enough insulin to be "boosted" by Orinase. Also, patients with a history of diabetic coma are not helped.

These are exciting findings, of course, but what doctors are really hoping is that Orinase may shed new light on one of medicine's yet unsolved mysteries—the cause of diabetes—and that it may eventually lead to a cure. They base their hopes on the fact that Orinase "selects" cases, puts them into different classes, as it were, some that it can help and others that it cannot. This sorting, they believe, may yield clues to the nature of the disease itself.

After all, these doctors point out, heightened blood sugar is only one aspect of diabetes. Insulin brings down the level but it does not ameliorate diabetes' other consequences—the arteriosclerosis, the damaged eyes and kidneys that appear so often and may complicate long-standing diabetes. Neither does Orinase, but the new series of investigations it has set off eventually may.

Although doctors are elated, they are also afraid that as word of Orinase spreads some diabetics may use the drug unwisely, without checking every step with their physicians. Some may try to go off insulin too rapidly. If they do, doctors foresee trouble in the form of diabetic coma.

Meanwhile, at Mt. Sinai Hospital the use of insulin has dropped about 30 to 40 per cent. Next year it will probably be down another 10 per cent. Of course, there are disappointments and failures. Recently, for instance, the hospital doctors were triumphantly set to give a name of honor to a successful series of tests. They were going to call it "Rodriquez," after ten people named Rodriquez who had been treated beneficially with Orinase. The morning they decided on the name, the report on the eleventh Rodriquez came in—a failure.

But, despite setbacks, the war against diabetes is being pressed. Doctors are not satisfied any longer just to hold it off. Now they are out to meet the disease head-on in a final battle—to life.

IN SEPTEMBER CORONET

AMAZING BUTTERMILK DIET

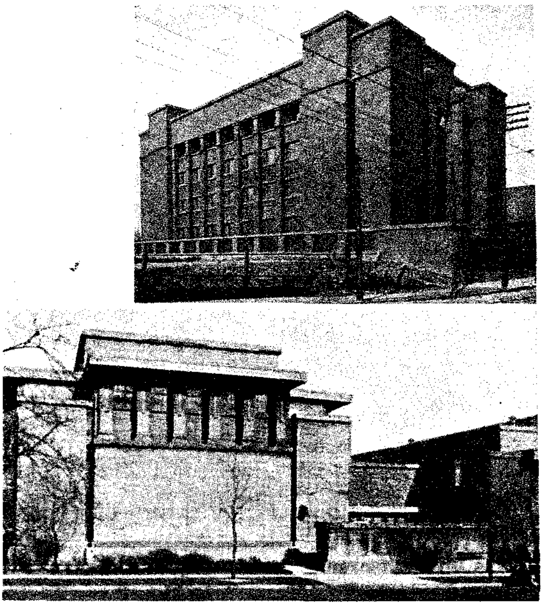
Want to lose four pounds in three days—yet still feel peppy and well-fed? Learn how easily this can be done by following the safe and simple buttermilk diet.

SPOTLIGHT ON MIKE WALLACE

TV's master of the third degree tells why—and how—his guests sweat it out on the hot seat. A revealing close-up of this disarming man's daring technique.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: ARCHITECTURE'S STORMY COLOSSUS

By blending buildings with their surroundings he altered America's face. ▶

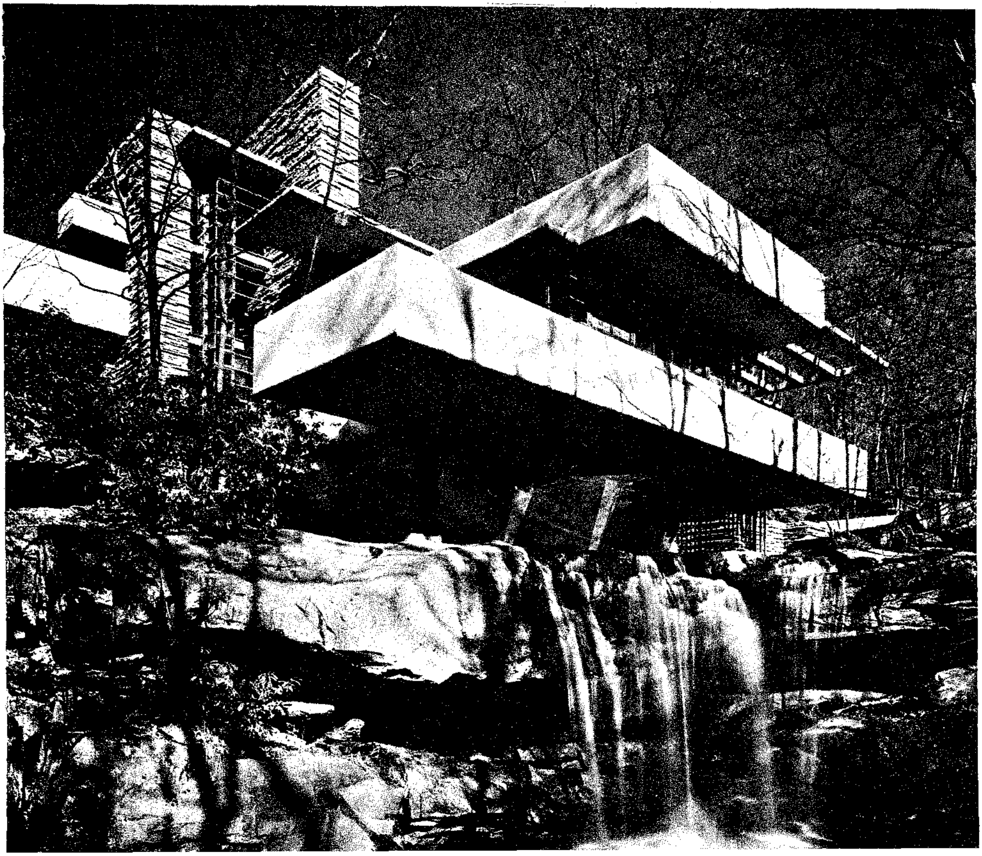


In 1904-05 Wright, 35, blazed trails with the Larkin Building (top) in Buffalo, the first air-conditioned offices; and Unity Temple (bottom) at Oak Park, Ill., world's first "concrete monolith"

Out of the prairies came a new concept in U.S. construction

CHICAGO had rarely seen anyone quite like the self-assured 18-year-old genius from Madison, Wisconsin. He arrived with $7 in his pocket the spring of 1887, his blond hair shaggy, his eyes aglow with challenge. He soon found work at $25 a week with the best architectural firm in town. In six years this former engineering student had designed his first house on his own; today, more than half a century later, it stands with an easy air of timelessness amid recently built homes. He introduced air conditioning, metal furniture and wall lavatories in the Larkin Building. And he put concrete to imaginative use in cube-shaped Unity Temple. But, even as a fledgling, Frank Lloyd Wright insisted on full command of his projects.

REBELLING against the prevailing "closed-box" construction, Wright revolutionized U.S. housing by designing a streamlined "prairie home." This rambling, one-story structure eliminated basement, attic and superfluous walls and doors. The city-bred son of a Unitarian preacher and a Welsh schoolteacher, Wright learned to love the outdoors while working summers on a farm. He created the picture window—a half century ago—"to bring the outside world in, and let the inside go out." Harmony of home and surrounding nature is his theme, as exemplified by his "Falling Water," the Edgar Kauffman home built over a flowing stream in Bear Run, Pa. (*below*). It is also a fine illustration of his now famed cantilever construction.

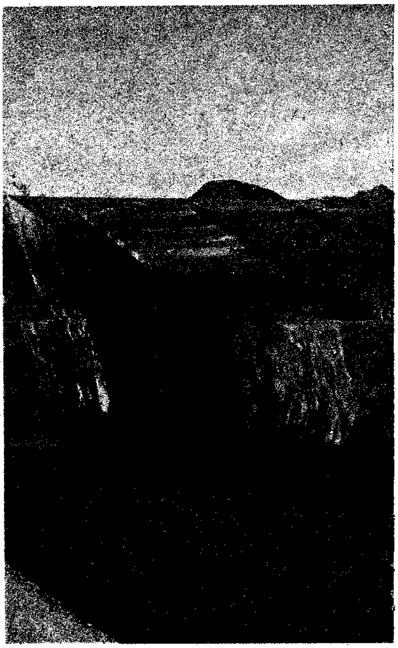


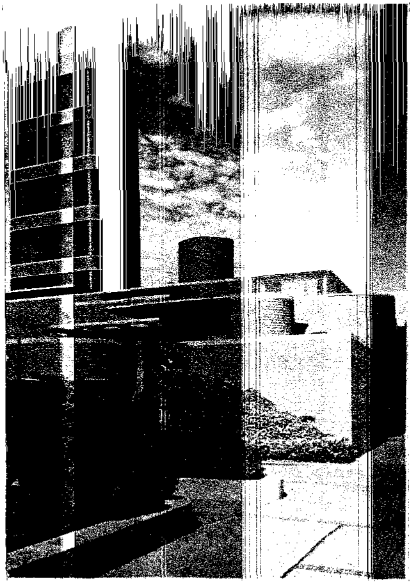
Taliesin East: wall, pond, statuary, rocks—in harmony.

As his fame grew, Frank Lloyd Wright changed the face of America. Almost singlehanded he molded modern architecture. His innovations include built-in storage units and furniture, floor heating, indirect lighting, and carports.

He had no special style. Each building grew out of the site and its owners' needs. "There should be as many types of buildings as there are types of people," he said. With success, Wright became more outspoken. "Early in life I had to choose between honest arrogance and hypocritical humility. I chose honest arrogance and have seen no reason to change," he once explained.

In the Wisconsin valley of his boyhood, he built Taliesin East, his home for seven months each year. The other five he spends in Taliesin West, outside of Phoenix, Arizona. Taliesin was a Welsh Druid-minstrel who sang the praises of fine arts at King Arthur's court.

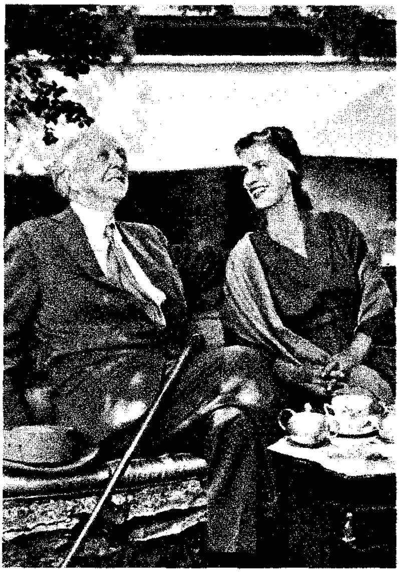




Wright's "natural rhythm" makes formality play second fiddle

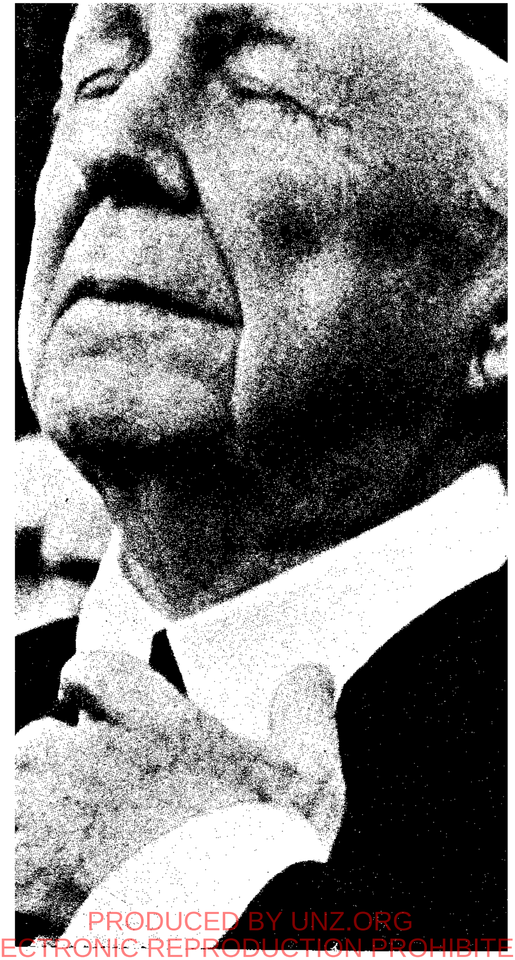
Left, Johnson Wax Company's Research Tower in Racine, Wis., considered one of Wright's best creations. Below, Taliesin West: it has the very atmosphere of the desert.

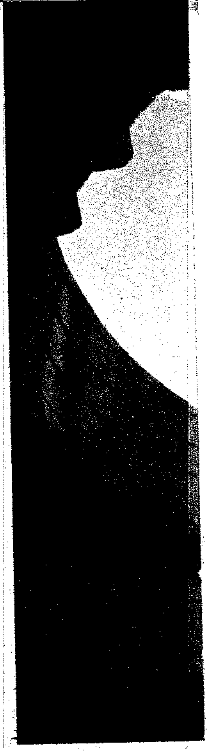
Teacher, husband, artist, builder



Frank Lloyd Wright's personal life has been as turbulent and colorful as his artistic battles. He has made and lost several fortunes. Taliesin East burned down twice. In his younger days he had a succession of love affairs, recorded in headlines. But for the past 29 years this controversial creator has lived quietly with his third wife, Olgivanna (*left*) in an atmosphere of music and teaching.

Apprentices (*above*) come to Taliesins East and West to learn, observe and assist. They are willing to pay for the privilege. And although he is happy to accept honorary degrees (*right*) from colleges and universities the world over, Wright does not believe in formal classes. "Our educational system and the thing called culture," he snorts, "are not even on speaking terms with each other."

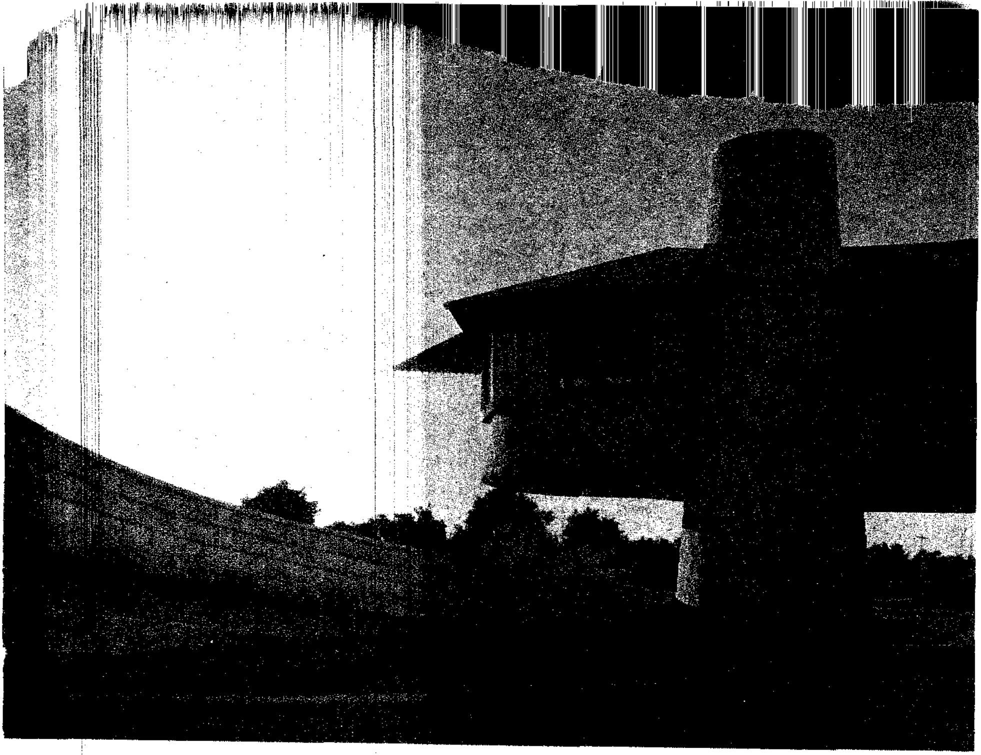


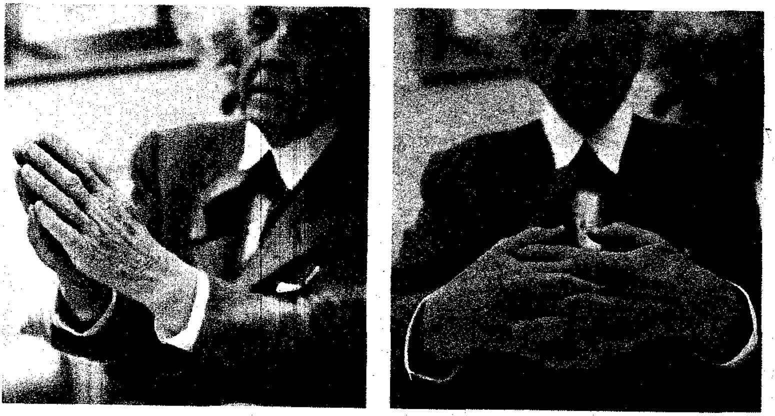


His drawing board abounds in new ideas, new visions

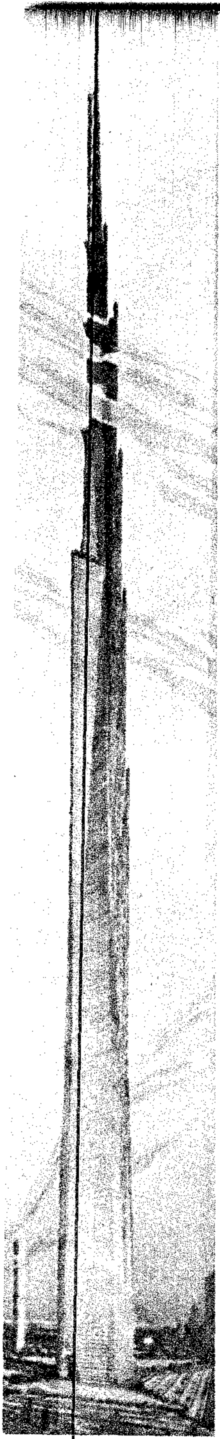
"ARCHITECTURE," says its white-maned dean, "is the triumph of human imagination over materials, methods and men to put man into possession of his own earth." He strongly believes that each person in the U.S. should have a minimum of one acre of land to live on.

"The longer I live, the more beautiful the earth becomes to me," the 88-year-old master builder declares. Wright's buoyant mind and extraordinary vision raise testimony to his genius in structures like the circular Arizona home (*right*) for his son David.



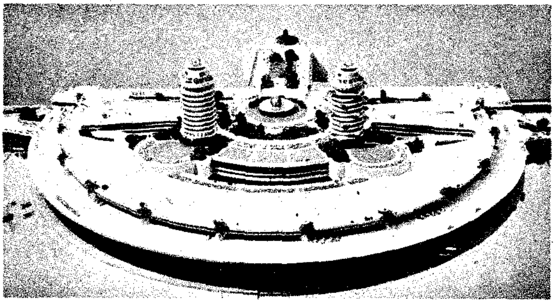


Wright uses his expressive hands to illustrate (above right) tensile strength of his buildings, like Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, which withstood the worst earthquake in Japan's history because he "floated" it in mud. In prayerful attitude (above left), he illustrates inspiration for design of the First Unitarian Church (left) in Madison, Wis.: "Reverence without a steeple."

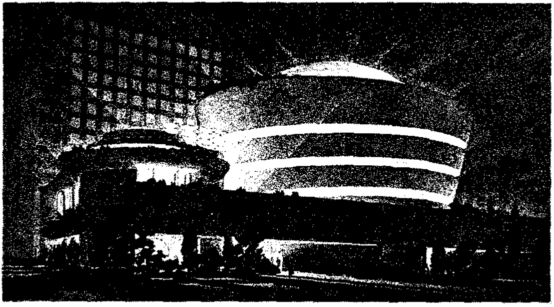


Wright looks to 1967

CANTANKEROUS, contradictory Frank Lloyd Wright has been labeled "impractical" by some of today's critics. He pays no heed. From his drawing board recently have sprung sketches for rugs, furniture and fabrics; a plastic, 200-pound "Air House," inflatable and portable; and the projects on this page. And as he sits in contemplative (and rare) silence (*right*), Wright dreams of still newer directions for America's growth.

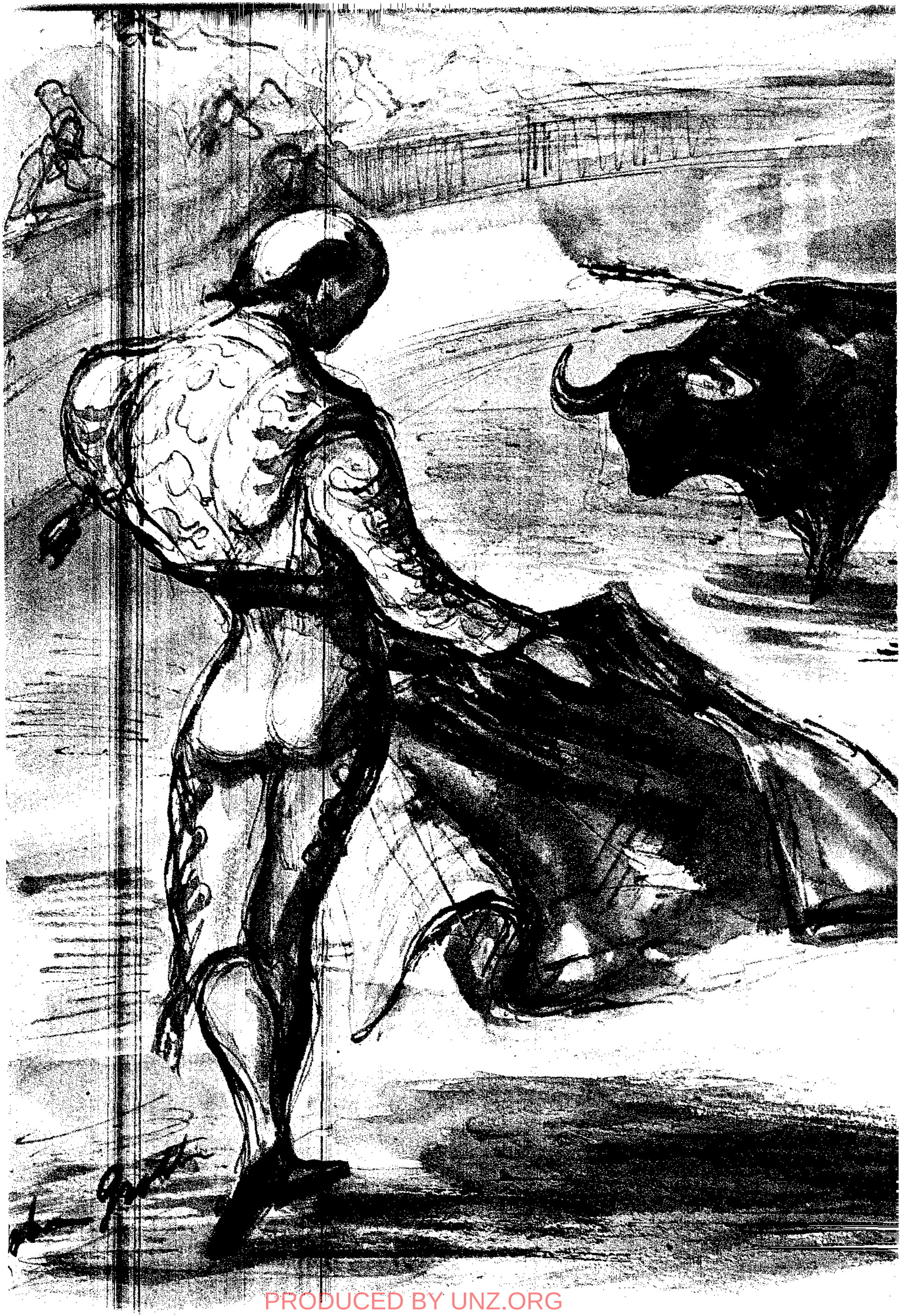


Model for Madison, Wisconsin's, new civic center on Lake Monona.



For New York: the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Painting.

Left: Wright's plans for mile-nigh, 510-story skyscraper in Chicago.



El Gallo: the bantam of the bull ring

by Sidney Franklin
as told to Sidney Shalett

Sidney Franklin—the only American ever to become a top-flight matador—was born and raised in Brooklyn. At 17, he went to Mexico, became fascinated by the bullfights and vowed to master the sport. As a young novillero, he met the great El Gallo, who treated him with a kindness he could never forget. Today, Franklin teaches bullfighting in a small town just outside Sevilla, where El Gallo lives.

NO BULLFIGHTER is completely without fear. Some even admit to great fear while continuing to perform valiantly. A rare few are able to joke at their own discomfiture on the bad days which every matador knows. The one who probably best combined bravery, candor and humor is a wispy but indomitable little man still living in

Sevilla—Rafael Gomez y Ortega, known as El Gallo, "The Rooster."

El Gallo came of a gypsy strain, with bullfighting in his blood. On his mother's side, there were five *toreros*. And his father—the first El Gallo—and two younger brothers, all were matadors.

Rafael made his debut in the ring with a yearling bull calf when he was nine years old. When the animal knocked him down and trampled him, Rafael burst out crying.

His father picked him up and said, "A good *torero* never cries when he is afraid."

The boy replied, "I am not crying for the reason that you say—I am crying because I am ashamed."

That same afternoon, the nine-year-old "rooster" went in again against the same calf and made his first successful passes with the cape. Six years later—at the age of 15—he appeared in the bull ring at Valencia; soon after, he made his debut as a *novillero* and killed 40 animals during his first season.

El Gallo had good days and bad. On his good days, he was fantastically good—the essence of grace, daring and inventiveness in what is known as the *Sevillano* style of bullfighting, which is almost ballet-like in its flourishes and movement.

On his bad days, as El Gallo himself wryly admits, he was unbelievably bad. When he got his wind up or did not like the looks of a bull, he would throw down his *muleta* and sword and dive headlong over the fence, while the jeering crowd pelted him with cushions and bottles.

Many a night he was jailed on orders of the authorities for refusing to kill his bull for some reason or other. Once, while fighting in Irún, he had to be escorted, still in matador's uniform, across the Spanish-French border by the Civil Guard, which protected him with carbines and drawn bayonets from a mob that wanted his blood.

He makes no bones about admitting that there was nothing he could do with a "wrong" bull, and that he would rather spend a night in jail than become a "dead hero" who could never return to fight a better animal.

Once he returned from a small-town fight to Sevilla, the unofficial capital of the bullfighting world, ahead of the press notices. Asked how his performance had been received, he said enigmatically, "There was a division of opinion."

Next day, the reports came in—uniformly bad. At the Café Britz, where the top bullfighters gather to sip coffee and *anis,* El Gallo was asked, "How can you call this a 'division of opinion?' "

He replied blandly, "Some cursed my father; the others cursed my mother!"

EL GALLO fought regularly until the ripe age of 54—and even afterward on special occasions—in spite of 14 gorings, two extremely serious. And today, at 74, he is the most loved grand old man of the golden age of bullfighting. On the subject of fear he says, "There is no such thing as a bullfighter who does not have fear. The most difficult thing to dominate is not the bull, but that fear."

A bullfighter appears first as an aspirant; then as a semipro, or *novillero.* Finally, if he is good enough, he becomes a full matador in a ritual-rich ceremony known as "taking the alternative." El Gallo was 20 years of age and had been fighting for several years as a *novillero* when he took his alternative in Sevilla on September 28, 1902.

He presented a somewhat odd appearance, having been injured shortly before in a freak accident: just as he had been about to dispatch a bull, the beast gored him in the hand, flipping his sword into the air in such a manner that it came down point first on El Gallo's head. Thus, "The Rooster" appeared at his *alternativa* with a shaved and bandaged scalp.

Soon after taking his alternative, El Gallo became bald. In those days, many a distinguished *torero's* career was ruined by premature baldness. But in El Gallo's case, it was a mark of the esteem in which he was held that the crowds not only tolerated it but even bestowed upon him a second nickname: *El Divino Calvo*—"The Divine Baldy."

His personality and his style were such that the public forgave him anything he did—even his ignominious dives over the fence and the nights in jail.

El Gallo has an expressive face with mobile features that are sad, yet pixieish, and dark eyes very much alive. In physique he is a true bantam rooster, standing no more than 5′5″ in the flat slippers that a matador wears, and weighing, at the peak of his ring career, no more than 120 pounds. When he appeared in the ring he often was actually shorter than the bull. If the animal stood with head raised, the audience could not see the matador at all.

As for style, I doubt that, in the *Sevillano* school, which is all movement and grace, there ever was anyone who surpassed El Gallo. His technique was in sharp contrast to the austere *Rondeño* school, of which the late immortal Manolete was the master, and the rough-and-tumble *valiente* style to which the young bullfighters of today, like American wrestlers, aspire.

El Gallo's forte was beauty, combined with spurts of emotional daring. His wrists were like flexible steel and when he manipulated the cape it became alternately a serpent, a butterfly, a ballerina. He also placed his own *banderillas*—an art which few matadors of today attempt—and he perfected the trick of sitting in a chair and inviting the bull to charge him and receive the barbs. When he first began doing this, some fans threatened to murder him unless he desisted from what they thought was a prelude to suicide.

El Gallo's work with the cape was not only beautiful but purposeful. Some fighters of today do graceful, intricate things with the cape, but the cape often is flapping at the wind and not at the bull. But when El Gallo was right—and that, despite the legends to the contrary, was most of the time—his cape was flicking the snout of the bull.

The first of his two most serious *cornadas* (horn wounds) occurred in the winter of 1902 on his first triumphal tour of Central and South America. In Mexico, while attempting to perform his feat of sitting in a chair to place the *banderillas,* a horn penetrated his lip and cheek bone. His lower lip still bears the scar.

His second serious *cornada,* which almost cost his life, was a wound in which he took 14 inches of horn through his chest, lung and pleura, suffering grave internal hemorrhages.

El Gallo traveled like royalty with a retinue of 16 to 18 persons, including not only the necessary members of his *cuadrilla*—the *peones* and *picadors* who assist the matador—but also a valet, chauffeur, singers, dancers, a guitarist, and on one trip he even took along a fellow whose sole talent was the ability to make jokes which amused the maestro. When El Gallo ordered six suits tailored for himself, there would be duplicate orders of at least three suits apiece for the others.

In his lifetime, he made literally millions of dollars, but he spent and gave away all of it. Today, he exists on the proceeds of several benefit bullfights which were presented in his behalf by the greatest *toreros* of Spain, as El Gallo himself had done for other old bullfighters at the peak of his career. A trust fund has been set up so that the overly generous old matador cannot give away the money; but he will hand out whatever he happens to have in his wallet to any old bullfighter or beggar who comes along.

Bullfighters traditionally are a superstitious lot, but El Gallo, being a good deal of a mystic and a gypsy to boot, outdid all of them. The stories he tells are filled with references to *fantasmas* (ghosts) and many other symbols of evil luck. Once, while on his way to the Madrid bull ring, his car passed a funeral procession. He ordered his entire entourage to turn around, returned to his hotel, undressed, and spent two days in bed. When his father died, El Gallo was so upset that he cancelled all engagements and went to bed for a month.

I have a particularly soft spot in my heart for El Gallo because of the kindness he displayed to me when I was a young and unknown *novillero*—a kindness which I know he has repeated hundreds of times with other newcomers to the ring. The first time I saw him fight he made some serpentine passes with his cape; they were so beautiful and so novel that I had to know what he called them and how he executed them.

With great courtesy and gentleness, he told me that when he was in the ring he rarely had any idea of what he was doing—that nine-tenths of all his work was improvisation. But he proceeded to give me at least 30 minutes of his time, demonstrating his technique, his wrist movements and attempting to recreate the pass I wanted to learn.

As the oldest of the three sons of El Gallo, the Senior, Don Rafael was entitled to take his father's fighting name when he entered the ring. The middle brother, Fernando, was called "Gallito" ("Little Rooster"); and the youngest, José, was Joselito, one of the greatest all-time names in bullfighting.

El Gallo and Joselito appeared regularly on cards together and were a spectacular team. One of their hair-raising specialties is still known in bullfighting lore as *"Galleando."*

Just before placing the *banderillas,* which both of them did exquisitely, they would proceed to drive the bull—and the audience—crazy by repeatedly running at the animal without protection of cape, *muleta* or sword. First, El Gallo would dash at the bull from the left and, when the angered beast charged after him, Joselito would run in from the right. It was one of the most exciting feats I have ever seen performed in the ring.

Joselito fought as a matador for eight years and never suffered a scratch until May 16, 1920, the day he received his fatal goring. El Gallo considers him the greatest of bullfighting immortals and talks more of his brother's exploits than his own.

When El Gallo fought for the last time in full uniform in 1936, he had completed 39 years in the ring—36 as a full matador—and had killed some 4,000 bulls. For several years afterward, he let himself be coaxed periodically into returning to the ring to demonstrate his skill, though not in uniform. At 72, today, his mind is still as sharp as his sword used to be.

He lives alone in a sparsely furnished apartment. He has no children. "It is better that I have no sons—if they had as much fear as I have had," he says.

El Gallo in his fighting days did not fear the strong and brave bull, but the "bad" bull who was unorthodox and cowardly and who would not respond to the cape as he knew a brave bull should respond. Many bullfighters shied away from fighting Miura stock, the biggest and fiercest of Spanish fighting bulls. The diminutive El Gallo, however, preferred Miuras, because they were "brave and intelligent and a man knows where he stands with them."

El Gallo insists he is going to kill another bull before he dies. He has told Don Enrique Perez de la Concha, who raises fighting bulls:

"The first animal with which I appeared was raised by your father. The last bull I appear with—and there will be one last bull—will be from the same ranch, and it will be dedicated, Manuel, to you, old friend. That is my promise."

As he speaks the words in his gentle, faraway voice, I—and everyone else who ever has experienced the mystical, magical quality of the world of the bull ring—can almost believe that the fabulous old El Gallo indeed will dominate one more bull before he lays down his cape and sword forever.

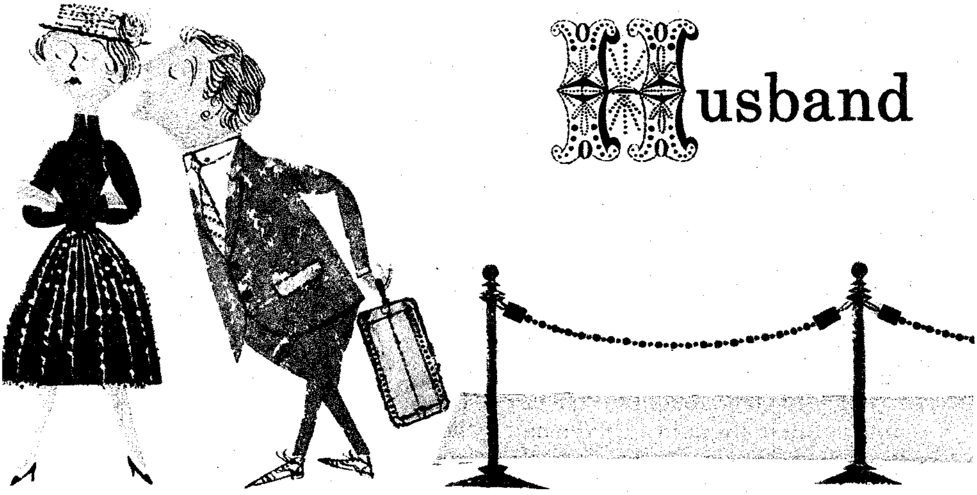
Taking Ways

Burglars stole a 300-pound safe from an Omaha, Nebraska, drug store. . . . Also missing was $100 worth of medicine used to soothe aching muscles.

A burglar broke into a fellow's house in North Little Rock, Arkansas, and stole his electric power motor. The next week he returned and stole the electric cord required to run it.

—EDITH ROBERTSON

H is for Husband



by **Ellen R. Goldberg**

my husband, myself and family

My husband is a salesman.
His name is Bob.
He is 36 years old.
I am his wife.
My name is Helen.
We have two children whose names are Bob Junior and John.
They are ten and eight years old.
If you are wondering how old I am, you can keep right on wondering.

the suburbs

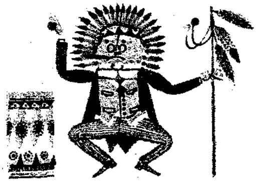
We live in Lake Forest.
Lake Forest is a suburb of Chicago.
It is full of green trees, schedules, women, dogs and children.
But not men.
The men all live in New York from Monday till Friday.
That is because they are salesmen.
They call themselves EXECUTIVES. But their wives know differently.

who must travel while earning
as his forlorn spouse
keeps the home fires burning

EXECU
FLIGH

the beginning

Six years ago one Friday night, Bob
and I were seated in
The Restaurant.
The orchestra was playing
Our Song.
We were eating *cerises flambées*
when Bob said, "Helen,
"I have to make a trip.
"I have to make a trip to New York.
"I have to make a trip to New York
for The Chief."



the chief

The Chief is Yahweh.
His word is law.
He sees all and knows all.
He directs the comings and the goings of all the salesmen in the

agency.
The agency is in Chicago.
The Big Boys are in New York.
The Chief had told Bob he was Ready.
The Chief is Yahweh, and his word is law.

the hunter

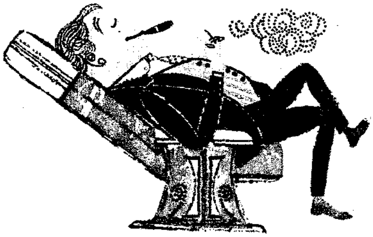
"Helen," Bob said, as I was helping him pack his suitcase that Friday night six years ago, "Helen, this is The Beginning. Do you know what The Chief told me today? The Chief told me the reason he picked me over all the other salesmen was because I had
The Hunter's Instinct."
"And what is that?" I asked, folding Bob's Other Suit.
"That," said Bob, "is primarily a sense of timing.
"It is the instinct that tells
a man how long to stalk his prey;
how to lead him to the trap
and then, at the right moment, to spring the trap."
"Did The Chief tell you all this?" I asked proudly.
Bob nodded modestly.
"All I know is that you're the best salesman in all the world."
"Helen," Bob said, "I am going to make you very proud of me."

objection

"One thing worries me, Bob. All this hunting and stalking and trap-springing will have to be done in New York.
"When are you going to find time to be home?"

objection overruled

"Do not worry," said Bob. "It will only be for a little while.
"The Chief says if I put this over, I will be able to take you to New York with me as often as I like."



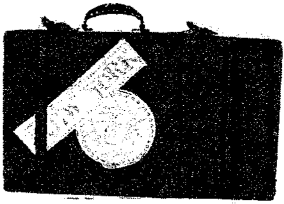
the executive flight

Six years had passed.
It was Friday night again.
Bob Junior, John and I were meeting Bob for the 300th time.
He was coming in on The Executive Flight.
Only men can travel on this flight.
Two "gorgeous dames" are hostesses.
The quotes are Bob's.
The "gorgeous dames" serve the men a steak dinner.
They pass them whiskey and cigars.
They pass them the blue cotton slippers.
This is so the Executives can remove their shoes and sit on the plane in their blue cotton feet.
The "gorgeous dames" also make the Executives feel happy while flying home.
This is important.
Because as soon as the Executives get home they turn into

husbands and fathers.
This makes them no longer executives.

the wives

The wives are usually mad at their husbands.
They are mad because their husbands are still traveling after six years.
Week in and week out.
Year in and year out.
Because The Chief told them they were Ready.
And The Chief is Yahweh.
His word is law.

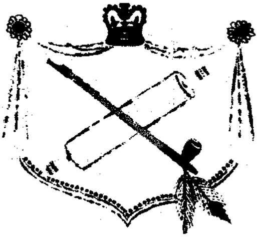


the suitcase

When the Fathers claim their luggage, the children rush to help them carry the suitcases.
This is because there are The Three Things in the suitcases.
The first is the Dirty Laundry which the wives have to wash and iron before Monday.
The second is the Other Suit that has to be rushed to the tailor and be pressed and back before Monday.
But the third and biggest things are The Presents.

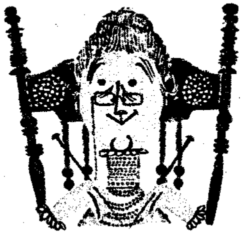
the presents

The Presents are always right on top of the Dirty Laundry.
One is a present for Bob Junior.
Two is a present for John.
Three is a present for me.
My present I do not call a present.
I call it a Peace Offering.



the week ends

On Friday nights after the children are asleep the husbands and wives begin to fight.
They stop fighting just long enough to go to sleep.
When they wake up it is Saturday.
Then they begin again.
Saturday nights they call off the fighting because of company.
But on Sundays they fight worse than ever to make up for time lost Saturday nights.
Sunday nights they stop fighting again.
That is because they have to make up.
They have to make up if they wish to begin fighting again next week end.
We wished to.
If you are wondering why we wished to, please turn back to chapter entitled, "Objection Overruled."

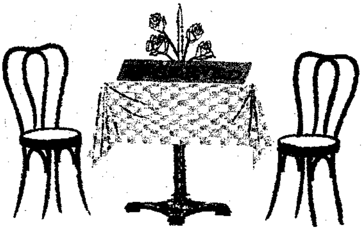


enough

My German grandmother had a saying.
It went, *"Zu Viel Ist Ungesund."*
Freely translated, it means "too much is enough."
That is exactly what I had had six years and one Friday night after Bob had begun to travel.
Six years after The Chief had told him about The Promised Land.
As far as I was concerned, The Chief could take his Promised Land and return it to Moses.
And let my husband go.
Tonight Bob was going to have to choose between The Promised Land and his home.
Between a divorce from me or a marriage to the airlines.

the encounter

When Bob got off The Executive Flight he took one look at me and turned white. "Helen," he said, "what's the matter? Who is sick?"
"I am," said I. "Get in the car."
All the way to The Restaurant we drove in silence.
I rehearsed my speech. To myself, of course.
"Bob, I have been doing some very serious thinking," I would begin.
With great calmness. No hysteria. Just the reasons:
"Six years of you traveling.
"Six years of me being a husbandless wife.
"Six years of the children having a week-end father."
And as if that wasn't enough, I would go on to tell Bob that I had had enough of doing yardwork as well as housework; of shoveling the car out of the snowy driveway; of making the decisions about converting from oil to gas; of whether to use chemical fertilizer or manure. And so on. Right down the line.
The Chief! The Promised Land! UNGESUND!



the restaurant

The Restaurant is a very pretty place.
It is dark inside so no one can see the food.
This is because the people who go to The Restaurant do not go to eat.
They go to fight.
They go to make up.
They go to pass the time away.
They go to The Restaurant when they have decided that

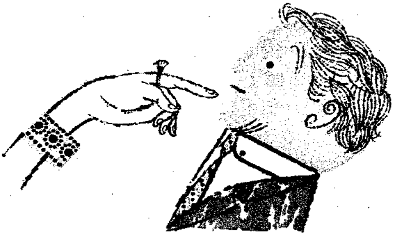
zu viel ist ungesund

When they want to eat, they stay at

home.
The waiter seated us at a table in a dark corner.
It had a sign on it which said RESERVED.
It had flowers and a candle.
I had arranged all this with the Maître-d' the week before.
Bob whispered something in the waiter's ear.
"What are you telling him?" I cried. "I have arranged for the whole dinner."
"I was just telling him that the flowers make me sneeze, and the candlelight makes my eyes water."
Bob made a sweeping gesture, and the waiter removed them all.

the snake

I was very hungry. I had not eaten since breakfast.
"You may bring the dinner," I told the waiter.
"You may bring the drinks first," said Bob . . .
"Shall we dance?"
When we got back to our table, there was a Double Martini at each of our places.
But a Double Martini was not for me tonight.
Not on an empty stomach.
I would forget what I wanted to say.
I had it memorized letter perfect.
"Bob," I began, "I have been doing some very serious thinking."
"Listen," said Bob, not listening to me, and putting his hand over mine.
"Listen to what they are playing, Helen. They are playing
Our Song."
Sure enough, they were playing Our Song.
This is the song Bob and I used to sing when we were going together.
It reminded me of all the things we used to say.
It reminded me of all the dreams we used to dream.
It made me very sad.
I began to cry.
I had no handkerchief.
Bob handed me his.
This made me cry more.
I don't know why, but it did.



the executive touch

Then Bob said, "Helen, take a sip of my Martini.
"It will make you feel better."
I did not want to take a sip of his Martini. But I did.
I drank the whole drink.
I felt better than better.
Then I began my speech. "Bob," said I, "I have been doing some—"
"Helen," said Bob, "let's not talk. Let's just dance to OUR SONG."
He pulled my chair out from under me.
He hurried me to The Dance Floor.

the dance floor

The Dance Floor is a place where people find out about each other.
They find out about each other with-

out saying any words.
It is also a place where lovers make love, married people make wars and customers make clients.
The orchestra played and played.
They kept playing Our Song.
We danced and danced.
Bob held me very tight.
I rested my head on his shoulder.
He put his cheek against mine.
I put my cheek against his.

encore

When we sat down there were two more Martinis at our places.
I wondered how they got there when Bob hadn't ordered them.
I did not want to drink mine. But I did.
My head felt strangely clear, and I remembered my speech.
So I began.
But Bob was not paying attention.
He was waving at the orchestra leader.
The orchestra leader was waving back at Bob.
When he saw me, the orchestra leader quickly turned to another table and pretended he was waving at them.
I opened my mouth and said, "Bob."
The orchestra began to play.
They began to play Our Song.
I heard the man at the table in back of us groan.
"Don't they know anything else but that one lousy song?" he growled.

the hunter's instinct

This time Bob did not ask me to dance.
Instead, My Hunter put his arm around my shoulder.
"Sweetheart," he said, "I have been doing some very serious thinking."
"That is my speech," said I, indignantly.
"Helen, can you get ready to go to New York with me Monday?"
"To New York? Monday? Which Monday?" I gasped.
"This Monday," said Bob.
"If only you'd asked me earlier in the evening I could have phoned Mrs. Anderson."
"Helen," said Bob, "if all my clients were as difficult to pin down as you, I'd never sell any of them. I've been trying to tell you something all evening."
My face was burning.
"Remember The Promised Land that The Chief has been talking about?"
"For six long years and one week," I said, softly.
"It's here," said Bob. "Right here in the palm of your pretty little hand, Helen. The Chief has made me Vice President in Charge of All New York Sales. He has given me a very fat raise. Mrs. Anderson says she'll stay with the boys one week out of every month, starting this Monday."
I began to cry.
This time I knew why I was crying.
Bob gave me his handkerchief again.
And there was another Martini at my place.
I thought of all the things I had forgotten to say.
And was I glad I'd forgotten.
"To My Hunter—I mean my husband," I said, raising my glass, "the best salesman in all the world."

Virginia's forgotten man

by MARTIN NEILSON

THE SUCCESS of the first permanent colony in America was due, oddly, to romance and tobacco. And a quiet, hardy pioneer named John Rolfe was responsible for both.

Rolfe, along with 102 other settlers, landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607; he had lost his wife and newborn child en route. He spent his lonely hours working in his fields, while other colonists sought in vain for gold and silver, or any easy means to make quick fortunes.

Months passed. Malaria and mysterious diseases dwindled their numbers. Lethargy set in, and starvation loomed ahead.

Meanwhile, John Rolfe, a smoking man, had found the native Indian tobacco coarse and bitter, and decided to improve its quality for his own enjoyment. He crossbred it with a West Indies species and by 1612 produced a commercially valuable Virginia leaf, sweet and flavorsome.

The first shipment of Rolfe's tobacco, sent to England the following year, brought a good price. With this new industry, hope soared in the discouraged colony. Commerce was opened with Europe. Tobacco became a form of currency.

But workers in the tobacco fields were plagued with attacks by the Indians. Here again John Rolfe was Jamestown's savior. He fell in love with dark-eyed Pocahontas who had saved Captain John Smith's life, and braved convention and ostracism to marry the beautiful young savage. Their marriage brought a truce which allowed planters to work their fields safely.

Pocahontas gave birth to a son, Thomas. She became ill, probably of pneumonia, and died shortly after.

Jamestown's tobacco exports reached 40,000 pounds a year, then a setback took place: Pocahontas' father, Chief Powhatan, died. His successor chieftain, giving vent to long-harbored grudges, led the Indians in the massacre of some 400 settlers, among them John Rolfe.

This year, Virginia commemorates the 350th anniversary of Jamestown's founding with an eight-month festival, where people from all over the world can measure the rich heritage left by sturdy, stout-hearted John Rolfe. ♛ ♛ ♛

Looking for adventure on a new frontier, unlimited opportunities to make your fortune? You may find fulfillment of your dreams in . . .

CANADA:

bonanza-land for Americans

by LEONARD GROSS

A BOOM which seems certain to increase many an average man's wealth by two-thirds in the next 25 years is under way on the United States' northern doorstep. It could well prove the key to success for Americans willing to take a chance and not a very long one at that.

The boom is Canadian. Vast discoveries of ores, minerals and other resources that could make Canada one of the richest industrial nations in the world have started it, and great new industries are rising on land known only to hunters a few years ago.

Fortunes are being made in every sort of endeavor. One German emigrant, after two years of Canadian carpentering, built a home on his own, sold it, then built seven more the next year with proceeds from the first sale. He built 17 the third year, and last year 71. His monthly payroll now exceeds his initial investment.

An Englishman opened an Austin agency two years after immigrating to Canada. In four years his initial investment of $2,500 had swelled to $80,000 in fixed assets.

Last year, employment rose 4 per cent, more than any year in the last decade; real income—what you buy with what you earn—shot up 5 per cent.

Values are skyrocketing. Witness the Toronto widow who sold for $145,000 a farm for which her family had paid pennies, then watched it sold and resold in less than two years for a final price of $395,000.

The myriad possibilities are summed up by a diminutive, rollicking ex-Brooklynite, Joseph H. Hirshhorn, who made a fortune in Canadian uranium discoveries. "Up here," he says, "you can turn a thousand dollar bill into a million dollars."

This statement bears hard study by restless Americans because the Canadian Government has just invited about 50,000 citizens to move north this year and share her wealth. For in this capacious nation of fertile land, lush forests and power to spare, the only shortage—the desperate shortage—is man.

Jobs are available in every field imaginable—engineering, architecture, drafting, nursing, teaching, construction and machine work. Any *skill* will do. A sign painter who had to prowl the streets for business when he arrived from England in 1946 now employs ten full-time men.

Pay varies with each industry and region, but generally it is good. And advancement can be as swift as you wish to make it. An Englishman who arrived with $81 in his pockets went to work at once for $275 a month, doing job analysis. He rose in a few years to $455.

"Do we have jobs?" says one immigration officer. "Look, we're so anxious for people we're advancing Europeans their transatlantic fares. Do you think we'd do that if we didn't have jobs?

"We want the Number Two's, the not-yet-arrived types. They can be Number One up here. They don't have to wait 20 years for their boss to retire." Of 996 who sought managerial jobs last year, 56 per cent were Americans.

But, regardless of motive, Canada wants any American healthy in body and sound of character—ambitious men seeking good jobs, urbanites anxious for a country life, parents seeking opportunity for their children. It wants those for whom the frontier means adventure, and an escape to woods and streams from hectic city life.

You can have it either way. Take Kitimat, for example, a community of 13,000 in northern British Columbia. In 1951, Kitimat did not exist. By 1959, its population will have reached 23,000.

Disregarding the aluminum industry for which the town was founded, someone had to build the homes and man the stores, run the restaurants and sell fishing tackle. And because Canada has only just come upon her riches, such towns will spring from wilderness for years to come.

"The next 20 to 30 years are Canada's years," says Hirshhorn, and the facts are with him. A Royal Commission has just predicted that Canadian production will have tripled by 1980, population will have increased 70 percent to 26,600,000, and each person's real income will have improved 66 percent.

Hirshhorn went to Canada in 1933 with $4,000,000 to invest, experience in mining, and a significant amount of seasoning on Wall Street (that, among other things, enabled him to sell out in August, 1929, three months before the crash). Hirshhorn maintains that with "a little luck, a mentality for figures and enough of a stake to keep his family for a few years, a young man can make his fortune in Canada.

"If I were a young man," he says, "I'd go to Toronto—or out west—and get myself a job as a client's man in a brokerage house. I'd read the mining and oil reports, I'd study the camps and listen to the prospectors when they come in from the fields looking for a stake. One day, and this is a matter of judgment, I'd come to know an honest prospector—and I'd stake him."

Four years ago, Hirshhorn staked Franc R. Joubin, a seasoned geologist who believed there were rich uranium deposits in the Algoma Basin, a jack-pine land of frustrated hopes along the northern shore of Lake Huron. The land made Geiger counters click, but assays of the surface had shown little uranium.

Joubin believed that the elements had carried away any surface ore, and that deep diamond drilling would strike buried beds of the vital mineral. Hirshhorn believed Joubin, gave him $30,000—and today is the owner of a reputed $31,000,000 in stocks and debentures of the Rio Tinto Mining Company of Canada, Ltd., and chairman of the board.

Few Americans have done that well but many have done very well indeed by taking up everything from cattle raising to catering. Sebastiano Messina, for instance, moved his family to Sherbrooke, Quebec, when he learned that his home town of Lawrence, Massachusetts, was supplying a big volume of automobile seat covers to the Canadians. Result: his investment of $12,000 in the Columbia Auto Seat Cover Company increased to $35,000 in less than a year.

The net income of Canadian farm operators has been dropping since the record $2,000,000,000 peak of 1951. But land is rich, cheap and plentiful, and many Americans have found agriculture profitable, especially cattle raising in British Columbia.

"If a man has a reasonable sum to invest—say $5,000 for a farm or a grocery—and if he knows his business and identifies with the life—he'll do all right in Canada," says a spokesman for the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

Free of charge, the Department will advise you where to go, and assist you once you're there, just as it has for 1,500,000 settlers since World War II. If it's a business you want to start, it will make a study for you and locate you where people have been crying to buy precisely what you want to sell, then watch and continue to help you along in the same way, if you need help.

If it's a job you're after, the Department has arranged a service that will direct you to the people who can place you. It works like this:

An interested American obtains an application from his nearest Canadian consulate or port of entry, answers questions about his background, skills, resources and desires, and sends the completed form, together with a medical report and character references, to H. W. Thomson, Canadian Consulate General, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York, or to H. M. Tobin, Canadian Consulate General, 111 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, whichever is closer.

When the settlement officers are convinced that the applicant is a suitable immigrant, they advise him as to where in Canada, in their opinion, he will best "fit in." They send him detailed information on the area and its opportunities, as well as how to move and whom to contact on arrival. The contact man will provide leads on suitable jobs.

Though it's rarely necessary, an advance trip can be made quickly and easily, either by train (overnight from Chicago or New York) or plane (Trans Canada Air Lines flies from either city to Toronto or Montreal in hours).

The most frequent questions asked about Canada by prospective immigrants are these:

What is the climate like? Climates vary, but most inhabited regions lie within the cool temperate zone. Winters are colder and longer than most American winters, and in some cases they are severe indeed. Summers, generally, are neither as hot nor as long as American summers, but in most cases they are hot enough for fruit farming.

What are the schools like? Free,

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modern and comparable to those in the U.S. Canada has 39 universities, adequate for the present population, but scholarships are rarer than in the U.S. In its report, the Royal Commission studying Canada's future has urged that scholarship and university programs be expanded at once.

What about social services? Basically, the Canadian Government does for residents what the U.S. Government does for its citizens, with one significant difference. Each child entitles a family to an allowance of up to $100 a year tax-free. British Columbia and Saskatchewan operate their own health insurance programs, but the rest of Canada pretty much relies on Blue Cross and other private plans.

What about the cost of living? "Generally speaking," says a Government spokesman, "the Canadian dollar in relation to the Canadian standard of living will buy the same things as the U.S. dollar will buy." Food costs less; imported articles, notably cottons, more. Rentals are slightly higher, as are income taxes, but there are no luxury, capital gains or sales taxes, any manufacturing tax being reflected in the price of the article. Branches of U.S. firms in Canada have brought the price of most goods into line with U.S. prices.

Am I welcome in Canada? "We're spending money trying to encourage you to come," says an official. "Persons born or naturalized in the U.S. are welcome." An American who moves to Canada is eligible for Canadian citizenship after five years. With citizenship, he receives certain rights not otherwise available—a voting voice in the Government and, if he wishes, employment in civil service and defense production.

Says G. R. Benoit, director of information for the Department of Citizenship and Immigration:

"The policy of the Government is that Canada is to foster growth without changing the basic character of the people. In other words, you're welcome in Canada if you're coming to be a Canadian eventually. There is no legal requirement, true, but we expect that commitment to be made in your heart before you come. Experience has shown that you will not be happy in Canada if you remain an American 'away from home.' "

A fierce national strain runs through Canadians. They want recognition in their own right and not just as Britain's cousin or the U.S.'s neighbor. And, now that their economy has been awakened, Canadian nationalism is becoming even more pronounced than ever before.

There is opportunity in Canada for those who will work and adjust. Those not prepared to do this would be better to remain at home.

With this in mind, any American should have little trouble. For Canada and the U.S. are too near and too friendly, basically, for differences to thrive. There is the firm heritage of a common language and, above all, the consuming preoccupation with progress. In a nation intent on its future, there is little concern for the past.

As one newcomer puts it: "Up here opportunity is lying in the street. I only wish that the day had 48 hours."

Pio's Love Potion

by Wallace McElroy Kelly

A TROPICAL RAIN slashing across central Luzon in the spring of 1945 whipped the area of our medical clearing station to heavy ooze. Ambulances bringing casualties from the front skidded in deep ruts before our surgery tent. Inside, wounded men lay on litters on the earth floor while the two officers and five enlisted men of our surgery crew worked with all possible haste.

Everyone was anxious and tense as I glanced up from one of the litters and saw Pio Avalino for the first time. He was standing there, smiling—five feet of young Filipino dandy in white shorts and a heavily embroidered shirt.

"Private Kellee, sir?" he asked timidly. "The sergeant who is the pharmacist tell me I should come to you for the love potion."

"Okay, okay," I nodded. Then it dawned on me what he had said. "You want *what?*" I bellowed. "A *love potion?* Get out of here!"

Pio lowered his eyes. "You are in very much hurry now, I will help with the wounded, and later you will help *me*."

By evening chow, Pio Avalino had proved such a deft, unobtrusive assistant that he was accepted as a civilian member of the platoon, issued an Army fatigue uniform and assigned a place to sleep with the rest of the surgery crew. He was setting up his cot when I entered the tent around twilight.

"Kellee," he called, "now I am GI also."

"Sure," I said. "That's fine."

"For three years I have no family. I leave my mother dead in Manila after Jops killed my father and brothers on Bataan. Since then I belong nowhere, or to anybody. But today it is different, eh?"

His flat little Filipino face looked up with touching earnestness. "Now you will compound the love potion? The sergeant said you have secret formula. You alone can make the love potion with real American know-how. And that is what I want.

I started to tell him the pharmacist was having a joke, that nobody believed in such things any more. But how could I, when *Pio* believed? So I went along with the gag.

"Oh sure, in an emergency I've whipped up some pretty potent potions," I admitted. "But why should a romantic-looking guy like you need one?"

He averted his face. "I am greatly embarrassed," he said. "At 23, most Philippine men are fathers of many children. But I lack the confidence so much I have never kiss a girl, much less asked to marry."

"Why not, Pio?"

"Because I have only awkwardness," he said miserably. "I do not want to become great lover, only to win Espera."

"*Espera?* The Espera who does my laundry?"

"She is the one."

"But you were talking with her a little while ago when she came for my 'dorty clodes.' "

Pio shook his head. "I have talk with her many times, but saying nothing. Kellee, please help me speak and know she will not despise me with laughter."

I took a deep breath. "Okay," I said resignedly. "As soon as there's a little free time. If you've picked a girl as pretty as Espera I guess your case *is* an emergency."

The free time came sooner than we expected. Our infantry cracked the Shimbu Line at last and began mopping up. The surgery crew relaxed.

"Pio," I said, "let's start your love potion."

Speechless with excitement and gratitude, Pio went with me to the lab to borrow test tubes and an alcohol burner. And as I worked my magic the next few days he bubbled like the colorful solutions. It didn't occur to him that they looked suspiciously like the result of a few drops of Metaphen and gentian violet, and a dash of Atabrine.

On the fourth day, I poured a little of each solution into a glass-stoppered bottle, added a teaspoon of milk and shook it up. It was a gruesome mess.

"Kellee!" Pio said breathlessly. "Is it *ready?*"

"You've got to be patient," I told him. I held the solution up to the sunlight. "All that murky color has to clear away first, understand? Sometimes this formula never clears at all. But if it does, boy, it'll be a blockbuster."

"And Espera will surely love me?"

"A few drops and she'll worship you the rest of your life."

Pio groaned. "If now only it was ready. Espera is waiting with your clean laundry."

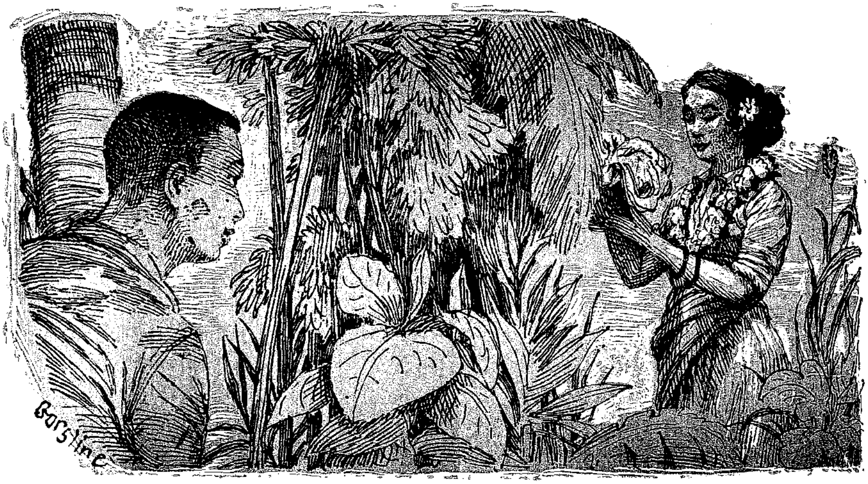
"Well, let's go talk to her," I said.

He backed away, grinning, miserably confused. "No, no. I could not find words. I will write her another note."

"How do you expect to get a girl by writing notes and peeking at her from behind coconut trees?" I asked, out of patience.

"As soon as she has drunk from the love potion," Pio said confidently, "I will not longer be afraid."

I gripped the little bottle in my hand. Suddenly I wanted to smash it, tell Pio that instead of being his friend I'd been lying to him, giving



him faith in something that could only lead to heartbreak. But it was too late. His belief was too real.

"Okay," I said. "Maybe it'll clear by tomorrow."

When I gave Espera the pesos for my washing she told me she was leaving for a week to visit relatives.

"Have you told Pio good-by?" I asked.

"Pio Avalino?" I was sure she blushed under the darkness of her smooth, scrubbed skin. "Why should I tell him good-by? He will hardly tell me hello."

"But he's very much in love with you, all the same."

"I will go now," she said, obviously stirred and pleased. She was wearing a chain of sampaguita flowers around her neck. Abruptly she slipped off the white, waxy blossoms and handed them to me. "If you like," she said, "give these to Pio for while I am gone."

Pio wore the sampaguitas till they stained and wilted. And, in our tent, he watched the glass-stoppered bottle where I'd set it on my footlocker. But the nauseous-looking solution did not clear.

Then one morning early, Pio shook me awake.

"Kellee! Kellee! In the night it has cleared. Look! Now it is blockbuster, eh?"

"Well, what do you know!" I said.

All morning Pio hugged himself with secret joy. In the afternoon, I was alone in the tent, writing a letter, when he came bursting in, eyes wild.

"I heard the captain say it to the major—in two days we are moving many kilometers from here. And Espera will not by then be back."

"Take it easy," I said. "You're a civilian. You can stay behind."

"Not with honor, Kellee. I am medic now."

When Pio finally stretched out on his cot, one arm flung dejectedly over his eyes, I went back to my letter. Presently I became aware of someone standing outside the tent.

"You have dorty clodes?" a voice asked. It was Espera.

"Why, *Espera,*" I said, bearing down on the name, "Pio and I hadn't expected you back so soon."

I needn't have lifted my voice. Pio had whirled to his feet and was standing, paralyzed, in a grotesque attitude of suspended motion, the sleeves of his oversized fatigue jacket sagging to his fingertips.

"Perhaps I grew lonely," Espera said. She could not see Pio for a looped-up mosquito net, but I felt she was vibrantly aware of his presence. "Why do you always speak of Pio Avalino?" she asked. "I think he is not so attracted to me or he would speak for himself. Do you have dorty clodes, sir?"

"Espera," I said, watching her expression, "there wouldn't be time to get them back. We're leaving in a couple of days. Pio and all of us."

One of her dark, square hands flew to her mouth. "Such few days?" She was holding back tears. "May I sit down a moment?"

Pio continued to stand in that taut, ridiculous posture. Only his frightened eyes seemed alive.

"Pio," I said, "why don't you get Espera a cup of coffee from the mess tent?"

He darted out at a stumbling run.

"Wait!" I went after him. "You understand me, Pio? The love potion—one half of it for you, straight, the other half in Espera's cup."

Pio was aghast. "All of it? For *both* of us?"

"Why take chances?" I said. "Get going."

When he returned, his step was remarkably firm and assured. His hand was steady, too, as he held out the cup of magic to Espera. As he watched her drink it his eyes glowed with unashamed tenderness.

For the next two days, while we were being packed and readied for our move, Pio slipped away at every break to join Espera. And on the third day, when all had been loaded on the big trucks, there was Pio leaning over the side, holding fast to Espera's upstretched hand.

"Where will I find you when the war is over?" I heard him say.

"I think Manila, where once was my home and yours." Her voice broke. "Oh, Pio, will you find me?"

In his answer there was a clear, unwavering certainty I'd never expected to hear: "In Manila, Baguio, anywhere on Luzon, I'll find you. Anywhere in the islands, Espera."

"I'll wait for you," she said.

Pio did find her, too. A year after the war ended I had a letter: "Already Espera and I have made the beginnings of a family, and together we have great happiness."

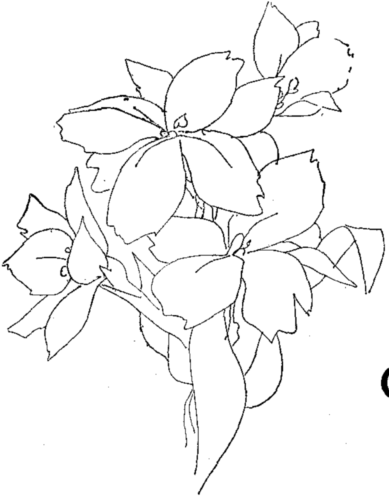
It couldn't, I thought, have turned out better. Because although I had humbugged Pio into the courage to be loved, he and Espera, on their own, had made it real and enduring.

~

Are You Treed?

(*Answer to question on page* 72)

S-E-Q-U-O-I-A



killer plant of the south

by REED MILLARD

ONE DAY a Florida woman stood admiring the beautifully flowering plants she had growing in her fish pond. They had more than lived up to the glowing promises of the nursery from which she had purchased the first one, and it seemed a shame to limit such a magnificent floral display to her own yard.

Would they do as well, she wondered, in the nearby St. Johns River? Perhaps they wouldn't grow in flowing water at all, but near the shore they might be able to struggle along. Hopefully, she tossed some roots into the stream.

In a few weeks, she saw with satisfaction that the plants were growing fine. But, as the months went by, her pleasure turned to doubt, then consternation, and finally to outright horror. The plant, apparently, had gone mad. Where before had been open water, there was now a solid mass of vegetation, crawling out until the river seemed to have narrowed by a fourth. The following year, the great green mat had spread further.

In ten years, U.S. Army Engineers, faced with a river blocked to navigation, reported an astounding fact: the innocent looking roots from the fish pond had produced plants that now covered *50,000,000 square yards* of inland waters.

Travel along the rivers, lakes and bayous of the South and you will see increasing numbers of them choked by fantastically fast-growing plants originally placed there by well-meaning people who did not know they were unleashing destruction.

The water hyacinth, an aquatic plant belonging to the pickerel weed family, produces some of the most beautiful blossoms in the world. Yet it has actually become a botanical horror that has cost hundreds of millions of dollars during a 70-year rampage on Dixie's waterways. This year alone it will run up a $65,000,000 bill for damages as it strangles navigation, backs up waters to cause floods, destroys other plants and menaces wildlife.

This nightmarish floral invasion began when, among the wonders displayed at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1884, visitors viewed with delight a dazzlingly beautiful plant from Venezuela with orchid-like blossoms, pale lavender in color, one petal accented with a bright orange spot outlined in rich blue.

Nurserymen and florists, observing the interest in the plant, imported more roots. They found that the plant did not do very well, and some growers even felt that it couldn't be cultivated in the U.S. Others, more persistent, succeeded in producing superior strains, an accomplishment that probably rates as the most horrendous blunder in the history of horticulture. By the time they realized that the new hardy water hyacinth was nothing to throw casually into the water, it was too late.

The mistake was understandable, because, from its appearance, no one would guess its fearsome powers of reproduction. Since any portion of its extensive root system can send out a shoot and create a new plant, this goes on at an incredible rate. A single plant can produce enough plants to cover a tenth of an acre in one growing season—over 65,000 plants from one.

This huge mass of vegetation covers the water in a mat so thick that it has often fooled motorists who have pulled off onto what looked like a solid shoulder, only to find it to be a hyacinth-covered ditch. Beneath this mat, all other aquatic vegetation dies, as sunlight is cut off by the huge leaves. So, too, does wildlife.

Almost no fish, muskrats and other water animals can survive where the water hyacinth grows densely because its leaves are oxygen-extractors that rob the water of this life-giving substance. Every leaf is covered with around 75,000 tiny pores per square inch, each of which works like a minute bellows busily sucking in water, extracting the carbon dioxide needed by the plant, and discharging the oxygen into the air.

When the Army Engineers first took up the problem of the water hyacinth, it looked simple enough. The plant is delicate, the leaves soft. It should be easily gotten rid of by digging it out with pitchforks. This worked fine, but a month later the areas they had cleared were filled with a denser growth than when they started.

Next the Engineers designed a machine to snatch up the plants and crush them, hoping thus to destroy their frightening vitality. But, apparently, mashing up the roots didn't harm them at all. For they promptly came to life when spewed back into the water.

The Engineers eventually settled for floating mowing machines that merely cut a swath through the crawling vegetation whose tangled growth was enough, in certain places, to stop a 250-horsepower boat. William Wunderlich, head of the Aquatic Growth Control Section of the New Orleans Army Engineer District tackled the job of fighting the crazy water hyacinths in the 1930s. As Louisiana is the state most overridden with the plant—estimates of damage in that state alone run to $38,000,000 a year—he had plenty of opportunity to see the havoc it could produce.

One of Wunderlich's ideas was to go back to the crushing scheme. He designed a superpowerful crusher that would squeeze the plants between rollers exerting 40,000 pounds of pressure. But this did no good. He had to settle for an improved aquatic "lawnmower," a device that can now be seen slashing its way along dozens of rivers in the South. Its mighty whirling blades cut a 40-foot swath.

The history of the fight against the water hyacinth is filled with failures. Early efforts at dynamiting seemed only to spread the plants. Attempts to burn them with gasoline and other flaming chemicals proved futile.

Scientists decided that in the long run the only way to lick the water hyacinth was with chemical warfare. The plant won the first round—against arsenic. But now, with the coming of a new souped-up plant killer—2, 4, 5-T—the Engineers feel they may at last have a weapon that can finish off their opponent.

Optimists believe that if the Government will pass the bill before it and appropriate at least $1,350,000 annually for five years to fight the scourge, there is a chance it might really be licked once and for all. However, even the most optimistic are likely to shudder and say, "Of course, when you consider how fast it grows . . ."

Researchers have long sought a practical use for this plant that grows so fast. Cattle in the South eat it freely. The trouble is, it just doesn't seem to have any nutritional value, being composed almost wholly of water, with, as one scientist puts it, "a little green coloring matter thrown in."

A southern inventor had what seemed like a good idea. Observing piles of dried up hyacinth plants, he asked, "Why couldn't you make the stuff into wallboard?" Tons of it could be harvested in a single year. He was elated after tests, because, when compressed, the stuff made a beautiful wallboard, smooth, strong and unbelievably cheap. There was only one thing wrong with it.

Before he could get a company organized to produce the boards commercially, the unquenchable vitality of the green scourge of Dixie asserted itself. The hyacinth wallboard sprouted!

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how to trick TEEN-AGERS *into eating*

By feeding them mouth-watering dishes—secretly loaded with nourishment—you can fill the void caused by their "empty calorie" eating habits. A noted authority tells the technique

by JOSIE McCARTHY

MILLIONS of today's 18,000,000 American teen-agers are starving. They eat, true. But the vast quantities of candy bars, potato chips and soft drinks that they consume contain only "empty calories."

This soda-fountain diet is turning many of them into restless, irritable, nail-biting, pimply faced "anemics suffering from nutritional nerves"—a scientific way of saying undernourished. But, even worse, it is seriously jeopardizing their future physical, mental and emotional well-being.

Harassed parents say that nothing can be done about it. But they are wrong. There is a way to thwart this warped adolescent seeking after independence. The way is through "hidden" diet.

A study of over 2,500 teen-agers conducted by Pennsylvania State University in cooperation with the State Department of Health, and substantiated by surveys in 38 other states, reveals that Americans between the ages of 13 and 20 have a shortage of calcium and phosphorus needed for bones and teeth, a shortage of protein for tissues, a lack of iron necessary for good blood, and serious vitamin deficiencies which result in poor complexions and poor eyesight.

These shocking facts indicate that our young people are endangering their health and jeopardizing their future by ignoring the quality foods

—meat, fish, eggs, cheese, vegetables and whole grain, which are available in abundance—and consuming instead great quantities of what leading nutritionist Dr. Norman Jolliffe terms the "empty calories" of a soda-fountain diet.

The full consequences of this may not be evident for years. But experts agree that vital changes must be made in our teen-agers' eating habits, and must be made now.

A normal adolescent requires the following food every day: one or two servings of meat, poultry or fish; one egg; either an orange, one-half grapefruit, half a cup of this juice or one cup of tomato juice; at least one serving of green or yellow vegetables; one potato and at least two servings of other vegetables or fruit; one quart of milk; two tablespoons of butter or fortified margarine; two tablespoons of sugar; six to eight slices of whole-grain or enriched bread, or its equivalent in cereal.

If the health of our young people is to be preserved, every parent of a teen-age boy or girl must see to it that these necessary foods are eaten every day. This can be done without resorting to either lectures or stern disciplinary measures. All it requires is an extra helping of persistence and ingenuity.

For instance, do a little plotting at the meal where so much laxity prevails: breakfast! Be on hand, your cheeriest self, Mother, confident and devoid of fault-finding and nagging. Instead of the same old catch-as-catch-can breakfast, serve something different: corned beef hash with a fried egg on top and toasted buttered English or corn muffins, for example. (You'll have served fruit juice or fruit to start, of course.)

Put the pitcher of milk on the table and pour it out into steins, real grown up. Or serve a cheese omelet with a creamy ham filling that you've made the night before. Or scrapple and pancakes. Pancakes are so versatile. You can make them without or with several eggs. And you can serve them with fruit, jam or different kinds of syrups.

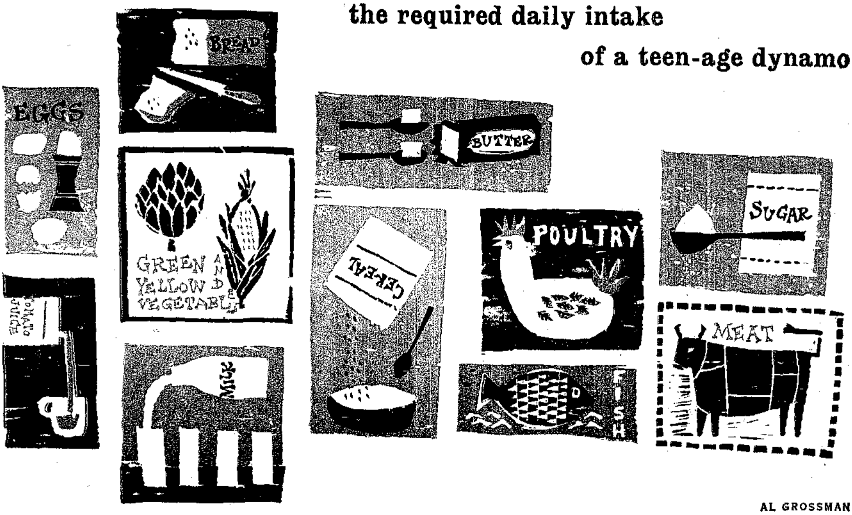
In short, dazzle 'em at breakfast. Make an irresistible presentation of the meals that the entire family shares.

Lunch necessarily cannot get your planning or supervision, for the child is at school. But the good habits established at home—the taste for milk and fruit and good wholesome food—are ultimately bound to prevail when the youngster eats away from your table.

Lay out a campaign. Chart it like a general does a battle. Instead of fuming about how they won't drink their milk, plot to get milk into desserts you know will rate. Homemade custard may not be considered real "hot"—but coconut custard pie? Try it. Desserts made with milk can be "dreamy" when you give them a flair.

Old-fashioned, carefully made rice pudding may take a few hours' stirring in the oven—but it rates sky-high with teen-agers and belongs in the refrigerator for the afternoon raid. Another favorite for midday snacks is chocolate pudding. Made with egg, it will taste even better.

Soda fountains have proved they know how to tickle a teen-ager's palate. (Some of their specialties are



the required daily intake of a teen-age dynamo

AL GROSSMAN

packed with good food values, too.) So why not do a little private research on some of these—like banana splits—and reproduce them for the family dessert? Children are not so apt to search for the things they can get at home. And served at home—at the end of a meal—they become a diet supplement instead of an appetite killer.

Try a change of menu. After all, the familiar home menus may have become a bore to your teen-ager. Make some of the gourmet dishes featured in magazines and on TV. The teen-age palate suddenly craves more exotic food. Witness how the pizza and spaghetti and the highly seasoned hot-dog get the vote over the blander stew, pot roast or meat loaf.

Actually, there's nothing wrong with the hot dog. But the fact that it does tempt many a teen-ager proves that there must be a need for more savor in the menus served at home.

Serve savory fried chicken often. Make liver exciting by cutting it into finger-length strips, then seasoning with salt, pepper and dried powdered marjoram (this is the herb that frequently goes into liverwurst). Cook it French fried. It's irresistible. Sneak an egg into the hamburg mixture on the days the egg isn't eaten.

They won't eat vegetables? Try glamor: put buttered garlic-flavored crumbs on cooked green beans and spinach. Roll cooked cooled asparagus, or cauliflower, in egg and crumbs and sauté golden brown in butter. Toss toasted slivered almonds over such greens as broccoli. Roll carrots in mayonnaise and cornflakes and bake them crisp. Add pimiento to creamed succotash. Stuff baked potatoes with American cheese or minced ham in the filling and then put them under the broiler until browned on top. Bake canned corn with crispy bacon and cheese on top.

How long since you baked a casserole of good old-fashioned macaroni and rich yellow cheese? Or old-fashioned scalloped potatoes and cheese? Use imagination to dress up the plain old vegetables so "Oh, that again!" will vanish from the child's vocabulary. It's up to you to make them look and taste important so that vegetable dishes will seem like a special treat.

You may say, "I've tried everything! It doesn't work. They only want to eat any old thing in between meals. They spend their pocket money for food with the gang after school."

There's more than one reason the snacks are bought outside with their group. But generally it's *their* need for companionship of their own age. So encourage your children to have their friends stop by when school is out. Make the electric sandwich grill available. See that there's plenty of fodder in the refrigerator that you know has good food value. But be sure it's the hidden kind, found in the kinds of foods most youngsters readily go for.

Have shaped hamburg patties stacked with a square of waxed paper between ready for their own grilling. Make up a few assorted sandwich fillings and store them in small cardboard containers. Here are some ideas: chopped hard-cooked egg with celery and mayonnaise; tuna fish, olive, American cheese and chili sauce; deviled ham, ground cooked chicken and celery; cream cheese mixed with walnuts. Any of these will keep well under refrigeration and are wonderful fillings for different kinds of enriched rolls or bread.

In an obvious place, keep a covered bowl of raw crisp vegetables—carrot sticks, celery, radishes, raw turnips and even raw yam sticks. Most children love the crunchy texture and will eat them whenever they're handy. Just having them put away in the vegetable hydrator is not enough.

Keep apples and pears in the refrigerator. Pickles and olives are nutritious and, too, are favored by many teen-agers.

Don't forget that cakes, cupcakes and cookies made of nutritious ingredients like enriched flour, milk, eggs, butter, nuts, chocolate, sugar, honey and coconut can make a *contribution.*

And, of course, there's milk. Chocolate flavored straws make milk-drinking fun. Turn your blender over to your teen-agers and supply chocolate, pineapple, lemon or root beer syrup and encourage home-making of milk shakes. All these syrups can be bought or made at home and they'll keep for weeks in covered jars under refrigeration. Bring home the new miracle instant milk drink supplements that have recently been appearing on the market.

If all your plans don't seem to pan out at the start, stay with them with quiet determination just the same. Make this a project and work at it with enthusiasm. We have much at stake in our wondrous mixed-up teen-agers. And it's up to their mothers to change the verdict of the nation's top nutritionists that our teen-agers are starving. ♛ ♛ ♛

BRITISH "KINSEY REPORT" REVEALS:

How American and

by LESTER DAVID

HOW DO AMERICAN WOMEN compare with their British cousins in sexual behavior? Are there as many unchaste brides in London, Manchester and rural areas as the famed Kinsey study discovered in the U.S.? Are English women faithful to their husbands, do they pet as much as our girls, are their attitudes toward sex and marriage different?

The answers are revealed in the just-published "English Kinsey report," a monumental survey of the sexual, marital and family relationships of British women.

The study, which took four years to compile and is the most complete of its kind ever undertaken in England, was conducted by Dr. Eustace Chesser, a famous British psychologist. And it explodes bombshells which have jolted the conservative British people even more violently than the Kinsey disclosures shocked Americans.

Sociologists are trying to evaluate the Chesser findings, but one fact is now abundantly clear. It was summed up by a London newspaper this way: "Love without shame is the essence of new and healthier thinking which is developing slowly in Britain."

What purpose does the Chesser investigation serve? The report probes deeply into the emotional lives of girls and women for the same overall reason that motivated the Kinsey researchers: the betterment of marital and family relationships through the fuller understanding of the mysteries and importance of sex.

The Chesser study was frankly stimulated by the work of the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. But it differs from his in several significant respects.

A famed psychologist, in a brilliant study, reveals surprising differences in attitudes on love, marriage and family relationships. Here are his findings

British Women Compare

Kinsey obtained his data about women from 5,940 separate interviews by trained personnel, while Chesser based his conclusions on written questionnaires. He distributed 18,000 to some 1,500 doctors all over England and received back 6,251 completed forms. Kinsey, in addition, dug far more deeply into the biological aspects of women's love lives than Chesser.

However, the English study covered the effects of family and marriage relationships, religion in the home and parental control of children more thoroughly.

The questionnaire method, Dr. Chesser points out, has one immense advantage over personal interviews, and here he touches one of the most widely assailed aspects of the Kinsey fact-gathering system. The method was called scientifically unreliable on the ground that only a certain type of braggart female would be inclined to answer searching questions while face-to-face with an interviewer. "They may be inclined to be boastful to the point of exaggeration," Chesser asserts, and many experts have agreed. In the written questionnaire, Chesser feels, the informant answers in absolute privacy and is assured complete anonymity. Thus replies could be obtained from many girls who would otherwise be too shy to answer truthfully in person.

The English investigators confirm a number of the startling Kinsey conclusions but differ sharply in some of the others. Here is how women of the two great English-speaking nations compare in the major fields that were covered by these immensely significant surveys:

SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE

The Kinsey researchers startled Americans with the disclosure that almost 50 percent of the women studied had had physical relationships before marriage. The revelation produced shock and anger all over the country; Dr. Kinsey and his associates reeled under a tidal wave of criticism which still has not abated.

Now, while sociologists still are arguing the accuracy and implications of the findings, comes the Chesser report which has arrived at virtually the same conclusion as far as British women are concerned.

The new study discloses an astonishing rise in pre-marital sex experimentations in England. Only 19 percent of women born before 1904 admitted they had experienced pre-marital love, but the figure for those born between 1914 and 1924 leaps to 39 percent—a more than 100 percent increase in a generation.

And while Dr. Chesser admits that the sampling of women born after 1934 is too small for accurate statistical analysis, the rise appears to be continuing at an incredibly rapid rate. In the youngest group of women, the percentage of non-chaste brides is up to 60 percent!

What does it all mean? Drs. Kinsey and Chesser frankly point out that there seems to be a vast difference between what people profess to believe and what they actually do privately.

Comments Dr. Chesser: "In our Western culture, the accepted code of pre-marital sex behaviour for women has been one in which loss of chastity is regarded as incorrect and immoral . . .

"It may well be that this view is more illusory than real. It would seem that what is thought to be an accepted ethical standard of sexual behavior is only partially accepted, and according to the results of the present inquiry, accepted standards appear to be changing."

Among married American women, more than half had had relations with only one man, a third had two to five partners and 13 percent six or more. Among the married women who had pre-marital love, 46 percent confined their relations to fiancés, but 41 percent had given themselves to their future husbands and other men as well.

Dr. Chesser did not ask women about their before-marriage love partners but he did probe deeply into the important question: What has caused the relaxed moral attitude of so many British women?

In searching for clues, he delved into family background and came up with the following factors:

1. Sex education. The proportion of those who had physical relationships before marriage was lowest among women *whose parents assumed the responsibility for teaching their children about sex.* It was highest where the main source of knowledge was other adults or friends.

It is a highly significant finding and Dr. Chesser explains: "Children who receive their sex education directly from their parents thus appear more likely to be influenced by the *mores* of their parents, who may have introduced a moral emphasis on the importance of the marital union; those whose main source of information is other children or adults, on the other hand, may well gain facts, but without guidance as to how to use them."

2. ***Strict upbringing.*** Stern parental discipline does not keep a daughter from a liaison with a young man before the knot is tied. Fully 45 percent of the married women who were unchaste brides said their mothers and fathers had been "very strict" with them.

Curiously, an unusually high incidence of pre-marital sex was discovered among girls who got frequent floggings at the hands of their parents for childhood naughtiness. Declares Dr. Chesser: "Frequent physical punishment of children may well have created in them a rebellious attitude towards parental authority, especially if such punishment was felt to be unjust. Rebellion can express itself in many ways and for many . . . it may well be that sex outside marriage was one expression of such feelings."

3. ***Happiness in childhood.*** Pre-marital physical relationships were substantially lower among women who had gotten along well with their parents, where both parents shared in the child's upbringing and where the family relationships were happy and harmonious. It was highest among children who admitted they got along badly with their folks or where someone else brought them up.

4. ***Religious training.*** Chesser and Kinsey agreed that religion exercises a strong restraining influence. Both studies found that chastity was most prevalent among girls who were from religious backgrounds, least so where such training was lacking. This was true of all major religions.

Did women regret their pre-marital love experiences? Both Kinsey and Chesser took special pains to find out and here there was a remarkable divergence of attitudes.

Dr. Kinsey scoffed at what he called the commonly accepted notion that "pre-marital activity always brings psychologic disturbances and lasting regrets." It doesn't, he asserted flatly, as he revealed that only about 12 percent of U.S. women expressed minor feelings of remorse.

In England, however, Dr. Chesser discovered a different story. There, fully 42 percent of women who were unhappily married and 35 percent of fairly happy ones declared they were sorry they had not kept their chastity.

How about chaste brides? Dr. Chesser asked them: "Do you regret it now?" He met an almost solid chorus of *no!*

EXTRA-MARITAL LOVE

Even more startling to the British than the widespread incidence of sex before marriage were disclosures that wives, even happily married ones, secretly longed for other men.

Dr. Chesser included this dynamite-loaded question on his list: "Have you ever felt that you would like to have relations with someone other than your husband?"

The investigators received surprising answers.

One out of every two women, even those in the fairly happily married category, confessed that on occasion she felt she wanted a man other than her husband. Thirty percent of the "very happy" wives made the same admission, nor were "exceptionally happy" wives free of the desire. Nearly 20 percent of the latter—one in five—said they sometimes wanted another love affair.

"It would appear," observed Dr. Chesser, "that this desire is not uncommon among the happily married women." Significantly, the proportion of women who wanted other men was greatest among those who were not happily married.

How do American wives compare? Dr. Kinsey was more to the point. He asked how many actually had been unfaithful and here, too, the figures were unexpected. Adultery had been committed by 26 percent of the married women by the time they reached 40.

In their late teens, seven percent of married women in the U.S. were having relations with other men. By age 26, one in ten was being unfaithful and the maximum percentage was reached in the 30s and early 40s.

Younger people, Dr. Kinsey concluded, were more concerned over the morality issue but in time this seems less important. Later, he went on, middle age and older females are more inclined to accept extra-marital relations, "and at least some of the husbands no longer objected if their wives engaged in such activities."

SEXUAL DESIRE: MEN VS. WOMEN

One of Dr. Kinsey's biggest surprises was the disclosure that the average woman reaches the peak of her capacity in her late 20s—almost a decade later than the male. The male declines steadily in his capacity after hitting the peak. The female does not. Her interest can be maintained until she is well in her 50s and 60s.

The English study disagrees. Dr. Chesser found that the degree of sexual satisfaction in women falls off appreciably as age increases. His conclusion:

"It is often supposed that the capacity to enjoy sex remains undiminished from late adolescence up to the menopausal period. The present inquiry shows, however, a steady fall, from one age group to the next. This would seem to be consistent with the hypothesis that capacity diminishes with age."

Specifically, 64 percent of Dr. Chesser's informants between 21 and 30 years of age were achieving physical satisfaction "always or frequently," compared with 58 percent in the 31 to 40 group, 53 percent in the 41 to 50 group and 46 percent in the 51 or older group.

SEX ENJOYMENT AND MARITAL HAPPINESS

Dr. Kinsey warned that if a wife continually or even with a fair degree of frequency fails to achieve physical satisfaction, considerable damage to the marriage may result. If the woman is disappointed because she does not accomplish what she thinks she should, she may develop a sense of inferiority. And this in turn, Kinsey said, cuts down her chances of ever having a satisfactory relationship.

But Dr. Chesser isn't at all convinced. He feels we may be overemphasizing the physical side of marriage. Marital happiness and physical satisfaction are related "in a general way," Dr. Chesser found. But he also discovered what he calls "minority groups" and substantial ones at that. For example, fully one-third of wives who consider their marriages fairly happy rarely—or never—reach a perfect physical union while almost as many unhappy wives report they always or frequently succeed.

These patterns, Dr. Chesser admits, are not easy to explain. Apparently it is possible for some women to enjoy the physical relationship while feeling unhappy in the marriage, or to fail to derive satisfaction from the relationship while feeling happily married.

PETTING

Dr. Kinsey found that four out of ten women had some petting experiences by age 15 and up to 95 percent had indulged in kissing and hugging by 18. Foreign travelers, he noted, are amazed at the open display of love-making in parks, on beaches, even at dances and parties.

The English girl is rapidly catching up to her American counterpart. Dr. Chesser disclosed a steady upward trend in the incidence over the past four or five decades.

Some interesting facts emerged:

Girls from British homes in the lower social scales are not the more avid devotees of necking. Curiously, the proportion of those who had not had pre-marital sex relations but who petted was highest among females whose fathers were in the professional and managerial fields, and lowest among daughters of semi-skilled and unskilled laborers.

Many more women from unhappy homes petted than those whose childhoods were happy. This kissing and being fondled, Chesser declares, "may well have fulfilled a need for affection not met adequately at home."

Forty-six percent of the wives who had indulged in pre-marital affairs said they had had previous experiences with petting.

The degree of satisfaction obtained from sex is not associated with the incidence of petting. Thus necking before marriage neither prepares a girl for a good love life nor does it detract from one.

There was more petting among girls whose sex knowledge was derived from friends or other adults than among those whose parents took the responsibility for sex education.

The Chesser report offers a variety of other disclosures. Here are more highlights:

Do women prefer their husbands to have had sex experience before marriage?

American and British women differ markedly in their attitudes here. The great majority of English women answered no. About 75 percent of the exceptionally happy wives and very happy wives preferred "innocent" husbands. On the other hand, approximately only one out of four U.S. women wanted a chaste husband.

What are the reasons why women do not fully enjoy physical relations with their mates?

The chief factor, cited by one-fifth of wives—husbands are too hasty in their love-making. The other reasons, in order of importance: insufficient petting, too frequent relations, too little tenderness expressed by mates.

Do men want sex more often than women?

About two-thirds of women in all categories, ranging from unhappy to exceptionally happy wives, said they did. More than half the fairly happy wives thought men attach too much importance to the physical side of marriage.

What do women look for in a husband?

Only three percent of the single women felt it was important that a man be good looking. However, 40 percent insisted on physical strength. On the question of emotional characteristics, the vast majority cited a warm and affectionate nature, understanding and interest in children. Curiously, a significant minority—one in five—felt it unimportant for their future husbands to be sexually strong.

What is the best guarantee of a happy marriage?

Happily married parents! The Chesser report sounds the warning that the seeds of an unhappy union are planted early in the girl's own home. One basic factor—parental relationships—has an all-pervading influence over childhood happiness, marital happiness and sexual satisfaction. If the relationship is a good one, the girl goes on to a happy life. If it isn't, degrees of unhappiness result.

An American edition of the Chesser report will be published soon by Roy Publishers.

Apt Answers

FACING the necessity of traveling to an obscure street in New York's upper Bronx, I engaged the services of a taxi. All went well until, at one quiet street corner, a pedestrian inadvertently stepped in front of the cab. Brakes screeching, the taxi came to a quick halt. The pedestrian just stood there, trying to decide whether to retreat or to walk on. My driver started just as the bewildered walker decided to cross the street.

Once more brakes were quickly applied. The exasperated cabbie stuck his head out of the window and spoke to the pedestrian in a deceptively reasonable tone: "We seem a bit mixed up. I'll tell you what we'll do. Suppose you go back to where you started, and I'll go back to where I started. Then we can both begin again—*and this time, so help me, I'll hit you!*"

—HERBERT GREENHUT

MY NEIGHBOR, surprised to find her guest, an elderly lady who was quite hard of hearing, dressing to go out one Sunday morning asked, "Are you going to church?"

"Yes," her visitor replied. "I can't hear a word the preacher says, but at least they'll know which side I'm on."

—MRS. L. M. JOHNSON

OUR nine-year-old was reprimanded for "putting in your two cents' worth every time we talk" to which he promptly retorted: "You're just lucky I don't stick my whole piggy bank in."

—MRS. SAUL SHACK

Father of the Stamp

by DAVID WISE

PROBABLY not one in a million of us has ever heard of Lysander Spooner. Yet this acid-tongued, fiercely independent Yankee taught Congress a lesson and saved present-day Americans millions of dollars they would otherwise have paid the Government in postage. For, more than any other person, Lysander was responsible for the 3¢ stamp.

Born in 1808 on a farm in Athol, Massachusetts, young Lysander Spooner studied law, pamphleteered and crusaded for half a dozen different causes before he hit upon an adversary worthy of his mettle—the United States Post Office!

By 1844, discontent with the postal service was rampant. Rates were sky-high, delivery at a snail's pace. It cost 18¾¢ to send a letter from Boston to New York, 25¢ to Washington.

Spooner's Yankee ire was aroused. He had a very simple solution. He went into competition with the U.S. Government.

The American Letter Mail Company, as Spooner called his audacious private postal service, offered mail delivery between New York and Boston at 5¢ a letter, regardless of weight.

Washington was outraged, but the public flocked to Spooner's agency. He extended his operations to Philadelphia and Baltimore. His cheaper and faster service threatened to put the Post Office out of business.

Spooner's legal argument was clever. The Constitution says Congress shall carry the mail. But, Lysander argued, it doesn't say a private citizen *can't!*

Eventually, Federal harassment and threats of jail forced him to dissolve his company, but not before he had proved to red-faced Washington that a cheaper postal rate was possible.

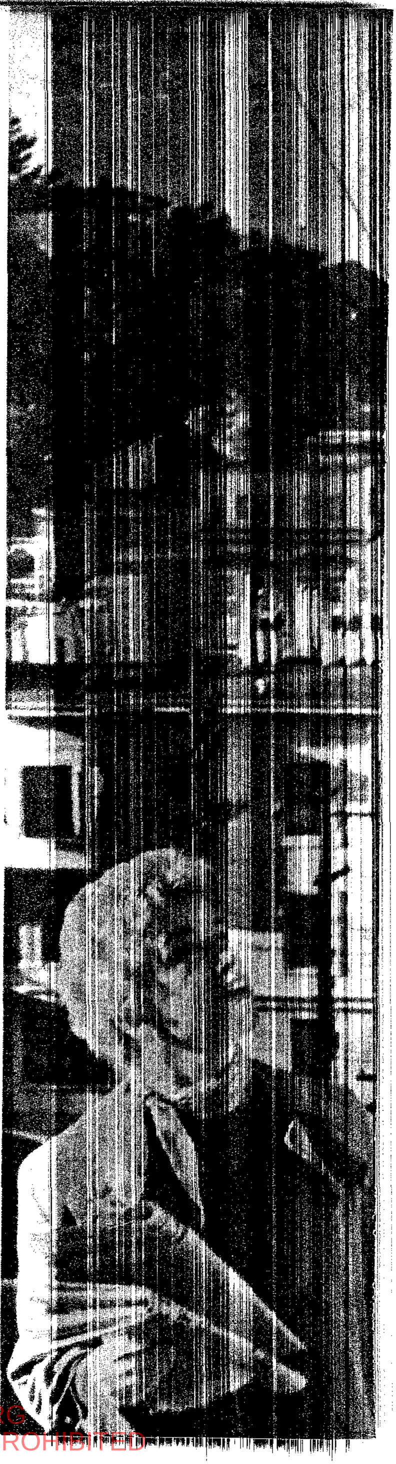
In 1845, Congress lowered the rate to 5¢ for distances under 300 miles. Then, on March 3, 1851, Capitol Hill took the final, giant step—a letter could be sent for 3¢ anywhere in the nation!

That July, the first 3¢ stamp was issued, bearing in brick red the portrait of George Washington. For a while the rate was reduced to 2¢, then it went back to the 3¢ Lysander Spooner's old-fashioned courage and enterprise had forced upon Congress.

Room, Board—and Romance

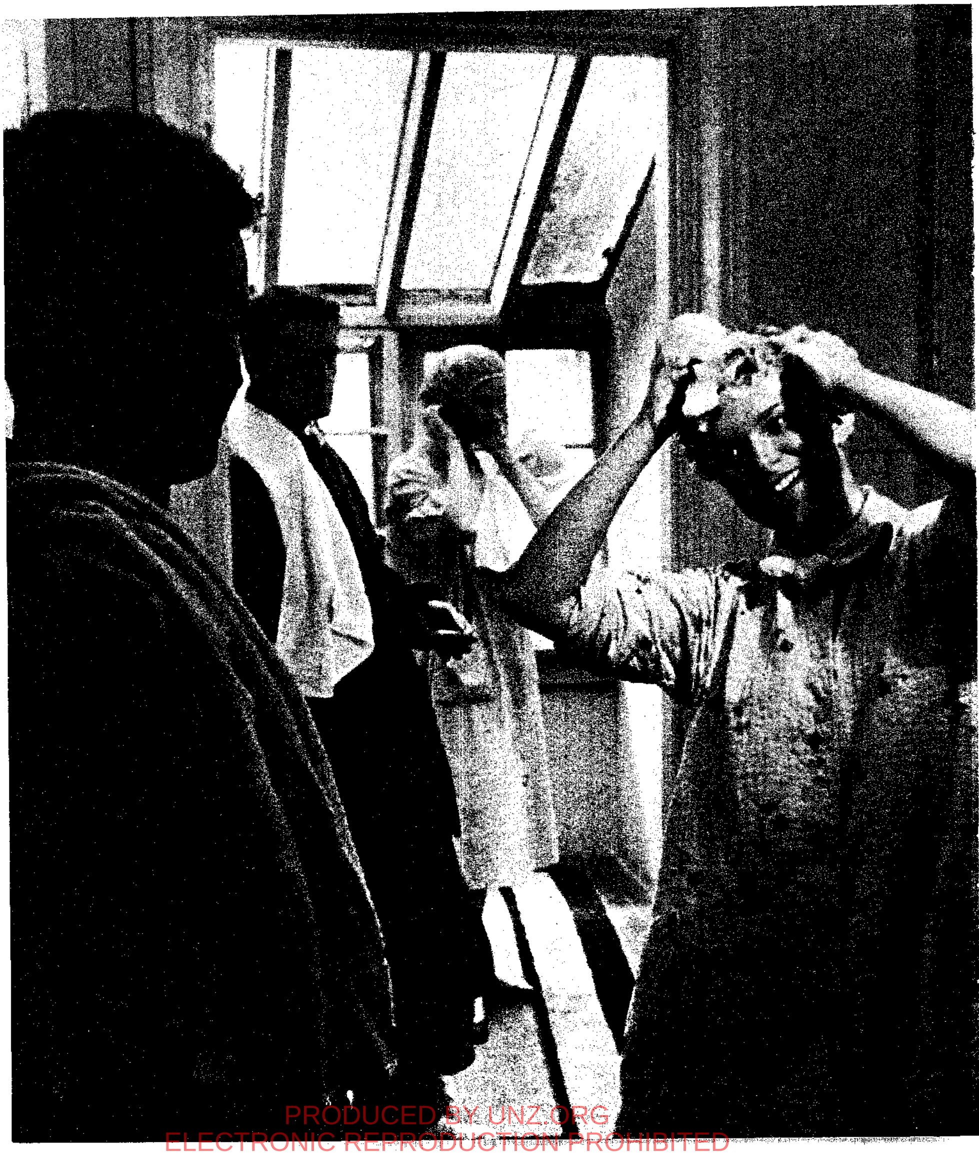
by James A. Skardon
photographs by Jacqueline Paul

The ad for the Ambassador Residence Club at 2171 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco (*far right*) offered "good food, clean beds, atmosphere, hospitality, coziness, congeniality, relaxation, romance, and general happiness." What Nancy Lehman, age 23, a Grinnell (Iowa) College graduate from Chicago, found when she answered the ad is revealed on the following pages in pictures and text.



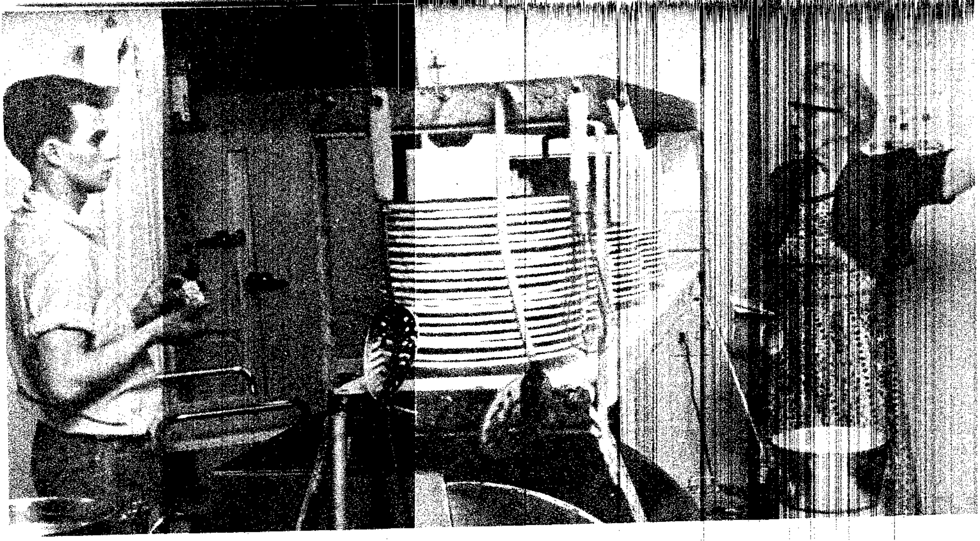
San Francisco's old boarding houses have given way to a new kind of hostelry. Called a "guest" house, it offers youngsters low-cost lodging, fun, friends and a good chance of meeting the boy or girl of their dreams

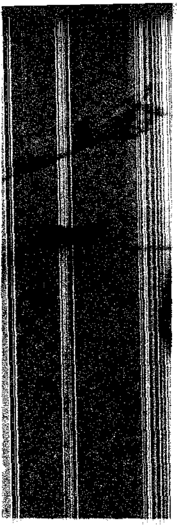
There's little privacy. But nobody wants to be



alone, anyway

FOR $80 a month at the Ambassador, Nancy got a room she shared with another girl, two meals a day (except Sunday when only breakfast is served), maid service, and almost unlimited, in fact relentless, companionship—all presided over by motherly Mrs. Myrnal Souza (at right, supervising a meal). Nancy found that waiting, gabbing, borrowing and sharing are hallmarks of guest-house life. And you are seldom alone—even when you shampoo your hair. This is what Nancy was doing when she met dark, handsome Alan Clark, 25, two days after she arrived. She had forgotten her towel. He gave her his—and romance bubbled along with the soap.





Working, sunning, singing—always something doing

WITH THE young secretaries, clerks, engineers and salesmen living at the Ambassador, sociability is spontaneous. Parties are spur-of-the-moment, "come as you are," and include everybody. A hastily scraped-together kitty buys the beer and sandwiches that go with an evening of bridge, poker, singing, dancing or just good conversation. Afternoons, it's usually sunbathing in the back yard. Alan, who does various jobs around the house (*left*) to pay for his board and room, joins Nancy after the dishes are done to lead the singing with his guitar (*below*).

VARYING backgrounds of the residents add spice to guest-house living. Here, Alan, who is studying under the GI Bill to become an electrical engineer, talks with Walter Zell, a Swiss architect, who tells him about his work.

Fun and friends banish loneliness but the stolen moments alone together are those most treasured

On weekends, residents scatter to ski, ice skate, swim, picnic, bicycle in Golden Gate Park, or go sight-seeing. Nancy and Alan make the most of a rare chance to be alone, with trips to Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf, or dinner by candlelight in a small, out-of-the-way restaurant. They plan to marry this month; and Alan, a Navy veteran from Walnut Creek, California, expects to get his electrical engineering certificate from San Francisco's City College next year. Even when they have their own home, though, Nancy and Alan, like many of the Ambassador's "alumni," will probably come back to visit the place where their romance blossomed. For Nancy, the ad she followed up made good on its promise—to provide "hospitality, romance, and general happiness." As one of her friends put it, "You couldn't find a better environment to prepare for marriage. The way we live here, we see each other as we really are!"

THE FINE ART OF semi-phonymanship

by MARTIN PANZER

WALLSTREET is an acquaintance of mine. I call him Wallstreet because he is a walking encyclopedia of the stock market. With the slightest provocation—or, in fact, none at all—he will launch into a dissertation on investments.

"Buy General Motors," he told me once. "They're due for a split. I've just bought GM and I expect to have a 20-point profit inside of two weeks."

Checking, I found that there *had* been mention of a split in the newspapers; that he *had* actually bought General Motors shares—two of them (though he'd had to sell his one share of AT&T to do so); and if the stock went up 20 points, he would be all of $40 to the good, less commissions.

If you listened without checking, you'd probably think Wallstreet was a market expert and a tycoon, which is what he wants you to think. Actually he is what, for want of a better term, is best described as a semi-phony. You can't call him a real 100 per cent dyed-in-the-wool phony because there's always a grain of fact in what he says.

You have undoubtedly met such semi-phonies time and again. But, before you start feeling superior, it might be wise to give yourself the semi-phony test to make certain you aren't a wee bit afflicted yourself.

For instance, have you ever given your opinion of a book as though you had really read it, when you had only read a review? Or have you ever held forth to your wife on how you told the boss off for criticizing your work, when the fact was that you only protested mildly? Or have you ever told your husband about the man who tried to flirt with you, when all that happened was that he asked directions to some street or other?

True, in each case there *was* an iota of legitimacy—enough to keep it from the strictly phony category.

Reading a review of a book gives you *some* information about it, and you never really said you actually read it; a mild protest is still a protest and not an apology; and there's always the outside possibility that the man who asked for directions was really trying to initiate a flirtation.

Semi-phonyitis compels its victims to make magnificent mountains out of rather insignificant molehills. And it afflicts a huge group of self-styled writers, actors, artists, musicians and the like. "The Ace Publishing Company is considering my book," one will say. If you are gullible, you will be suitably impressed. But if you are up on your semi-phonies, you will rightly assume that the speaker has sent a manuscript to the Ace Publishing Company and is relating the fact to you in its most glamorous aspect.

"Don't tell me about the stage," another will say. "I've been behind the footlights myself."

And so he has—in a high school play, or during one vacation with other hotel guests. Just enough truth to keep him from being a total phony.

While traveling in a plane recently, I got to talking with an elderly, rather distinguished-looking gentleman. After the usual casual remarks that strangers make to each other, he confided: "I wish I could sell my ranch. It keeps me hopping back and forth to Texas and I simply can't spare the time from my business—automobile business, you know."

Quite a man, I thought—big business, big ranch, big stuff. Yet while he talked I asked myself: why does he tell all this to me, a perfect stranger? And I felt I knew my companion for what he really was—but, after all, he *did* appear so distinguished-looking.

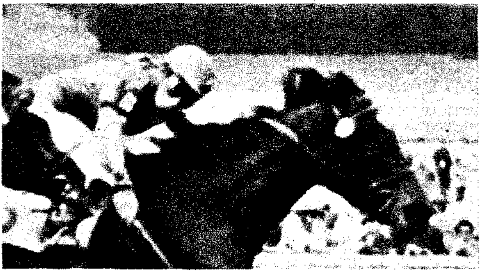
As luck would have it, our destinations were identical; the friend who met me also knew my companion; and I learned that he had a half-acre plot on which he had posted a sign reading "Wildwood Ranch," and that he had come to sell the plot in hopes of getting enough money out of it to keep his creditors from closing down his little ten-car garage.

Just another pathetic semi-phony who would probably have been much more successful if he had concentrated on doing the kind of things that would impress people instead of merely concentrating on impressing them.

And there is the heart of this business of being a semi-phony: it is self-destructive, and it is the mark of the failure. The man who really *has*, or *does*, or *knows*, rarely if ever resorts to exaggeration or self-glorification or romanticization. He doesn't have to. It is only the person who feels his inadequacy who finds it necessary to use the semi-phony method of making people think he knows or has or does more than the facts will bear out.

It works in a vicious circle. The more you act the part of the semi-phony, the less inclined you are to do the things that will make it unnecessary.

So . . . don't be a semi-phony. The rewards are too meager and the penalty is too great.



the galloping grandpa

by CHARLES H. McMURTRY
and ELMONT WAITE

ON California's flower-banked race tracks where betting on the horses sometimes exceeds $3,500,000 in a day, a sprightly little Mormon grandfather has achieved the ultimate pinnacle. Somberly tailored and gravely dignified, he commutes to his nerve-wracking job at the tracks by Cadillac or Continental, for he has made his million.

He is John Eric Longden and his job is the riding of thoroughbreds—which sometimes pays him more than $4,000 per minute and last year brought him the championship of the world. "You ride them, you never bet on them," he says, "and you try hard to save some of the money."

To Longden, the idea of a 47-year-old grandfather accomplishing all this in the rough, tough sport of riding race horses is not incredible at all. Equally simple, to his mind, is the riding technique that has made him the winningest jockey the world has ever known. "I just keep bitin' and chewin', bitin' and chewin'," he says.

This technique has served him well for more than 30 years, during which he has set an amazing collection of turf records. This is more years, in fact, than most of his competitors have lived, yet Longden's 30th year was his greatest.

It was the year a photo finish on Arrogate in the $33,350 De Mar Handicap on September 3, 1956, brought him his record-breaking 4,871st victory. England's Sir Gordon Richards, like Longden the son of an English miner, had retired in 1954 after riding 4,870 winners, the world record that brought him knighthood.

It was also a year in which Longden won 320 of his 1,298 races—a surprising 24.7 per cent. He had been national riding champion three times before, with fewer wins. Of his total of more than 25,000 races he has won an impressive 19.5 per cent.

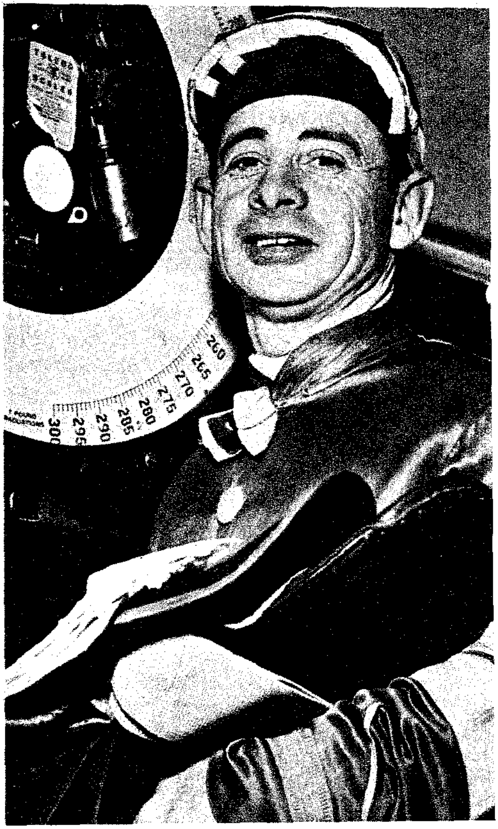
The years have weathered and lined Johnny Longden's face until he resembles a storybook gnome, yet his eye for the breaks in the thundering speed of a race seems as sharp as ever. Heavily muscled, he stands a shade under five feet tall and his weight remains a steady 112 pounds without strength-sapping dieting. He doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, rarely loses his temper. A strait-laced little Puritan, he loves his wife Hazel and his three children, but above all he loves to ride horses.

Their marriage began with an elopement in 1941 when she was 17 and he was 31 and the divorced father of a growing boy. They had fallen in love while riding horses, naturally. "Johnny would ride races six days a week and then go riding with me on Sundays," Hazel explains. Neither ever seemed to notice that she was four inches taller than he.

Two years later, Longden took his first national stakes riding championship (the big-money title) on Count Fleet, "the greatest horse I've ever seen." They won the triple crown spectacularly: the Kentucky Derby by three lengths, the Preakness Stakes by eight lengths and the Belmont Stakes by an unbelievable 25 lengths. Again in 1945 he was stakes champion with an American record: 24 stakes victories with purses totalling $528,220. His percentage of this was $52,822.

All this did not come easy, for it was not a matter of just a few minutes' racing a day. Longden always reaches the track by daybreak to ride some of his mounts in morning workouts and to chat with trainers. Then he relaxes in the jocks' room while his valet gets ready the spotless white silk breeches, the featherweight boots, the shell-hard skull protector to be worn under the bright-colored silk cap. All jockeys use valets to keep their clothing and tack (saddles and other riding equipment) in order and to help with the fast changes they must make between races.

Johnny doesn't often participate in the occasional rowdy horseplay and practical jokes in the jocks' room. But jockeys still chuckle over how he got mixed up in the gag they pulled on Billy Pearson at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco. Pearson, the art-connoisseur jockey who later became a TV-quiz-show celebrity, was painfully short of cash at



the time, but he did have a fine mount for a rich race later that day.

Fellow jockeys had a police officer come in and pretend to arrest Pearson on a trumped-up charge. "You'll have to come with me," the officer said.

"I can't—I'm going to ride!" Pearson wailed, with visions of a $5,000 percentage of the rich purse vanishing.

"You'll have to come along and post $2,500 bail," the officer insisted.

Nobody had told Longden about the joke, and he stepped up. "Billy, take the officer over to the hotel and tell Hazel to give you $2,500," he said.

Longden never does seem particularly alert to the activity around him at the track—not until he scrambles up into the saddle. Then, and only then, he begins to look like what he is—one of the toughest, smoothest, slickest little riding machines on the American turf.

Ask him how he attained this eminence and he gives his formula in three simple words: "I kept trying." Maybe other champions are born and not made, but it hasn't worked that way for Longden.

His first victory came in October, 1927, at Salt Lake City. A small owner had two horses no other jockey would ride, and Longden figured he had nothing to lose. "I'll ride 'em," he said. The first one, a cheap plater (inferior horse), surprised everyone, including Longden, by winning. He rode 15 more races that year without a win, and he won only 11 out of 151 in 1928. But he was learning.

His quick temper was no help. "He used to fight like a hellcat in those days," says one of his oldest friends. "If another boy gave him a dirty ride, Johnny'd punch him in the nose, and get himself fined $100 or $200 by the track stewards. He finally got smart and quit that."

Nowadays there is no dirty riding, Longden insists. Movie cameras, used on all tracks to record in slow motion every step of every race, have made it almost impossible for a rider to foul without detection.

The early days were rough, off the track as well as on it, for Longden.

"I guess I had it harder than most jockeys, trying to make good," he recalls. "I never knew what it was to play. I guess I never knew what money was, either. I used to beat my way from track to track, hobo fashion, sometimes without enough to eat, sleeping on stable straw. But what I learned then has helped me ever since."

HIS RACING education began in his early teens. His family had moved from Wakefield, England, to Calgary, Alberta, when Johnny was a baby, and he was handling donkeys in a Canadian mine by the time he was 13. At 14 he quit school to become a ranch hand, and soon was riding Roman races—one rider on two horses. He was a small but sturdy 17-year-old when he turned jockey and scored his first victory at Salt Lake City.

"For months after that they were saying around the tracks that if a man didn't want to win, he should give his mount to Longden," Johnny acknowledges.

Then, by luck, he literally fell into

the riding style that best suited him. He was working a cheap horse on a dusty track in Mexico and the animal "went crazy," as green mounts sometimes do.

In trying to pull it up, Longden fell forward, almost out of the saddle. Surprisingly, it didn't seem awkward, and the horse immediately began to run smoothly. That was the beginning of the Longden "pogo stick" style that has brought him his nickname, "The Pumper." For short legs like his, it works. But it was the racing experience, itself, which ultimately gave him what he calls "a nose for smelling out when and where the breaks are to come."

Longden's former jockey-room valet, Muggsy McGraw, says, "He's the only guy I've ever seen who can rate a horse consistently"—hold the horse just below top speed without pulling or fighting him, until that fleeting instant when it's time to move. In other words, when it's time to "bite" instead of "chew."

Longden's skill in getting his horse out of the starting gate first is a trick he performs with surprising regularity. His patient work with Count Fleet helps to explain how it's done. Then, as now, he was reporting to the track at daybreak daily, while some of his competitors golfed or lay in bed. He exercised his mounts to learn for himself just what they could do.

"When I first rode The Count he was green and dumb and he had no speed at all out of the chute," Longden recalls. "But I could see what he could do and I worked until finally I got him so that he'd break out of the gate like a shot from a cannon. "I didn't teach him; he learned to break himself. The Count was always fast, but at first he just didn't know what to do."

For years, The Count's owner, Mrs. John D. Hertz of Chicago, held first call on Longden's services—a contract that was, oddly enough, merely an oral agreement and a handshake. Estimates of his annual retainer from the Hertz stable range up to $20,000 or more, but they are probably greatly exaggerated. For this was a friendly arrangement that allowed Longden to remain most of the year on California tracks within week-end commuting distance of his beloved Hazel, daughter Andrea, 10, and son Eric, 14. His eldest son Vance, 27, is part owner of Alberta Ranches, Ltd., a racing stable partnership with Rex Bell, wealthy Calgary publisher, and others. To Johnny, being near his family was worth more than money.

Physical danger has never seemed to worry Longden particularly. He has proved relatively indestructible. Racing falls broke one of his legs in Canada, one in Chicago, but he wasn't out of action long.

In New York, a horse went through the fence with him, breaking his foot and injuring his spine. Dulling the pain with novocaine injections, he rode First Fiddle next day at Jamaica, and won, before finally surrendering to the medics for repairs.

"Hand injuries are bad," he says. "I talk to the horse through my hands, and the horse can talk to me. I can tell how he feels, how much he has left. I can keep him from flattening out or climbing, and I can tell him when he must make his move."

Of the 25,481 mounts he rode on North American tracks through 1956, 12,380 finished in the money, winning for their owners purses totalling $16,500,000 and bringing Longden himself a very comfortable fortune. Jockeys do not share in every purse, but they do get 10 per cent of many of the big stakes and handicap purses.

On Noor and Bolero, Longden set four of his world records in less than four months: Noor, for 1⅛, 1¼ and 1¾ miles; and Bolero, the sprinter, for 6 furlongs. He has won 25 victories in 13 of the leading American stakes and handicaps—all of them currently $100,000 events.

A jockey's earnings come from four sources: a fee of $50 for riding a winner, ranging down to $20 for riding a horse that finishes out of the money; 10 per cent of many stakes and handicap purses; a contract or retainer giving an owner first call on the jockey's services; and occasional bets an owner will place on his horse for the jockey. From riding fees alone, Longden grossed nearly $40,000 last year.

Johnny has managed to save wisely. He owns his home, valued at up to $100,000, with swimming pool and private paddock, at Arcadia, California, and a ranch at nearby Riverside.

The Longdens are close friends of Lucille Ball and her husband, Desi Arnaz. Arnaz is considering making a movie of Longden's career. (Johnny has already had one movie role, a jockey in *The Winner's Circle*, several years ago.)

"I'll keep riding as long as I feel good and as long as I can help the horses," he said when he reached his incredible 5,000th victory at Santa Anita last February 28th. "Maybe until I reach 6,000," he adds, thoughtfully. Since Sir Gordon Richards was 50 years old when he retired, it's just possible The Pumper might make it.

Small Talk

SIX-YEAR-OLD JOEY, who had been across the street playing with his friend David, came into the house crying.

"What's the matter, Joey?" his father asked as he took him on his lap.

"David hit me!"

"Well," said his father, "why didn't you hit him back?"

"I did," cried Joey, "I hit him back *first!*"

—MRS. KENNETH RHODIE

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON BOBBY and his "Sand Box Gang" were busily making mud pies under our kitchen window.

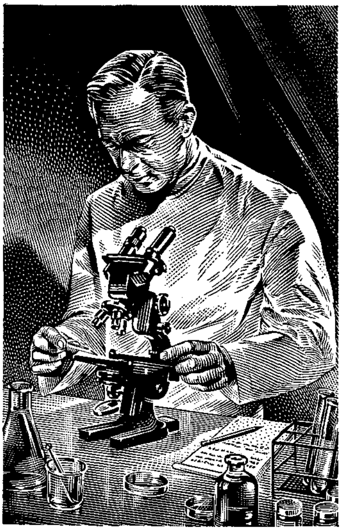
Suddenly activity ceased, then: "We've run out of dirt, men," Bobby piped up. "Everyone take off their shoes and empty them."

—MRS. ROBERT W. WALLACE

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance
That Does Both —
Relieves Pain —
Shrinks Hemorrhoids



For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

SKIPPER OF THE 3Rs

Waging a private war on illiteracy, this retired admiral, at his own expense, has taught hundreds to read and write

by Philip L. Swift

While the rest of the United States worries about teaching Johnny his letters, a retired admiral has gone back to his native Kentucky to carry out a vow to devote his life to teaching illiterate adults to read and write.

Admiral Ion Pursell, a much decorated veteran of 37 years in the U.S. Navy, is executive director of the Governor's Commission on Adult Education with headquarters in Frankfort, Kentucky's capital. The name of Pursell's organization is a misnomer, for it has nothing to do with the state government and little to do with the governor. What's more, all the money used in the group—which Pursell calls "Good Samaritans For The Three Rs"—comes out of the admiral's own pocket. He won't accept a donation if it is offered, and if someone sends a check to him for his good work he returns it. He does, however, accept services and old books.

Admiral Pursell operates out of his room and a borrowed office in the New Capital Hotel, and his staff includes himself and his wife. To those who would learn to read, and to those who would teach them, Pursell offers free books, counsel and prizes for progress. He also gives an annual cash award of $100 for the best young "Samaritan" in Kentucky.

In September, 1955, ten-year-old Brenda Faye Miller, a sixth-grader, won it for putting her grandparents through the equivalent of three years of schooling during her summer vacation. She did it with books and advice from Admiral Pursell.

This is a perfect example of Pursell's theory that love and understanding are the keys to open the minds of illiterate adults. The work must be done, he believes, preferably by a member of the family who knows not too much more than the pupil. In other words, the teacher must be a Good Samaritan with a genuine interest in the pupil.

To reach those who can be helped by his project, the Admiral uses classified ads like this in daily newspapers:

> "Teaching beloved older people at home is easy. You buy nothing. Our teaching advice is free. Good Samaritans For The Three Rs. Admiral Ion Pursell, Director. Frankfort, Kentucky."

Those interested receive an application entitling them to a book which will teach reading and writing to approximately third-grade level. After this is finished, the Good Samaritans For The Three Rs sends another book which takes the pupil through the sixth grade.

Upon receipt of the signatures of those who have learned to write, Pursell sends the successful pupils and their teachers ball-point pens as a reward. If the newly lettered individual wants to go further in school, he gives counsel designed to take the student through high school.

A wife who had taught her husband to read with the Admiral's two textbooks wrote:

"About a year ago, my husband received a promotion at work and he worried all the time for fear he could not hold it. He is a mechanic and as long as he could fix the machines that was all right because he is very good at that. But when parts had to be ordered he could not pronounce the names, let alone spell them. He had just about decided to give the job up when we saw your ad in the paper. We decided to try it even though we were sure there would be a catch to it somewhere. When the first book came he was as proud as a first grader with his first reader. This was his chance to learn reading and spelling that he did not learn when he was young, through no fault of his own.

"Now he is doing wonderfully with his new job. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts for what you have helped him learn.

"Thanks again and sincerely,

__________"

The Good Samaritans For The Three Rs never reveals the names of persons who use its service, unless they wish it.

Since the mechanic wanted to go further with his education, the admiral sent him a book on engineering and advice on what other books to read.

Admiral Ion Pursell was born in a log cabin in western Kentucky's Ohio County and grew up on a small farm owned by his father. He attended a one-room school but was teaching adults to read and write by the time he was ten. Young Pursell graduated from high school in 1913 with an eye on West Point. There were no openings, but there was one at Annapolis, so he became a sailor. He came out of the Naval Academy after a compact three-year course and spent the remainder of World War I on a cruiser. Transferred to the battleship *Tennessee*, manned mostly by sailors from that state, Pursell found that many of these men were illiterate and set about teaching them to read and write.

Pursell taught engineering, German and Spanish at Annapolis; and served as lieutenant governor and attorney general on Guam. World War II found him, a full commander, at sea again in the Atlantic. He was with naval forces when U.S. troops hit Africa in 1942. For his conduct in battle there he was promoted to captain. He won the Legion of Merit twice, as commander of an assault transport in landings at Salerno and Sicily.

As chief of the U.S. Naval mission to give technical help to Ecuador, Pursell was awarded the Abdon Calderon, First Class, a decoration equivalent to our Congressional Medal of Honor, for his educational work there. He retired with the rank of rear admiral in 1950.

Shortly afterward, Pursell started Good Samaritans For The Three Rs, having had the project in mind for some time. Though he had the blessings of Governor Lawrence W. Wetherby for his education program, people at first thought the admiral a crackpot. It was inconceivable that one man could induce anyone to take the time to teach illiterate adults to read and write—and without paying them anything for their efforts. But, from nothing four years ago, Admiral Ion Pursell now has over 1,000 persons in eight states getting instruction from teachers who get nothing but satisfaction from their work.

The hardest work for Pursell was getting people to understand what he was doing. "The first 18 months were as tough as I ever had in my life," he remembers. The cost of getting a person to begin is less now than it used to be. He estimates that the program now costs him from $1,500 to $2,000 annually. This, of course, does not include the vast amount of time he puts in on the project.

The Good Samaritans For The Three Rs still have a long way to go. For he estimates that Kentucky alone has about 40,000 adults who do not know, or barely know, their ABCs; and perhaps 250,000 with a poor fourth-grade education or less.

But Admiral Ion Pursell is dedicated to his cause. His motto is "Each one teach one—let us lift as we climb." And he sees only success in the future of his Good Samaritan endeavor.

THE MAN who says the art of conversation is dead never stood outside a phone booth waiting for someone to finish talking.

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW, *Speaker's Handbook of Epigrams & Witticisms*

Africa's Amazing Saucepan Special

by René Lecler

One day in January, 1950, a sturdy African named Mg'Ambi walked into a store at Abercorn, Northern Rhodesia. When he came out he had under his arm something that looked like a saucepan without a handle. He carried it carefully 400 miles back to his native village of Urambo.

There he set it down gingerly on the bare floor of his hut and began a letter to the Director of the Central African Broadcasting Station in Lusaka: "I am now with great pleasure to inform you that I bought a new wireless set for Africans . . ."

Having finished his letter, he studied the instructions printed on the side of the saucepan radio, trailed an aerial wire to a tree outside his hut and turned the single knob. In a moment his face lit up as he heard a voice announcing, in his own language, a request program called *"Zimene Mwatifunsa"* (You've asked for them—you got them).

Mg'Ambi was one of the pioneers in as exciting a chapter of progress and endeavor as has come out of Africa. He was one of the first listeners to CABS, probably the world's strangest broadcasting service and certainly the only one which, in a white-run country, broadcasts exclusively to the African.

The story of *kabulo ka kwabamakani* (the iron that catches words in air) began nearly ten years ago when a tall, melancholy British Colonial Service man named Harry Franklin was appointed Information Officer for Northern Rhodesia.

The job of providing information looked impossible. For, as he told his chiefs: "Ninety-six per cent of the people can't read. Ninety per cent have never traveled outside their own villages. This country is almost six times the size of England and there are practically no roads. The people speak many different languages, and hundreds of different dialects. What do I do?"

He was told, in no uncertain terms, to get off his chair and find a way.

Radio was the obvious answer. But how could you ask an African laborer who, in those days, earned about $15 a month, to buy a radio receiver costing $150?

On leave in Britain a few months later, Franklin took his problem to a prominent radio manufacturer. "Why don't you make a radio set with a single knob and a good battery which would sell for, say $12?" he suggested. "You'd sell millions of them."

Despite strong warnings from his marketing experts, the manufacturer took on the job.

Problems arose at once. How could they make the casing strong enough to stand months of manhandling? The answer came when they learned of an auction sale of government surplus enamel saucepans. They bought thousands of them for a song and put a receiver inside each saucepan, after cutting off the handle.

Color proved another snag. Red means murder in many parts of Africa, green is not considered healthy, and the only customers for a black radio set would be the witch doctors. They settled on blue.

In September, 1949, the first 1,500 "saucepan specials" arrived in local stores; and within five weeks they were gone—eagerly snapped up by hundreds of Africans for whom this was a miracle come true. Proof of their immediate popularity can be gauged from the fact that so many of those proud owners wrote letters or had letters written for them—in praise of their radios.

W. H. Mphepo of Mzimba, for instance, stated: "I am very grateful to the British Government for their hard struggle. The wireless sure gives loud and interesting music." Webster Kmombo of Nchanga commented: "If you have bad thoughts or are fond of fighting others listen to your set and you forget all your bad ways . . . I will enjoying it a lot if I don't die quickly."

AFRICANS had their radio; and today, from the Copperbelt of the Belgian Congo to the Kalahari Desert and back to Tanganyika, 600,000 of them listen to CABS. Through it they learn to read, to clean their teeth, to keep germs away, to live a better life; and, above all, they learn something of the world around them.

A Northern Rhodesian Government official puts it this way: "CABS is the third great event in the lives of Africans in the last 75 years. The other two were the arrival of the missionaries and the coming of the bicycle."

Africans are now buying saucepan specials at the rate of 2,000 a month out of an average monthly wage which has risen to around $27. The possession of a radio has become a mark of social success and not a few Africans have been caught sticking aerials above their huts while saving up to buy one.

CABS quickly discovered that Africans took to broadcasting like ducks to water. Natural actors and mimics, they can talk for hours, and often make up their tales as they go along. Once, during an unrehearsed play, an African playing the part of an interrogating policeman heaped such abuse on the head of a witness that the thing ended in an uproar and questions were asked in the Lusaka Legislature.

Now programs—there is at least one each in the Chibemba, Chinyanja, Silozi, Lunda, Luvale, Chishona, Sindeble, Chitonga and English languages—have an African assistant who sits in with his finger poised over a censor's key.

The broadcasters' greatest trouble has been in interpreting world news to an audience who knew nothing of politics or geography. How, for example, describe a member of the Government party?

CABS speakers solved this by coining the phrase: "The jackal never barks loudly unless he has his bottom against a tree." To describe an Opposition member this procedure was reversed: "He who does not stand in the shadow of the big chief." Similarly, President Eisenhower has become: "He whom his people chose against all others."

Africans have quickly recognized the value of money in return for labor and, when an official extols the virtues of hard work by saying that "one finger will not pick up a louse," they know that he is right.

In a country where people live in small, isolated villages of up to a dozen huts, gossip and local news are all important. CABS soon learned that the best way to gain listeners was to take tape recorders, or entire recording units, far into the bush and let the men and women of the tribe talk.

Africans love music and CABS broadcasters now have the world's largest collection of African song, music and story records—over 20,000 of them. Constantly rebroadcast, they are slowly helping to forge many scattered and often inimical tribes into a single nation.

The request program *"Zimene Mwatifunsa,"* which is broadcast every day, is easily the most popular; and Africans have been known to learn to write just to send in a request for a piece of tribal music for the benefit of a relative they have not seen for years. They often ask for personal messages to be passed on, for instance: "John Kimbo of Kitwe greets his cousin George Kimbola and hopes that he is in good health. He is pleased to announce the birth of a son. Now George please listen to 'Don't Sell My Daddy Any More Whisky' " (a current favorite).

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the saucepan special success is the sudden appearance of radio stars and fan mail. For Africans, once they have learned to write, are the writingest people in the world.

Announcers and even occasional broadcasters receive hundreds of letters, and each personality soon gets a nickname. Alec Nkata, a banjoplaying ex-Government clerk has now become one of Central Africa's best-known men with a huge following, an apartment in Lusaka and earnings from broadcasts and records often topping $200 a month. A good singer with a persuasive manner, he is known as "Big Mouth." Another artist has become "maker of jokes that are sometimes funny."

Bands, too, become well known and one, playing the African version of jazz (called *saba-saba*), has devotees throughout the country.

The saucepan radio's word in Central Africa is unlimited in its potential for good. Simple little talks like "Proof that germs, not witchcraft, cause diseases" have suddenly altered the entire outlook of millions of people. The need to educate girls, an idea which had never occurred to the Africans, has now snowballed into a country-wide demand for more schools and teachers. And everywhere tribesmen are solemnly taking hints on stock management, forest and grassland conservation, rural sanitation and village society.

The African wants desperately to learn and, with the bright blue saucepan-shaped radio going to the farthest corners of his country, he is learning—fast. One African laborer, for instance, recently wrote in asking for carpentry lessons. Touring broadcasters visited him and found that radio had transformed his life. Into his small whitewashed hut he had brought an iron bed and blankets; he was using clean china for meals; his wife and seven-year-old daughter wore clean cotton frocks. Now he wanted to make his own furniture, and who but *kabulo ka kwabamakani* could tell him how?

The broadcasting station in Lusaka has expanded and soon may have enough transmitters so that all Africans can listen to people speaking their own language. The station now has a staff of 71, out of which over 40 are Africans.

The impact of the saucepan radio was never better illustrated than recently when Chief Shinde of the Balovale tribe wrote in saying: "I opened my wireless set and told all my people to come and listen. . . . It speaks wisdom and gives us a chance of a better life."

When a CABS research team visited Chief Shinde at his capital 300 miles from Lusaka, they found him to be an old man sitting in front of a hut, his wrists and ankles decorated with bracelets of dried human organs cut from slaves by his ancestors. His main request was for more talks on housewifery, sanitation and water preservation. He got them.

Have You Tried It?

IN New York City, dial N-E-R-V-O-U-S to get the correct time.

—EDITH ROBERTSON

SAN FRANCISCO telephone customers, who have been able to dial for the time and the weather, recently received a new service. By spelling out L-O-S-T D-O-G on the dial, they can be connected to a recording at the S. P. C. A., which will spiel off a list of pooches at the pound.

—*Long Lines*

"SOWBELLY" GONE HIGH-HAT

by HART STILLWELL

Today bacon snootily hogs the whole act, performing as appetizer, seasoner or main dish

TIME HAS CHANGED the social status of bacon—the "side meat" of the pioneer, which later became the "sowbelly" that nourished the poor.

Crisp and golden brown, bacon today is the caviar of the meat family. It is an appetizer, a seasoner, something to give added zest to relatively flat foods such as eggs and grits and beans and hotcakes and so on, and yet tame the strong taste of foods such as game in exactly the right degrees. And through it all bacon never yields up its own individual flavor. It blends, supplements, complements, tames—but never does it yield.

Bacon cut in squares is laced between the oysters or scallops on a skewer in *en brochette* dishes, where it nestles snugly up to the oyster and furnishes a zippy blend of what would seem to be oddly contrasting tastes. It is frequently sandwiched between the chunks of lamb or beef in a wide variety of dishes going under the name of *shish kebab*—a development calculated to make the Turks, originators of the dish, shudder in anguish (since Moslems are forbidden to eat pig in any form).

You are likely to get a touch of bacon in your string beans and cabbage, in corn sticks and muffins. I have even seen crisp bacon crumbled over macaroni and cheese, with sound results.

A slice of bacon wrapped around a ground beef patty adds just the right touch to the relatively flat meat, around a lamb patty it subdues the strong sheep flavor. It frequently shows up now encircling the lowly hot dog—giving it status.

A slice of bacon is wrapped

around, of all things, a pineapple slice, and after due application of heat out comes a fancy canapé. Crumbled, it is sprinkled, along with chopped green onions, over lettuce leaves; then the hot bacon grease, with vinegar added, is poured over the leaves to make wilted lettuce salad—a delicacy.

Furthermore, as it is sliced and cooked today, bacon is such a delicate, fragile thing that it need not intimidate the calorie-conscious. For three slices contain around 100 calories, about the same as a half grapefruit.

Curing of the side and belly meat of the hog has been practiced for at least 2,500 years. It can be cured dry, or in a salt solution called pickle. The old dry-curing process has been practically discontinued and most bacon today is pickle-cured. This is usually done by machines which inject the pickle into the bacon so that it cures rapidly and uniformly. Sugar is added in a large part of modern curing to give a touch of flavor, sodium nitrate to improve color.

Bacon today is cured in a hurry and with the idea of its being eaten in a fairly short time. No longer do we have the heavily salted bacon designed to stand the rigors of pioneer life. Today's bacon is "sweet" in comparison.

Probably no food eaten by man is as varied and finicky as bacon. It may crisp out like mad, shrinking to a third its original size, or it may cook out with little shrinkage. It may crisp out while your back is turned, or it may cook slowly. It may curl outrageously (the hog ran up the hill once too often, Grandma would say), or it may lie fairly flat. It may burn quickly or not. The cooked slice may disintegrate at the bite, like a potato chip, or it may be leathery and tough—or anything in between.

Part of this can be caused by the cooking, mainly too much heat; part by variations in the curing. But most of it is caused by the hog himself—by what he eats.

The best bacon comes from grain-fed hogs. Bacon from a seven- or eight-month-old hog weighing around 200 pounds is considered tops. It will crisp out slowly, cook evenly, shrink moderately, curl only if cooked wrong. It will be crunchy, golden brown, tasty.

How can the housewife choose a good bacon, especially since it is packaged so that she can see only a little of it and can't do much feeling? Actually, the selecting is pretty much done for her if she is willing to buy a premium bacon. For it is likely to be uniformly good.

There are, however, some things to keep in mind. The fat should be firm and white, never yellow and oily. The slice should be fairly small, and uniform—about the same size at both ends. Most important of all, there should be little lean. It should run uniformly throughout the slice. Big chunks of lean in one spot, with most of the rest fat, mean poor bacon. Too much lean means hard bacon.

What about the cooking? The key is: "Cook with love and affection."

Bacon can be fried—as most of it is—broiled or baked. Surprisingly, baking is easiest of all. Just put it in a skillet or pan, put the skillet in the oven, leave it there until the bacon is crisped out, and then drain it.

Broiling can be almost as simple if the broiler is one of those gadgets that holds the bacon flat. But watch carefully to see that it doesn't burn, which it will do more quickly without a protective covering of grease.

Frying calls for care and patience. Put the bacon in a cold skillet, preferably a heavy iron one, and separate the slices as soon as you can. Then keep turning, and always keep the fire low. Press down the bacon from time to time if you are a crank on having the slice flat and smooth.

The main secret is slow, uniform heat. Good bacon will never burn if cooked on a low fire.

There is a wide range of opinion as to whether bacon should stew in its own grease or be cooked without benefit of grease. I find little difference, but I recall that the tastiest in my experience was at a quail-hunting camp. The cook simply put a pound of bacon in a heavy iron skillet and let it crisp out in its own grease, never bothering to turn it or smooth the slices. They came out pretzel-shaped, but they were fine.

If you insist on absolutely flat, straight slices, you might try rubbing flour on them before cooking. They come out straight as a ruler. The taste is quite different—but you may like it.

By and large, bacon cooked by itself turns out to be fair eating, even if mistreated slightly in the process. The real crimes against bacon are perpetrated when it is improperly cooked with other foods.

The little squares laced onto a stick between oysters, for instance, seldom are crisped out by the time the oyster is done. Bacon thrown into a pot of beans or other vegetables emerges an opaque white, laced with dull blue, definitely not appetizing.

All that can be changed if the bacon is cooked in advance, or at least partly cooked. It is a shame to mistreat so fine a food.

In recent years there has been something of a vogue in thick-sliced bacon—a sort of throwback to the days of "eatin' bacon" that would "stick to your ribs." Maybe bacon will sometime emerge again as a main meat at dinner, but presently it is at its tasty best in its new role as an appetizer and complementary companion to other foods.

◆

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FOR YOUNG READERS

STORIES THEY WILL LOVE AND REMEMBER

For The Youngest Readers (Ages 4-8)

Coronet Books For Young Readers represent a highly developed blending of the publishing experience of Coronet Magazine with the rich, educational background of Coronet Films, now the largest producer of educational films in the world. These books, based upon two great Coronet films, will entertain and instruct as delightfully as do the films, themselves. Your own child may have seen the Fluffy and Seminole films in his classroom—and you can be sure he would cherish having these two subjects as books in his own home.

for Children

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF CORONET

Prior to national distribution of these two books, you may order both (an expected retail value of $3)

for only $1 per book

If you send remittance with your order, Coronet Books will also pay postal charges

YOUR CHILD'S APPROVAL IS INVITED. YOU NEED PAY NOTHING NOW

Large Size—8⅝" x 11⅛"
30 Pages—Vivid Color

"Fluffy"—a delightful story of the birth and experiences of a young ostrich. (Collaborator: Dr. Johnnye V. Cox, University of Georgia.)

"Naha"—a heartwarming story of a Seminole Indian boy and his animal friends—an authentic Indian tale. (Collaborator: Dr. Wendell W. Wright, Indiana University.)

GIVE CORONET BOOKS AS GIFTS—FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Every child will be delighted to receive these books as gifts—so why not solve all of your coming children's gift problems easily and inexpensively (while the low cost is in effect) by ordering several sets now!

Please send ...... set(s), (one Fluffy and one Seminole book per set) of Coronet Books immediately to:

CHILD'S NAME.............................

ADDRESS..........................

CITY.......ZONE...STATE.......

☐ Please bill me. I agree to pay $2 per set plus postage and handling costs upon receipt of bill.

☐ I enclose $2 per set as full remittance (Coronet pays postage).

MY NAME.........................

ADDRESS.........................

CITY.......ZONE...STATE......

MAIL TODAY TO:

**Coronet Books, Box 5,
New York 1, N. Y.**

Human Comedy

While my sister and her family were living in an Army housing project, her small son asked if he could go across the street and visit one of his young friends. His mother gave her consent, but cautioned him not to cross the street until the cars had passed. Presently he returned with tears in his eyes, and said, "I waited, and waited, but a car never did come by!"

—MRS. FRANCES WIGAND

Willie, the porter at our hotel, loved to dance. While mopping the halls he would waltz back and forth with the mop for his partner. His favorite dance, however, was the soft-shoe, which he did solo.

One day while working in the lobby, he began to execute a soft-shoe routine just as the manager came along.

"Willie," I heard his boss say, "your dancing I don't mind, but your partner sits them out too much. So please, from nine to six o'clock, you waltz only."

—ROBERT J. MYTHEN

After leaving the White House, Herbert Hoover felt the need of a vacation. But he chose, as it happened, an ultra-swank resort hotel where the prices went into astronomical figures. When he received his statement at the end of the first week, he was so staggered by the amount that he decided to leave at once. As he approached the desk to check out, he remembered he had some letters to mail.

"Have you any two-cent stamps?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Yes, Mr. President. How many do you require?"

"I'm not sure," was the cautious reply. "How much do you charge for them here?"

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

A large church in Western New York has a wide reputation for placing thought-provoking notices on its outdoor bulletin board. One morning the minister instructed the church secretary to place the following on the board:

MILLIONS LONG FOR IMMORTALITY BUT DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO ON A RAINY AFTERNOON

Later that evening a phone call to the minister suggested that he check his weekly message to the passing parade. He did so and discovered that a single letter can sometimes make a vast difference in the meaning of a sentence. The sign read:

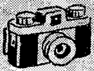
MILLIONS LONG FOR IMMORALITY BUT DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO ON A RAINY AFTERNOON.

—REV. W. WYLIE YOUNG

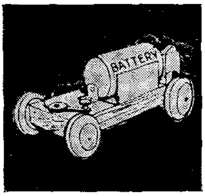
Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



MINIATURE HOT ROD



For young speed demons to build and race. Hot Rod can be put together with hammer and screwdriver. Kit contains powerful electric motor, wheels, body, controls and easy-to-follow instructions. Powered by flashlight battery, not included. A great little racer with Plenty of Zip! Send $1 for each postpaid. The Electric Game Co., 10 Lyman St., Holyoke, Mass.

USE YOUR HIDDEN BRAIN-POWER

Put your marvelous "inner mind" to work, to bring you anything in life you want! "Autoconditioning—The New Way to a Successful Life," shows you step-by-step how to condition your mind to release full flood of knowledge and power within you. $4.95. Send no money. Write Prentice-Hall, Dept. 600, Englewood Cliffs, N. J., for free-trial copy.

Autoconditioning
The New Way to a
SUCCESSFUL LIFE

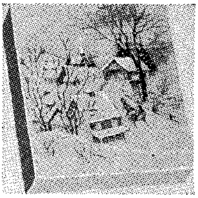
FREE UNITED STATES STAMPS

Scarce genuine postage stamp, as illustrated, picturing first USA (issued 1847)! Plus big collection 30 all-different U.S.-19th century, valuable $1 stamp, beautiful commemoratives, many others. Extra! Other offers, Collectors' Guide; 64-page catalog incl. U. S. Postage Issues complete. Send 10¢ for mailing costs. Harris Co., 3002 Transit Bldg., Boston 17, Mass.

NEW FUR CAPE FOR $22.95 . . .

made from your old fur coat by Morton's, World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. $22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 12 pg. style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-H, Washington, D.C.

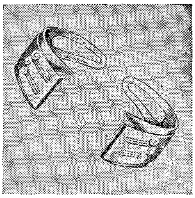
MAKE $50-$75-$100 EXTRA MONEY



Start a Greeting Card & Gift Shop at Home. Show New Style assortments in spare time. Profits to $1.00 per box. Bonus. Fund Raising, Party Plans. Write today for Feature boxes on approval, 64 Free Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery, Free Selling Guide, Amazing Free Offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 833, Mass.

WATCH BAND PREVENTS DERMATITIS

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only $4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.



$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591, Lynn 449, Massachusetts.

IF YOU'RE HARD TO FIT . . .

Discover the thrill of a perfect fit in your exact comfort size in these "walk on air" women's Mocs. Light foam crepe soles, choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled. Guaranteed, 24 hour delivery. Sizes 3 to 13, AAAAA to EEE. Smoke, White, Red, Brown. Factory to you —$5.95 plus 50¢ postage. Moccasin-Craft, 65-JM Mulberry, Lynn, Mass.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 168

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L825M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

MAKE MONEY—SELL HOOVER UNIFORMS

Show nationally-known Hoover Uniforms to waitresses, beauticians, maids, nurses, others; make good money every day. They'll fall in love with Hoover smart styling, fine quality, wonderful values. You don't need experience. Work part time. Have fun, make new friends. Beautiful Style Presentation free. Write: Hoover, Dept. HG-91, 251 W. 19 St., New York 11.

NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES

Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Color Swatch Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes, 245SS-1 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

BABY SHOE BRONZING SPECIAL

Midsummer Special! Baby's first shoes gorgeously bronze-plated in solid metal (not painted imitation) only $3.98 pr. Also smart metal Portrait Stand (shown), Bookends, TV Lamps at great savings. Perfect gift for Dad, Grandparents. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for Free mailing bag, details. American Bronzing Co., Box 6504-X, Bexley, Ohio.

Silver

WHILE riding a crowded Pittsburgh street car one day last summer I half-heartedly listened to the usual grumbling and complaints that are part of an uncomfortable ride.

Then a Seeing Eye dog boarded the trolley with his master and cautiously led him to the only available space on the seat running the length of the car.

Since it was obvious the space was too small to accommodate even a child, the other passengers and I smiled as we watched the dog gently, but forcefully, push the riders on either side of the opening farther and farther apart, using his nose as a persuader.

When there was finally room enough to accommodate two people, the dog signaled the man to be seated.

Then our smiles dissolved into amused chuckles as the dog climbed into the remaining space beside his master and, sighing audibly, relaxed with his head in the blind man's lap. It was a happier crowd that finished the journey. —MRS. MARGARET CAREY

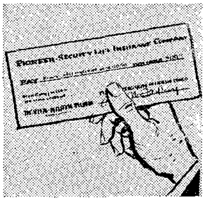
Linings

MY HUSBAND AND I were driving through the Southwest during August. It was terribly hot and the dust blew freely through our open car windows. When the heat became unbearable we stopped at a pleasant-looking air-conditioned restaurant for a belated lunch. The waitress brought a menu, only casually glancing at our rather woebegone appearance. My husband studied the menu for a moment and ordered beef stew. The waitress turned to me. "I'll just have a glass of ice water, please," I said. As she left, I remarked, "I guess the heat has got me down. I just don't feel very hungry."

My husband's order came—a heaping platter of stew. The girl bent low over our table and whispered softly:

"I brought an extra plate and fork. The chef gave you such a large order that there is plenty for two."

I opened my mouth to protest when I spied the chef peering sympathetically through a small window at us. I realized by his expres-

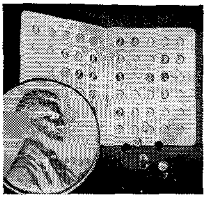


INSURANCE—TO 80 YEARS—$1.00

Only $1.00 for $500 Old Line term Life Insurance for first 30 days, while you examine low-cost full-coverage $1300 life-health-cancer policy. Issued to age 80, if in good health. No medical examination; no one will call — all sent by mail. Send dollar to Pioneer Security Life, Dept. C3, Chicago 26, Illinois.

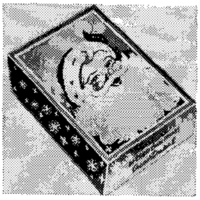
FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only; satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 466 Brockton, Massachusetts.



$16 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES

Send $1 for a Lincoln cent album (to hold your pennies). Fill the spaces with dates shown in album, return complete and receive $16 by return air mail plus $1 back for album (total $17). Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to: Bybymail, Box 67, Dept. C-1, Oakland Gardens Stat., Flushing, N. Y.



EXTRA MONEY WITH CHRISTMAS CARDS

Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends, neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. We'll include free catalog with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown, 11 E. 26th St., Dept. T-219, N. Y. 10.

*** FREE OFFER! QUANTITY LIMITED!**

150-pg. pocket-size Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information —cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide", Dept. C8, P. O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

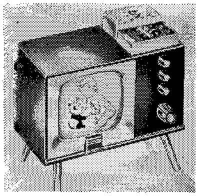
(*Continued on next page*)

REK-O-KUT BOOKLET—"TRUE" HI-FI!

Learn how "hi-fi" owners prevent excessive record wear, get "true hi-fi" sound on modern, handsome high fidelity turntables; just like broadcast studios do. Simple home test helps you avoid a costly mistake in your high fidelity system. Send today for Free colorful booklet and strobe. Rek-O-Kut Rondine Turntables, 3801 Queens Blvd., L. I. C., N. Y.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY FROM GIFTS

Easy to earn $50 or more in spare time. Show friends "Tiny TV" Salt & Pepper Set, 200 other unusual Gifts and newest Christmas Cards. Keep up to 50¢ on $1 sales; $1.25 profit on $1.95 box! Get free Personal Album, 4 assortments on approval, $1.25 Tiny TV Free on 15-day offer! Midwest Cards, 1113 Washington, Dept. 427-J, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

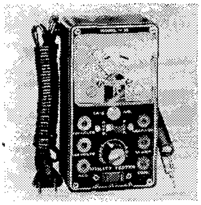


$1 DELIVERS REMINGTON PORTABLE

Wonderful 1957 Remington portable delivered immediately for just $1 down, then $1 weekly; up to 39 months to pay. Everymodern feature! Incl. carrying case, booklets "Earn Extra Money Typing At Home" & "Touch Typing Instruction"! Students, Mom & Dad will love Remington! Send only $1 now. Home Typewriter Corp., Dept. 400, 769 E. 180 St., N. Y. 60.

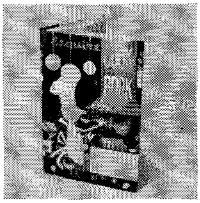
ALL AROUND ELECTRIC TESTER

Tests all appliances, autos, TV tubes, etc. Measures A.C. and D.C. volts, amps & ohms. Price incl. 64 page book, $15.85. No Money With Order—No C.O.D. If satisfactory pay at rate of $4 per month—otherwise return. Order Model 70 "on approval". Moss Electronic Dist. Co., Inc. Dept. D-372, 3849 Tenth Ave., New York 34, N. Y.



MAGNIFICENT COOK BOOK—NOW $2.95

For the man with a taste for fine food, and for the woman who wants to be a perfect hostess, here is Esquire's beautiful, unique and practical guide to the best in eating, with over 750 delicious recipes spread over 322 pages. More than 200 color illustrations. Special Reduced Price — $2.95 ppd. Ideal gift. Send to Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19.



Silver Linings continued

sion that he thought we didn't have enough money to pay for two orders.

My husband looked at the waitress as she hovered over us. Then he solemnly picked up the extra plate, filled it with stew and handed it to me.

—LONA HALL

I HAD ALWAYS done a great deal of gardening, but my impatience with gardening gloves, plus arthritis and my 78 years did not make for attractive hands. Little Pamela, my three-year-old granddaughter often shuddered at the sight of them.

One afternoon while out driving with her mother, I sighed and leaned wearily back in my seat. Instantly, Pamela's soft little hand was laid in mine.

"What's the matter, Grandma?" she asked. "Don't you feel good?"

"I'm all right, darling," I said, "Grandma's just tired, she's old."

The child's lovely gray-blue eyes looked me over with grave concern —then as she cuddled closer, she said, triumphantly, "*You* aren't old, Grandma, only your *hands* are old."

—MRS. W. S. ANGLEMAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a show-case of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

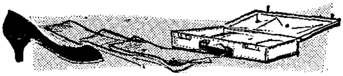
FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No Selling. Free details: Jud-San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. H-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.



FUR-REMODELING. Send for Free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only $22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resew weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. N-14, New York 1, N. Y.

HAIR gone forever! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5¢ for informative booklet "New Radiant Beauty" to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 327-K, Providence 15, R. I.

PART time and Temporary work available in over 100 cities. Our offices need typists, stenos, general office workers, survey interviewers, store demonstrators. High hourly rates—no work in the home. Write for free booklet—Manpower, Inc., 800 Plankinton, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WIDE Shoes for women. Get guaranteed comfort & customized fit in many smart new styles, all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only $4.95 to $10.95. Write for Free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

FOR THE HOME

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save about Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book, write: Olson Rug Co., Dept. P-28, Chicago 41, Illinois.

FOR THE FAMILY

SOCIAL Security is insurance. Get your full share of benefits legally due you. 23 page booklet Your Social Security Benefits Up To Date gives information at a glance. 25¢ postpaid. Ben L. Watts, Box 375, Statesville, North Carolina.

HANDBOOK for Hosts. An ideal gift. All the tips and tricks you need to make you a perfect home host. This giant 288 page volume is actually 3 books in one: a cook book, home bar guide and an entertainment folio. Over 190 color illustrations. Only $4.95 ppd. Write: Handbook, Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

FOR THE CHILDREN

CORONET Books for Young Readers offer two fully illustrated stories that make perfect gifts for children, ages 4-8. "Fluffy" is the fascinating story of the birth and experiences of a young ostrich, 30 pages fully illustrated in vivid color. "Naha" is a heart-warming tale of a Seminole Indian boy—his family and animal friends. Both are based upon two great Coronet Films which your child may have seen right in his classroom—he'll want the books for his very own. Solve your children's gift problems with these delightful volumes. To get these two fine books, send $2 to Coronet Books, Box 402-S, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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KODACHROME, Ektachrome, Anscochrome processed & mounted. 35 mm 20 ex. $1.25; 12 ex. roll films $1.35. Finest color control. Mailers. Above 3 35mm films, 20 ex. rolls, 3 for $4.25. Great Lakes Photo Service, Box 5468, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

FREE King Size Prints to prove our black & white photo finishing brings out the snap and quality of your films. Send this ad with roll of film plus *10¢ for postage and handling to Perfect Film* Service, Dept. CO-87, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

FREE roll of guaranteed fresh film, popular size, with your order to develop and print 8 B&W pictures at Special Price of *60¢ (12 exp., 80¢). Fast* service, all work guaranteed. Write for Free Catalog to Snapshots Co., P. O. Box 979, Newark, N. J.

COLOR Processing—Quality Work—Low cost—Kodacolor roll developed 75¢. Prints 25¢ each. 35mm Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Ektachrome 20-Exp. *$1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed or money re*funded. Mail-N-Save, Box 310-C, Quincy 69, Mass.

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COLOR film processing deserves the best. Anscochrome, Super Anscochrome, Ektachrome; 35 mm 20 exp.; 2¼; Superslides; 127; all above mounted $1.25. Unmounted $1. Kodachrome processed by Kodak 20 exp. $1.50. Write for free film mailing bags. Colorfax Laboratories, Inc., Silver Spring R, Maryland.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Super Anscochrome, Ektachrome. 2½x3½-25¢ 3½x5-45¢ 5x7-$1 8x10-$2 11x14-$4.95. Kodacolor prints 32¢. Money-back guarantee. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories, Inc., Silver Spring K, Md.

COLOR SLIDES

170,000 COLOR-SLIDES in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9¢ for 88 page catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

PILGRIM, better quality color slides by Henry Cobb Shaw. Free 100-pg. catalog; thousands of appealing subjects: U.S., East Coast, United Nations, National Parks, Indians, West Indies, Europe. Write Pilgrim Productions, 105-8 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

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BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or *16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World* in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

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115 UNUSUAL Stamps from all 5 continents including Airmails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc., value over $2.00, all for 10¢ to introduce our superb service of U. S. and Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 14.

CANADA-Newfoundland collection including early issues, commemoratives, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. Plus set of unused British Colonies. Plus large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10¢ to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

225 STAMPS for only 10¢! This mammoth value includes airmails, pictorials; stamps from strange countries cataloging up to 25¢ each! Illustrated bargain list included free. Also approvals. Mystic Stamp Company, Camden 4, New York.

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AUTHORS! We can help you gain recognition. We will publish your manuscript—edit, design, promote, advertise and sell it. Low subsidies, good royalties. Send for free booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO8, 200 Varick Street, New York City 14, N. Y.

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RAISE $50 to $500 or more—quickly with big value Christmas, Everyday greeting card assortments, Gift Wrappings, Gifts, Costume Jewelry, Stationery, Imprinted Christmas Cards. Big profits. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval. Free Gift Offer, details. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-12, New York.

NEW Christmas Card Selling Plan saves money for friends; earns more for you! Sell Exclusive New Christmas Cards at discount. You make full profit—up to $1 per box! $100 easy in spare time. 250 finest Card and Gift sellers. No experience needed. Get 50-page Personals Album Free, assortments on approval, $1.25 gift Free for prompt action. Cardinal, 1400 State, Dept. 57-C, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

FOR TRAVELERS AND VACATIONERS

FLORIDA Keys map and guide listing attractions and mileages, motel accommodations at low summer rates, swimming, fishing, boating facilities, things *to do and see in "Vacationland of Presidents."* Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Fla.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO RESORT & TRAVEL READERS AND ADVERTISERS: A New Resort and Travel Section, including advertisements with photographs, will be added to The Coronet Family Shopper beginning with the October Issue of *Coronet* (closing for November ads, August 20). Advertisers interested, please write Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room CR-22-J, Chicago 26, Illinois.

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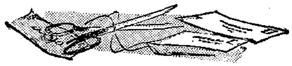
AMAZING Greeting Card Assortment pays 85¢ cash profit on $1.25. Make $85.00 fast! Gift Bonuses besides. Outstanding new Christmas Cards, Novelties, Free Imprint Album. Samples on approval. Act fast—get Golden Egg Banks Free. Creative, 4401 Cermak, Dept. 503-G, Chicago 23, Illinois.



START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room CM-22-J, Chicago 26, Ill.

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MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-M, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11¢ brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room CL-22-J, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Ill.

CASH in your spare time! Take magazine subscription orders from friends, neighbors, relatives. Special offers on Popular Magazines. High commissions. Free sales kit. Write: Magazines, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

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SEND name for sensational Feature Christmas Card Assortment on approval plus Free samples Personal Cards. Many make $50 to $500 showing thrilling designs everybody wants. 76 ways to make extra money. Wallace Brown, Dept. T-220, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10.

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RAISE $50 to $500 or more—quickly with big value Christmas, Everyday greeting card assortments, Gift Wrappings, Gifts, Costume Jewelry, Stationery. Imprinted Christmas Cards. Big profits. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval. Free Gift Offer, details. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-11, New York.

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FLORIDA Keys acreage, business property, ocean frontage, homes, motels, other investment, income opportunities. New bungalows only $5,950 plus lot, in fastest-growing Keys community. Complete information, prices: Key Colony, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Fla.

GROW Living Miniature Trees. Only inches high! Beaut. Home decorations. Grow own exotic miniature forest & orchard (tiny fruit to pick & eat). Fascinating money-making oppt'y. Free rare seeds & Secrets Plan. Miniature Nurseries, Dept. AT, Gardena, Calif.

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(*Continued on next page*)

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

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BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

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Heavenly Daze

THE REV. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the United States Senate, was on a return flight from a religious convocation in Honolulu when one of the plane's engines conked out. The pretty hostess bustled about reassuring the passengers, but Chaplain Harris felt she needed a little reassurance herself.

"Nothing can happen to this plane," he told her. "There are eight bishops aboard."

The hostess forced a smile and said she would relay the comforting news to the captain. In a few minutes she was back, looking uncertain.

"I told the captain," she said.

"What did he say?" asked the chaplain.

"Well," hesitated the hostess, "he said he would rather have four engines." —*The Lutheran*

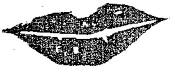
A LITTLE GIRL brought home a card from Sunday School. When her father asked her what it was, she smiled, "Oh, just an ad about heaven!" —*Dallas Morning News*

LITTLE LINDA has always been a bit of a "glosser-over" when vexing situations arise. But the day she discovered she and her three playmates all belonged to different churches proved her diplomacy beyond question. One, it seemed, was a Lutheran, one a Catholic, one a Methodist and one a Presbyterian.

Breathlessly, Linda confided the news to her mother. But before Mother could offer any words of wisdom on the situation, Linda settled it with: "It really doesn't matter if we all go to different churches, does it, Mama? Just as long as we are all Republicans!"

—CHICK GODFREY (*Lodi Enterprise*)

AN EARNEST HEADMASTER of a private school was trying to bring Christianity home to his boys and make it "up to date." He ended his talk by pointing at one of his pupils and saying: "Now what would *you* do if the Messiah came to your home?" The youngster paused, then answered, "I'd telephone the Vicar." —FRANK FORDE



they called it justice

by WILL BERNARD

KISSES CAN be a costly pastime. An Arkansas man, for instance, had to pay a $700 fine for giving an Arkansas lady a kiss she didn't want. A Texan was arrested, merely for puckering his lips at a girl. And a New Jersey farmer was sued when his impassioned kiss loosened his fiancée's gold filling.

But the hard-luck champ was a Casanova from Brooklyn who thought, some years back, that he had mastered the fine art of wolfing. Through months of romance, he tantalized his girl friend with the tinkle of wedding bells. But the bells always seemed to tinkle in the distant future.

At last, despairing of ever landing him, she sued him for breach of promise. At the trial, the judge asked the young lady: "Did the defendant ever actually promise to marry you in writing?"

"Oh, no," she conceded.

"Did he promise you orally?"

"No," she admitted.

"Then how *did* he promise you?" demanded the judge.

"By implication," the girl said stoutly. "He would kiss me right in public."

That did it.

"The gleam of the eye and the conjunction of the lips," ruled the judge solemnly, "when frequent and protracted, is a sufficient promise."

It cost Casanova $15,000.

On the other hand, one Sunday evening a starry-eyed couple sat in the girl's dimly lit parlor, on a davenport. They were in the midst of a thrilling kiss when the girl's terrible-tempered father barged in.

The youth, enraged, seized the intruder by the scruff of the neck and bum's rushed him out of the living room.

The father launched a damage suit against the youth, claiming: "A man's home has been his castle ever since this country began. In a democracy, that's elementary."

But the judge came up with a precedent even more elementary. Said his Honor: "Courting is a public necessity. It must not be interrupted. The law of this state will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot. Case dismissed."

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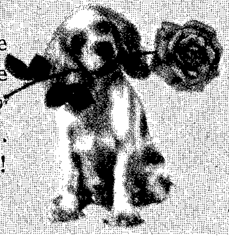

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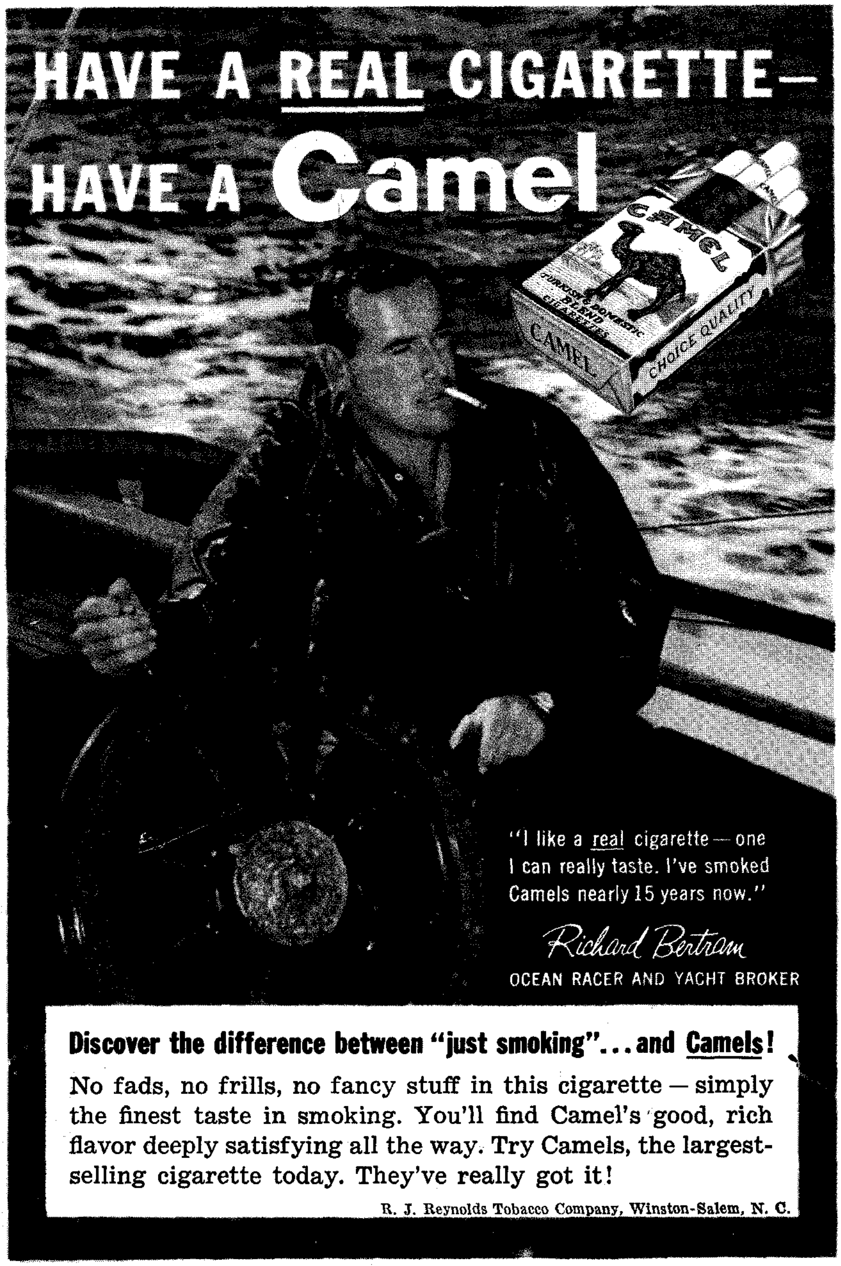
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